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Y HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

SHOULD we find in a fashion journal of the last century a minute description of the feminine toilette of that epoch, it would be viewed with the greatest interest. Without undertaking to labor for future ages, and confining ourselves to the needs of the moment, we will thus describe the dress of our own time for the benefit of our contemporaries.

Beginning with the chaussure: for the house there are gray silk stockings embroidered with tiny flowers or leaves, and downy slippers of silk, wadded, and quilted. For reception toilettes at home and abroad, sky blue, salmon, or vert d'eau open-work silk stockings are worn with shoes of black satin, or of a color to match the dress, with high heels, and bars or bows trimmed with jewels. For going out in the morning, on foot or in a carriage, red stockings, or of the color of the dress, such as seal brown, plum, green, etc.; very high boots, buttoned in front or on the side, or even on both sides, of dressed kid almost as fine as that used for gloves.

For the under-wear: a little short petticoat, drawers, and waist of sky blue or pale pink flan-

nel, trimmed with coarse white guipure, and sometimes embroidered with white silk; then a longer petticoat of black satin lined with bright-colored plush; and for dinner and evening dresses a white muslin petticoat, with pleated flounces edged with lace forming a balayene. This white petticoat is joined to the dress, in order to support it evenly throughout, and to keep the train properly spread out. For this purpose it is basted to the belt of the skirt, while the flounced part is made separate, and is buttoned on, so as to be changed oftener than the rest of the petticoat.

For the dress—but how shall I undertake to describe the shapes, the stuffs, and the trimmings of the dresses of the day? As well attempt to number the sands of the sea-shore. The dress for morning street wear is always of wool, whatever may be the condition of the wearer, and always of a dark color in winter. For visits paid after four o'clock the color is lightened a little, and the trimmings depart somewhat from that simplicity which good taste enjoins on them for morning dress. When the four o'clock visits—that is, those made after four o'clock—take place among elegant women keeping their own carriages, many articles of excessive luxury are allowed which would be in the worst possible taste

if they were made on foot or in a public vehicle. A lady in her own carriage does not cease to be at home even on going out, and for this reason may wear with impunity brocade pelisses embroidered with gold, if such is her pleasure.

The so-called fancy jewelry occupies an important place in the dress of the day, being worn on slippers, in cravats, on bonnet strings, and on buttons; on the wrists, the neck, and the waist. At the moment animals are greatly in vogue—animals of all kinds, even the most ungraceful and repulsive. They are suspended as charms from châtelaines, watch chains, bracelets, and necklaces, and are mounted as pins and brooches, and are much in fashion just now as pendants to filigree silver necklaces worn over high-necked dresses.

One of the most elegant dress trimmings now in vogue is chenille fringe, deep enough for two or three rows to cover the entire front of the skirt from the belt to the hem. Each strand of the chenille is finished at the end with bead of the same color as itself. A bridal dress just made had a round skirt of white satin edged with a thick pleated ruche of the same satin taken double. Three rows of white chenille fringe, finished with large white beads, covered the entire

front of the skirt. Corsage with flat paniers, draped on the hips, and ending behind in a very long train, all made of white brocaded silk. White tulle veil, falling in front below the waist, and in the back to the bottom of the brocade train. The same trimming is made of black chenille and jet beads, worn on a plush or satin skirt, with corsage and train of black brocade, the outlines and nervures of the design of the brocade being embroidered with pink silk. The same combination is made with flame-colored satin, black chenille, and black brocade, embroidered with flame-colored silk.

When Paris conceives a liking for anything, it uses it in a hundred different ways, and as abuse always engenders satiety, is not long in becoming disgusted with its caprice. For the moment it has taken a fancy to plush, and the manufacturers can not satisfy the appetite of this *Gargantua*. Plush figures even in ball toilettes; tulle or crape dresses, trimmed with a profusion of narrow pleated flounces, have flat bands of plush, cut in scallops or sharp points, set above the groups of ruffles. The colors are chosen so as to set off, while harmonizing with, each other; for example, a pink dress will be trimmed with myrtle green plush, a sky blue dress with garnet plush,



Fig. 1.—CASHMERE DRESS.
For description see
Supplement.

Fig. 2.—WOOLLEN DRESS.
For description see
Supplement.

Fig. 3.—CAMEL'S-HAIR CLOTH CLOAK.
For description see
Supplement.

Fig. 4.—CLOTH DRESS.
For description see
Supplement.

Fig. 5.—PLAIN POLONaise AND WALKING SKIRT.
With CUT PAPER PATTERN.—PRICE 25 CENTS.
For pattern and description see Supplement,
No. XI, Figs. 35^o, 35^o-42.

a maize or cream dress with purple plush, and so on. Even flowers are made of plush or of satin.

For evening dresses there will be used, with satin, plush, or velvet, silk stuffs with very fine stripes woven of gold or silver. To show the way in which these stuffs are employed, I will describe in a few words a dress of this kind. Round skirt of steel blue satin, trimmed on the bottom with a narrow flounce, surmounted by a thick puffing. Plastron of waist and pointed tablier of pink silk striped with silver. Open redingote of steel blue brocade, the designs being embroidered with silver. By-the-way, tabliers, otherwise called the fronts of dresses, threaten to become as sumptuous as those of the court of Louis XIV. They are made of velvet, *painted by hand*, like fans, with sheafs of flowers, garden bouquets, Watteau scenes, landscapes, etc.; all this for the fronts of dresses. Others, moreover, are embroidered all over with gold, both plain and frosted, and with embroidery representing not only flowers and trees, but also personages! With these skirts with ornamented tabliers are worn many waists entirely open over a plastron to match, which is laced half way up with gold or silver cord.

For ball dresses there are in preparation numerous flowers of satin, plush, or velvet. Flowers are no longer worn in bouquets, but in long garlands, which begin at the waist, traverse the bust, and end under the arm, or sometimes cross the back and loop the drapery. There are also many embroideries worked with colored beads—gold, silver, copper, and steel—on bands of tulle, which are used for ball dresses. Corsage plastrons and skirt fronts are worked in the same manner. Gold-lace of all widths is used more than ever, as well on tulle as on silk dresses. Another new garniture is collar, cuffs, and pocket flaps of cuir-colored leather, ornamented with gold, silk, or chenille embroidery.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

A WISH.

By MARGARET VELEY.

If I could find the Little Year,
The Happy Year, the glad New Year—
If I could find him setting forth
To seek the ancient track—
I'd bring him here, the Little Year,
Like a peddler with his pack.

And all of golden brightness,
And nothing dull or black,
And all that heart could fancy,
And all that life could lack,
Should be your share of the peddler's ware,
When he undid his pack.

The best from out his treasure
A smile of yours would coax,
And then we'd speed him on his way
At midnight's failing strokes,
And bid him hurry round the world,
And serve the other folks!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 59 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE opens with a capital story by MRS. CRAIK, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," entitled "My Sister's Grapes," illustrated. It also contains Chapter II. of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby forms his first friendship in the circus, illustrated; Chapter II. of "Mildred's Bargain," in which Mildred is offered the bargain that afterward causes her great trouble, illustrated; an "Information Card" on "Jack Frost," by W. J. ROLFE, A.M.; "How a Sailor Rode with the Czar," a forecastle yarn, by DAVID KER, illustrated; the description of a "Wonderful Railroad," over which princesses and bears ride together; a chapter on "Embroidery for Girls," in which a new, or rather a very old, stitch is described, and patterns given; a full page of Jingles, by LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, illustrated by MRS. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD; and other attractions.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MERRY CHRISTMAS!

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 60 will be a special Christmas Number, the entire contents being suited to the holiday season. It will be inclosed in a new cover, and will contain a charming Christmas story, entitled "How It All Happened," by MISS ALCOTT, with illustrations by JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD; "When the Clock Struck Twelve," a play for Christmas-Eve, by EDGAR FAWCETT; a beautiful double-page Christmas picture by THOMAS NAST; a Christmas Carol, set to music; and an abundance of other things to please and attract young readers.

Our next Number will contain a brilliant Egyptian design in Outline-Work, for Table Strips, Buffet Strips, Curtain Borders, etc., furnished by the courtesy of the New York Decorative Art Society.

MISS THACKERAY'S Story, "FINA'S AUNT," is omitted this week in consequence of the non-arrival of the advance sheets in time for publication.

THE HAPLESS HOUR.

ONE never feels a creeping lonesomeness and dreariness so much as at the close of those late fine days of the year when a windy sunset falls and night sets in about a solitary country house.

Nature seems then to have put on, es-

pecially if one is at all depressed, if not an active hostility, at any rate an absolute and remote indifference; all tenderness and warmth have left the sky, it is chill and clear and hard to the eye as any jewel is, and the wind whistles down like the breath of advancing cohorts of cruelty and cold. The dead leaves rustle round the windows in ghostly fashion, the withered flowers hang dryly rattling on their stalks, a late crow flaps blackly across the pallid yellow of the sky like an ill omen, and then the sudden dark follows him, and the stars sparkle out steely as the bosses of armor, or the moon is up and casting a leprous glamour abroad over field and river, garden and highway. The gloom enters one's soul, and then, if ever, one is made conscious of the tending of all things toward their graves, and forgetful of the awakening into light and immortality.

One needs, at such times, to gather all one's forces for help across the dismal pass between daylight and dark; and if very sensitive to the influences of nature, one had best not give too many glances to the outside world, but draw the curtains and light the lamps at once, and begin the pleasantness of the inside night with books and work, music and talk. For there are many people so sensitive in this way that they can not trust themselves for so much as a twilight run to a neighbor's at such an hour of such a day, so depressing is the cold absence of friendliness, the seeming negation of life in air and sky and earth, so swiftly does the cheerlessness of the time open the gates to all one's memories of sorrow or one's forebodings of trouble.

The blessing of children in a house is never realized as it is at this dispiriting hour. With them the outside influences of the great demogorgon that we call nature are little felt, so intense is their vitality and the inner warmth of their bubbling blood, so vast is their ignorance of woe, so blest are they in the delight of their affections, in the effervescence of their contentment with all things, and the satisfaction of every need answered almost as soon as felt. Into the darkness of one's mood then break their voices like cheery robin cries prophesying dawn in the night; the sound of their little flying feet says that there is yet something to live for; the kisses to be taken from their delicious cheeks and brows, the hugs of their warm arms, are not long in satisfying one that if the outside world is harsh and hard, the inside one is full of compensating love and warmth and bliss. There are the stories to be told, the confidences to be received, hymns and poems to be recited and new ones to be taught, the castles in the air to be built, the shadow-pictures on the wall to be shown, the long rocking to be enjoyed to the tune of pleasant songs with the little head nestled on one's shoulder, and then the tea-bell rings, or the bed-time ghoul breaks up the sitting, and in relinquishing the little creatures to their rest one has safely crossed the bridge of low spirits and despair, and gotten back to the work-a-day world.

But where this blessing of children does not exist in a house, one has to do the best one can without it; and it is a wise family that clusters together for household gossip and discussion, or for lively dance music on the piano, or for anything else into which a harmonious and congregated spirit enters, making a unity of interest. For, if really open to the influence of the hour without, one needs the unspoken assurance of sympathy and strength in union, one needs the unconscious comfort of the presence and voice of the most sanguine member of the family, one needs all one's human aids at least, to say nothing of any heavenly help, in order to fight the battle with the powers which belong to the opposite forces of those representing life and happiness. To be sure, there are many who would see nothing in these windy sunsets and brief twilights but the bright clear after-glow deepening into a crisp night, and the fresh wind stirring the blood and bracing the nerves; but these are people, as a rule, full of physical strength, with no nerves that need bracing, and without those subtle and secret affiliations with the unknown agencies of the planet that make both the bliss and the bale of other and more delicately balanced, if less robust and healthy, temperaments. Perhaps these belong to the happier class of the two; but yet it is always to be considered that if they do not suffer as keenly as the others, neither do they enjoy to the same vivid and satisfying extent, their temperate middle course knowing few extremes. These perhaps fortunate people feel no sense of desolation, no negation, no presence inimical to life in the air; they only feel that it is a brisk autumn night, that before long there will be snow, and that for the present life is agreeable, and there is plenty of good cheer and winter gayety at hand. But whatever they feel themselves, they are really public or private benefactors. They come into the

house or the room with their blindness to unseen troubles, and do good by their mere unacquaintance with the possibilities that the dark hour has brought to others. For since to those that are not particularly happy and that are not particularly young it is an unfriendly gap in time, they who take off its dull, deadening ache are doing as beneficial work, although on so small and so individual a scale, as many are allowed to do upon a larger theatre.

NEEDLE-WORK DESIGNS FROM SOUTH KENSINGTON.

BY special arrangement with the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work, a series of the tasteful and effective designs of this high authority in decorative art matters will be published from time to time in HARPER'S BAZAR. These designs, which will be begun in an early issue, will comprise the newest and most fashionable kinds of embroidery, and will be selected with a view to the needs of all classes, from the highest to the lowest. Like the New York Decorative Art Society, which has also courteously granted the BAZAR the use of its rich resources, the South Kensington School has never before furnished its designs to any journal for publication. That HARPER'S BAZAR has succeeded in securing them for the benefit of its readers not only gives proof of rare journalistic enterprise, but also affords it the pleasure of co-operating with these admirable societies in their praiseworthy endeavors to disseminate and popularize a knowledge of the true principles of household art, and thus to beautify the homes of the people.

HOME WORK FOR CHILDREN.

By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

LITTLE Americans will no doubt be glad to hear what English children make for their parents and friends when Christmas and birthdays come. The value of the gift consists in the amount of loving thought and painstaking which has gone to make it, and not in the fact of its costliness, and there are many home-made gifts that are within the scope of little fingers. Often two or more children unite in making one present, each doing what is most suitable to its age and sex. Thus a shoe-bag, to hang within the closet door, and hold mamma's slippers and shoes, will be cut out and basted by one sister, sewed and bound with braid by a younger one, and then embroidered or braided on each pocket by the elder.

Again, boxes of plain white wood are fitted up for different purposes: a clever brother with his box of tools makes a tray with divisions for laces and ribbons, or arranges it to hold small garden tools—hammer, pincers, scissors, etc., being fastened by leather straps inside the lid, and the lower part divided into compartments holding nails, tacks, twine, labels, strips of leather, and so on. A grown-up sister then decorates the outside by hand-painting, or by simply drawing a monogram or initials, and staining the background black. The initials may be left plain white, or painted red or gold, as wished. A good effect is produced by drawing a border and centre piece on the lid, and four medallions on the sides, painting these in Chinese white, with black lines where required in drapery, foliage, etc., and filling in the background with black. The outlines must be kept very distinct, and when well done it looks like antique ebony with ivory inlaying. Sometimes the boxes are lined with silk, and covered outside with brocade, hand-painted or embroidered silk, velvet, or plush, cut to fit, and gummed round the edges and at each corner. Chenille cord or ruches of lace and ribbon are nailed round the edges.

Fretwork is used in many ways. A pretty gift made by a son lately was two table-tops of colored woods inlaid. Two thin rounds of wood of different colors were procured of the proper size; these were pasted together, and on one a large circular design was drawn, covering the surface to within about two inches of the edge; this was then cut out by the fret-saw, the pieces taken out and separated. The two woods were then inlaid into one another, dark into light, light into dark, forming a pair of table-tops in reversed colors. These were afterward mounted by a carpenter on deal, and French polished. By using three slabs of wood, say black, white, and red, greater variety may be given, and three tables produced with little more labor.

Large scrap-books of brown linen, each sheet three feet by four, the edges bound with red braid, the sheets folded in half like foolscap paper, and placed one within the other to form a book, are never-ending sources of delight to a nursery. The covers may have all the youngsters' names in red braid or wool, and the date. Inside, newspaper and colored scraps suited to infantine taste. A new idea is that of a comical scrap-book. These are usually of small size, and are made by combining bits of many pictures to illustrate well-known nursery rhymes. Thus a large Irish potato, cut from the colored illustrations in gardener's catalogue, was ornamented with the celebrated butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker, the opposite page containing the same three little men, with cleaver, rolling-pin, and candlestick used as oars, seated in a tub, taken from a house-furnisher's list. Little Miss Muffet, the Man in the Moon, Jack and Gill, the Cat and the Fiddle—all the nursery favorites—give delight to donors and recipients alike. A few water-color touches may be given here and there to help out the picture.

Sets of animals, soldiers, etc., can be made by buying sheets of the beautifully colored chromo animals and figures sold so cheaply, pasting the whole sheet on card-board, and, when dry—they should be pressed under a heavy weight—cutting them out carefully. Behind the figures, at the feet, a small block of wood should be firmly glued. Any carpenter's shop will provide you with hundreds of suitable bits, which can be sawed to the proper size and planed smooth at home. Thus the animals and figures will stand firm, and can be placed in any desired array.

Model gardens, lawns, and farms can be made by little hands with suitable materials. Two feet square of stout brown card-board makes a good foundation for any of these, and the remaining materials are dried mosses, grasses, glue, sand, tiny pebbles, a Swiss chalet, box of sheep, cows, farm buildings, palings, etc., such as come in the German wooden toy boxes.

For a private residence, the design is first decided upon, where the house shall stand, what shape the grass-plot shall be, whether the paths shall wind, etc. A sloping hill, with drive winding up to a Swiss chalet on the top, can be made of a block of virgin cork, properly shaped, and covered with stones and moss glued on. For grass-plots a mixture of dyed and plain dried moss is the best, rubbed small, and dusted over the desired space, which must be previously coated over with glue. The drives and paths are glued and sanded. While the glue of the lawns is still wet you must not begin making the paths, or else your grass-plots will be undesirably gritty, and would ruin any lawn-mower that ever was made.

With a small piece of broken mirror you can form an enchanting pond for toy swans to float upon. A few bits of broken cork, with grasses growing (in glue) in the cracks, will make a fine edge for it. Trees, if not included in any of the toy boxes, may be made of dyed or dried trembling or other grasses, or of tiny sprigs of evergreen, glued on to little round bases of wood, like those on which wooden soldiers always grow.

For a farm, the fields are made of rather rougher and longer moss than the lawns, and stocked with sheep feeding, cows standing under the trees, farm buildings, hay wagons cut out of card-board, painted, and filled with real hay or straw, and a hay-stack. Fencing can be made by taking a narrow strip of wood of the required length, and gluing wire netting, twigs, crossed hair-pins, etc., along one edge of it. Summer-houses can be made of small twigs, rustic benches, and many other things which will suggest themselves to the ingenious architect and landscape gardener as the work proceeds.

Novel match stands are made of large fir cones. A pedestal is made by three stout twigs bound together in the middle by fine wire, forming a double tripod. The upper one holds the fir cone strongly glued to it. Both the cone and the pedestal are touched up by dashes of Chinese white and vermilion paint, and then varnished. When dry, the cone is stuck full of wax matches, and looks something like a porcupine.

Packets of neatly printed labels, either done with a pen or a toy printing-press, will prove a great blessing to mamma. These should be neatly cut out, and have one or two thick lines ruled around them to give them a finish. Names of jams, preserves, pickles, fish, potted meats, spices, common household drugs, and also poison labels, for the various vessels containing such as are in common use. Yards of tape, with the family name written or printed in indelible ink innumerable times, to be cut and sewed on to garments, are also a boon to a busy mother.

Two or three daughters might carry out the last new idea for five-o'clock summer tea tables. Table-cloth of unbleached linen, with deeply fringed-out ends headed by drawn-work, above that a border of blossoming rushes, with here and there a gay butterfly. The monogram, or name of the summer home, in one corner, worked to simulate plaited rushes. Real plaited rush baskets, some lined with scarlet silk, to hold fruit, cakes, etc. A tea cozy, or oblong quilted cover, to keep the tea-pot warm, shaped somewhat like a bishop's mitre, made of plaited rushes, lined with quilted scarlet silk, with a scarlet Alsatian bow embroidered with rush blossoms on the top, by which to lift it. Maple-wood tea-tray, painted with rushes and butterflies; wooden bread-and-butter plates to match; tea service of plain white china, painted rush-color, and here and there a butterfly. Wicker tea tables, painted rush-color, and decorated with scarlet bows, and a large tent umbrella in brown linen, coarsely worked with sprigs of rushes in wool. Wooden pails with covers, painted in designs of flowers on a solid color, and lined with quilted or gathered silk, with ribbon ruching at the edge, are used for work-baskets to stand by a chair, or to carry balls on to the lawn-tennis ground. They are sometimes covered outside as well as inside with satin and silk.

Sticking-plaster cases, book-markers, boxes for sewing silks, and many pretty trifles can be made of gold or silver perforated card-board and chenille. A collection of sewing silks is always a useful gift, and one within the powers of small people. Simple little cases may be made from a half-yard strip of reversible ribbon three and a half inches wide. A durable color should be chosen for the outside, such as olive green or brown, with pale pink or primrose for the inside. Turn down each side of the ribbon about half an inch, as though for a hem, and stitch down at intervals of an inch and a quarter thirteen times, forming twelve shallow pockets on each side, in which the cards of silk are placed. A small length of ribbon will be left at one end, which must be formed into a pointed flap, with narrow ribbon attached, to wrap round the case and tie in a bow. The case should be folded inward and outward, like a fan, the backs of the divisions coming together, and the faces likewise.

Another silk case is made of kid or leather, silk-

lined and ribbon-bound, and shaped like an eight-rayed star-fish, with an octagon body, all being cut in one. The sides of the octagon must be a little longer than the spools of silk, and the rays leaf-shaped. Eight brass eyelets are button-holed with silk to match the lining, and sewed to the octagon opposite the division of each leaf, and the spools are laid between these eyelets parallel with the bases of the leaves; a narrow ribbon is threaded through eyelets and spools, and tied. When closed, each ray is folded in rotation over the spools, the last being ribbon strings to tie and keep all in place.

Old kid gloves may be used to make spectacle rubbers, so welcome to the old folks. Cut four circles of card-board about the size of a fifty-cent piece; cover two with kid, padding slightly with cotton-wool, and two with silk, which may be plain, or have monogram or butterfly painted or embroidered. Sew the circles together, pincushion fashion, kid one side and silk the other; having added a small eyelet to each, attach them, kid inside, by narrow ribbon.

A sponge case may be made of a nine-inch square of leather, lined with oil-silk and bound by braid, with a little coarse embroidery in wools, or chain or feather stitching, ornamenting it. A piece of braid a yard long should be sewn by the ends to opposite corners (obliquely) of the square. Treat the other pair of corners the same way, and suspend the case by these long loops to the end of the towel rail. When required for traveling, fold the case like an envelope over the sponge, and tie the braid round it.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FUR-TRIMMED COSTUMES.

FUR-TRIMMED costumes are the favorite street suits at midwinter. These trimmings are not now confined to cloth and velvet as they formerly were, but are on the richest silks, satin, and the less weighty camel's-hair dresses. Black satin, or else black satin Surah, is among the choicest materials for a short round skirt to be trimmed with fur. The foot of the dress is finished with a pleating from four to six inches deep, laid in small knife pleats, or else box-pleated, and the heading for this is a band of black or brown fur about six or eight inches wide. A similar row of fur then extends straight up the middle of the front breadth, and is nearly wide enough to meet the side panels of brocaded velvet that are sewed in the second side seams of the skirt. The basque of such a suit is in coat shape, quite round, not longer behind in habit fashion, but shaped like a gentleman's morning coat, either single or double breasted, with lapels and buttons behind, and open down the middle seam from the waist line. The only fur on this coat is a small collar, large cuffs, and square pockets on the hips. A border of fur on this coat is thought to detract from its style. The fur-trimmed skirt of such a suit is also worn with other basques, such as black or dark-colored plush coats, or else one of Persian brocade, and it is also used with dressy basques of the same satin Surah as the skirt, trimmed with an edging of fur and a great deal of coffee-colored Languedoc lace in full frills, with perhaps some old gold satin in the facings. Black beaver fur bands are used for the handsomest black suits, and this is most effective when there is a seam in the middle of the band which joins the two lower edges together, making the top edge have long fleece as well as the lower, and thus hide the pelt. Otter bands are liked for brown, gray, and drab dresses, also for black, but this is a very expensive fur. The prettiest low-priced fur for cloth, camel's-hair, and other wool suits is that of the black hare, which is only \$1.25 a yard in very suitable width and quality, showing a long glossy fleece. A pelerine cape, deep cuffs, and a small muff add much to the beauty of these cloth suits, and make them warm enough for most weather without any heavier wrap than the cloth jacket, which is usually made of the material. If the style of the cloth suit is simple and severe, it is in far better taste, and, moreover, will serve two or perhaps three seasons without needing alteration. Dark green and seal brown suits are the most popular for trimming with fur. The borders on green suits are usually black, though imported costumes have otter or seal-skin on green cloth. Black fur is not effective on brown cloth; the seal-skin is preferred, or else some of the various fox furs, or the inexpensive coon-skin borders. When the expense is not to be considered, black fox borders, costing from \$7 to \$10 a yard, and sometimes more, are used on velvet or satin skirts. A close basque, narrow skirt, and an apron pointed low on one side like that of the handkerchief suits, is a favorite design for cloth dresses. The fashion, however, that is not new, yet always popular, is that of the basque, with a round apron over-skirt draped alike on both sides, and bordered, as the skirt is bordered, with fur.

OTHER WINTER DRESSES.

A fancy for using gilt soutache is again revived for gay little dresses that are worn in the house, and that are entirely concealed in the street by the long cloak of seal-skin, or else a fur-lined wrap. Young ladies especially like this trimming on the basques of cloth, camel's-hair, and velvet dresses, and they use it on colored basques that are now worn with various skirts. Three rows of the narrowest gold braid form the border on the basque, while the collar, cuffs, and pockets are embroidered with gold. Claret-colored cloth and velvet basques are very pretty trimmed in this way, and youthful-looking jackets of blue velvet are braided in rows with gold soutache to wear with black satin de Lyon full skirts; to the latter may be added an apron pointed low on the right side, and edged with gold bead fringe, while on the shorter left-hand side of the apron hang

two sash ends of black Surah gathered into gold tassels. Sometimes, by way of variety, gold and silver braids are used in alternate rows. Trimmings of steel beads are also revived, particularly for black and for the fashionable dark green dresses. They are used in fringes, passementerie, ornamental clusters, braid, and buttons. A handsome reception dress for an elderly lady is of black satin, with steel bead fringe in rows across the panels, in tassels on the sash of the front, and also on the basque. A bonnet to be worn with this suit has black satin for the foundation, with a crown of steel beads; the wide strings of soft Surah are trimmed across the end with narrow steel fringe.

Some youthful-looking wool dresses just imported have the dull red shade now so popular for the prevailing color. One of these has the basque of dark garnet camel's-hair made single-breasted, and with two stylish box pleats behind. The Byron collar and square cuffs of garnet velvet are wrought with gold. Satin ribbon set in the second dart at the waist line is tied in front with negligent grace, and from this ribbon up the front and around the neck is a triple frill of lace as dark as if dipped in coffee. The red wool over-skirt is a bunched-up apron, with the edge concealed by being sewed to the silk skirt beneath, and all the visible parts of this skirt are hidden by two deep flounces of red and green satin in a pattern of small blocks. These flounces have several rows of shirring at the top, while the lower part is pressed into pleats, and is bound widely with garnet velvet. Another of these stylish red dresses has pelisse of the red wool falling open from the waist behind to show a kilt-pleated skirt of dark red plaid goods. There are coat-like square pieces sewed on the hips, and red satin ribbon passed across the top of these is tied in front. The collar, cuffs, and pockets are like the last, of red velvet wrought with gold threads, and there is a border of red velvet on the kilt.

Shirred fronts of skirts are more popular than at any previous season, but the fancy now is for horizontal rows of shirring rather than the lengthwise shirrings of last year. Sometimes these gaugings merely fill the space between plain side panels, while in other skirts they cover the entire front and gored side breadths; the latter is true more particularly of the full skirts that have three straight breadths behind. The most effective way is to press the fullness between the shirrings into close knife pleats, leaving a narrow pleated frill for the foot, or else turning it under to form the full puffed look that is now given to many imported dresses. There is also a new caprice for putting the figured goods, or that with high colors, into the skirt, while the basque or coat is of plain material, and sometimes of the most sombre color, or it may be black. The latter plan commends itself to ladies who think black more becoming to them than colors, yet who wish to relieve themselves from wearing black entirely, as many have done for several years. The brocades both of velvet and satin have been so greatly reduced in price in the midst of the winter that ladies are having entire dresses made of them instead of using them for combination dresses, as is the more general custom. The design for brocaded dresses must be very simple, such as the round peasant waist with broad collar or kerchief and wide belt with sash, very close sleeves, and a full round skirt entirely without trimming behind, though some pleatings or gathered ruffles may be put on the fronts. Another popular fashion that is now inexpensive since jet fringes have been lowered in price is that of covering the upper form of the sleeve from armhole to wrist with the netted heading of the fringe, cutting off or putting out of sight the drooping strands of the fringe. The collar and belt are covered in the same way. This is very pretty on plain black silk or satin de Lyon dresses that have the round waist and full round skirt of peasant shape.

TOYS.

The toys for children's holiday gifts improve in beauty each season, and are chosen by mothers with a view to giving their girls correct ideas of symmetry and beauty. The toy dishes for dolls are in the most graceful forms and colors, and imitate the loveliest Capo di Monte designs, or else they have classic outlines, or are pure white, or of old blue and white, or it may be of the new burnished wares that imitate copper or gold. Some of these are large enough for tête-à-tête sets in the sick-room, while others have cups as small as a thimble. The smallest, at 10 cents, are stowed in a tiny box, while the largest, at \$10, are full dinner sets that are complete enough to teach little women what is needed for a well-appointed table. Britannia sets made on white metal that does not bend or break are recommended for durability, and cost \$1 to \$4. The toilette sets of wash-bowl and pitcher are large enough for use, and are prettily decorated. There are provision sets with dishes of meats, salads, bread, and fruit that look most natural, and furnish the doll's table suitably. Boxes of napkins, doyleys, and all table linen delight the embryo housewives, while everything in glass, porcelain, and silver is shown in miniature. For the doll's kitchen are dressers with wooden articles—rolling-pin, sifter, bowl, etc.—and there are new toy ranges that may be heated by a lamp, while in others a fire may be built with safety. Buffets well furnished with dishes are new this season, and there are dressing tables and bureaus meant for dolls, but large enough to be used by little girls for their own clothing.

As for dolls themselves, blondes remain in most favor, though dark eyes are sought after with the lightest golden hair. The indestructible dolls with bisque heads, lamb's-wool hair that may be washed and combed, and the jointed indestructible bodies that assume almost any pose, are commended by experienced people as the best outlay of money. These cost from \$2.25 upward, and

are to be had with black or brown eyes, as well as with the palest blue or darkest violet. The Marquise doll, or the Pompadour, as some call it, is a novelty this season, on account of its powdered hair dressed elaborately in Pompadour style. Another novelty is the nursing doll, an infant with a bottle at its mouth, which it soon empties of the milk. Infant dolls with wax heads that have bangs blonde hair are especial favorites with little girls, and next these are "year olds" in their first short clothes, with yoke slips of muslin, French apron, and gay striped stockings. The little sailor in midshipman's blue uniform is the boy doll that seems most popular. Many ladies select the head and all the different parts of the doll, and have it made precisely as they like, choosing arms and limbs separately. The kid bodies well jointed are best liked stuffed with hair, and for these are chosen the durable bisque heads, or else the wax heads with eyes that move; the latter are easily defaced, but are so pretty, and have such expressive faces, that they remain in favor. The bisque heads begin as low as 74 cents, and the wax heads at 56 cents. Cheap bodies are of muslin stuffed with cotton or with sawdust, and begin as low as 19 cents. Trouseau boxes with the doll and various sets of clothing are among choice imported toys, while every article of clothing or of house furniture for dolls is found in the shops.

For the boys there are special treasures this season in the sleight-of-hand and conjuring tricks with which Heller used to mystify and delight children and grown people alike. These are put up in boxes with printed explanations. The botle imp, the magic nail, the fire-eater, and card tricks of various kinds are among these attractive toys, and some of them cost only 10 cents, or 25 or 50 cents, while the tricks with hats and magic eggs, and glasses with false bottoms, are more intricate and costly. New games of ten-pins have the pins in obelisk shapes. New hobby-horses have a far more natural motion than the leaping or rocking horses, and are mounted in a way that can not injure the carpet. The motion is that of a horse when loping, or in an easy canter, and the horse costs from \$3.50 up. Bicycles are also shown in all sizes, costing from \$6.50 up to \$20 for those for large boys. Wagons to be drawn by hand, or else already provided with horses with natural skins, are of every kind seen in city streets or in the country—trucks, express wagons, hay carts, the omnibus, goat wagons, hansom cabs, beer wagons, donkey-carts, etc. Noah's arks with animals inside are from 12 cents to several dollars. Animals with natural skins are the delight of boys who are critical, while for those who are too young to pick flaws are wooden animals well carved and not painted. Elephants with natural skin seem to be the popular animal this season, and cost from 74 cents to \$10. Among woolly animals, the Spitz dog and lambs are most natural-looking, and are made to bark or bleat in most natural manner. Donkeys that move the head obstinately and carry panniers, and cows that can be milked, are from \$1.24 upward. Wagon loads of building blocks are favorites with both boys and girls, and the same is true of many of the games, such as Ring Toss and John Gilpin, Steeple Chase, Captive Princess, Cats and Mice, and Pilgrim's Progress. The prettiest drums are gilded, and the coaching horns are like long tin trumpets, while others of brass are gay with many colored stripes, and are of most fanciful shapes. The sleighs are as low as 73 cents for the boy who has very little money, while gayly caparisoned ones are several dollars. Sets of tin soldiers are from 14 cents to \$10, and there are sham fights, Indian camps, and artillery all made of tin.

The mechanical toys are most varied this winter, and it is found that the simplest ones give most pleasure, such as the leaping frogs, pug-dogs, walking elephants, and greyhounds. Tin landscapes are new this season, and represent park scenes, hunts, winter lakes, etc. Soldiers' outfits are from \$4 to \$12, and guns from 25 cents to \$3. Warehouses of several stories and menageries with animals of every kind that entered the ark are shown for boys. The new roller skates with three wheels are commended for boys and girls alike, and cost \$1.65 a pair in all sizes.

For the Christmas tree are bunches of grapes green or ripe, and burnished indestructible balls at 10 cents each. Tinsel moss in gilt or silver brightens up the tree, and there are horseshoes of gold, reindeer to lie under the tree, tiny silver bells for 5 cents each, angels of glass, and birds suspended from rubber; stockings for candies are 15 cents; a small Santa Claus, or else a mask to be worn by a "live Santa Claus," completes the outfit.

For information received thanks are due Miss Switzer; and Messrs. James McGreery & Co.; Lord & Taylor; R. H. Macy & Co.; Ehrich Brothers; L. P. Tibbals; and F. A. O. Schwarz & Co.

PERSONAL.

Endymion is beyond question the sensation of the season, 58,000 copies of the "Franklin Square Library" edition, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, having been sold in ten days after its publication. The readers of this fascinating novel will find their enjoyment of it greatly enhanced by the study of the following key to the characters, chiefly furnished by Mr. LOUIS J. JENNINGS, the New York *World* correspondent, always bearing in mind that they are not exact portraits, but changed to suit the artistic aim of the author, many of them being composed of the traits of more than one distinguished personage: Endymion Ferrars—BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Lord BEACONSFIELD; Mira Ferrars (his sister)—EUGÉNIE, Empress of the French; Prince Florestan—traits of LOUIS NAPOLEON framed in an outline of the career of ALFONSO of Spain; Queen Agrippina—in the main Queen HORTENSE, mother of LOUIS NAPOLEON, the name covering an allusion to Queen ISABELLA II.; Zenobia—a composite of Lady JERSEY and Lady HOLLAND; Baron Ser-

gius—Baron BRUNNOW, who effected the famous Quadruple Alliance of 1840; Nigel Penruddock—Cardinal MANNING, with traits of Cardinal WISEMAN; Job Thorneberry—RICHARD COBDEN; Sidney Wilton—SIDNEY HERBERT, Lord HERBERT of Lea; Lord Roehampton—Lord PALMERSTON; Lord Montford—the Earl of Dudley, Lord EGLINTON, and Lord MELBOURNE in one; Mr. Neuchatel—Baron LIONEL ROTHSCHILD; Adriana—Lady ROSEBERY, with suggestions of Lady BURDETT-COUTTS and Miss ALICE ROTHSCHILD; Mr. Bertie Tremaine—MONCKTON MILNES, Lord HOUGHTON; Mr. St. Barbe—W. M. THACKERAY; Mr. Gushy—CHARLES DICKENS; Vigo, the Tailor—POOLE, the tailor, with suggestions of HUDDSON, the Railway King; Count Ferrol—Prince BISMARCK; Dr. Comely—Bishop WILBERFORCE ("Soapy Sam").

As an item in these columns not long ago might lead to the inference that we held Mrs. HUBBARD to be the discoverer of the system of teaching visible speech, we hasten to say that nothing of the sort was intended, as it is well known that the system, in more or less perfection, is hundreds of years old. Mrs. HUBBARD was advised by Dr. HOWE to make use of a paper prepared by Mr. HORACE MANN, whose large-hearted interest in humanity had caused him to investigate the subject abroad, and it was under the instruction contained in that paper that Mrs. HUBBARD applied her efforts to her daughter's case, and to the development of the system.

Miss KELLOGG was called before the curtain at the Imperial Opera-House in St. Petersburg one evening twenty times, and in order to empty the house it was found necessary to turn out the lights.

In the sums which she receives from her books Miss BRADDON ranks among the half-dozen best-paid writers of fiction.

The husband of the lovely Jersey Lily, Mr. EDWARD LANGTRY, is now in this country on business.

General TREVINO is to be the new Mexican Secretary of War, and has arrived in the city of Mexico with his pretty American wife.

Lord COLIN CAMPBELL, whose convalescence was recently announced, is engaged to marry Miss BLOOD, an American beauty, in spite of Mr. HOWELL'S opinion of the name of "Blood."

Colonel FAIR, the new Nevada Senator, whose Bonanza made him famous, was recently in the Ophir Mine, when twenty tons of rock fell on the place from which he had the instant before moved.

Mr. STUART WORTLEY has received from his Sheffield constituents a fine piano and cabinet of cutlery as wedding gifts. He married not long since the daughter of Mr. TOM TROLLOPE, whose second wife, FRANCES ELINOR TERNAN, is the author of *Sister Anne* and several other novels published by the Messrs. HARPER.

Signor RAIMONDO-TERRANA, of Sicily, was captured by brigands, and released on payment of a ransom of eight thousand lire, some time ago. Venturing on the highway again, he was recently recaptured, and now has the alternative of surrendering his head or sixty-five thousand lire more. All of which makes Sicily an attractive spot to travellers.

Miss LOUISA LANE, daughter of the Professor of Latin at Harvard University, was married a short time since in Cambridge to one of the VAN RENSELAERS of Albany, Dr. PEABODY and PHILLIPS BROOKS officiating, and the faculty, with KO KUN HUA and BJORNSTIERNE BJORNSEN, and other literary and scientific lights, being among the guests.

President HAYES says that the first two years of his administration were as hard as any of LINCOLN'S, the last two as easy and pleasant as any ruler ever enjoyed.

ANNA DICKINSON'S play, in which Miss DAVENPORT appears, is popularly known as "The Dream of the Dressmaker."

When RICHARD WAGNER arrived in Munich, some weeks ago, the Theatre Royal gave a performance of *Tristan* and the *Meistersinger*.

The *Times* is said to have paid a thousand pounds for the privilege of giving its readers one or two specimen chapters of *Endymion* before its publication.

Mrs. JOHNSTON, formerly Miss HARRIET LANE, is to visit Washington this winter, the first time for many years, as the guest of Mrs. HORNSBY, the daughter of Judge BLACK.

It is said to be singular fact that, with the exception of Turkey, every reigning royal family in Europe has some of the blood of MARY STUART in its veins.

Mr. WHISTLER is shortly expected in this country on a visit.

Dr. CHAPIN has not been able to preach for a year on account of his exhausted nervous system.

One of the Harvard faculty has a little daughter whose feet have been bandaged and crippled since her birth to make them small! It is true that he is a Chinese mandarin. To him, lately, in Cambridge, was born a son.

Admiral GLYN, to whom Miss NELSON left her fortune, was hindered from marrying her, it is rumored, by the disapproval of the Prince of Wales. The Prince has had him lately to shoot deer with him in Scotland, and he was also invited to dine with the Queen at Balmoral.

The Queen of Italy is much more popular than the King, and the people have made the marguerite the national flower in deference to her name.

The son of Mrs. BROWNING is having considerable success as an artist. He has just completed three pictures—"Still Life," representing melons, sunflowers, and dishes; "Disturbed Life," representing a family of owls that he reared; and "Tan Garden," a cottage inclosure, with figures.

ROSA BONHEUR, Mlle. DODU, and Madame AUBICOT, together with five Sisters of Charity, are the only women, it is said, entitled to wear the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Gail Hamilton (Miss DODGE) lives, when at home, in a charming old farm-house, formerly her father's. Building on a porch, she has secured a large hall, and in addition to the other airy "upper chambers," a delightful open room above for books and work and sunshine. Down stairs, on one side of the hall, is a room filled with the library left her by GEORGE WOOD (Peter Schamyl in America), and on the other side, beyond the parlor, is as perfect a little dining-room as possible, with crimson walls and black-walnut wainscot. Here the engraved glass and silver and china are faultless, as all who sit down at the table are obliged to confess that the house-keeping is also.



Doll's Crochet Dress.

This doll is clothed with a slip, hat, and boots worked in crochet with a double thread of pink and of white split worsted. To make the slip, work in Afghan stitch with pink worsted by the pattern, of which one-half is given by Fig. 29, Supplement, beginning at the middle of the back on a foundation of 14 st. (stitches), and widening and narrowing in the course of the work as the pattern may require. (The manner of widening and narrowing was explained in the description given of Child's Hood on page 100, *Bazar* No. 7, Vol. XIII.) Having completed this part, and joined the middle of the back from 69 to 70, work the border across the back on the 6 st. of the front that project beyond that part; work a number of pattern rows, alternately one of white and one of pink, corresponding to the number in the back of the slip, connecting each st. on the upper edge of the border with the corresponding st. on the bottom edge of the back; beginning at the third pattern row, and in every following row worked with white worsted, in place of pink worsted, take them up from the vertical veins in the front of the work, take them up from the vertical veins in the back, thus forming a ribbed design with raised pink rows. Edge the top of the skirt, after pleating it as indicated on the pattern, with 1 pattern row with white worsted, and then work on this with pink worsted the back of the waist by Fig. 30, Supplement, taking up the st. for the first pattern row of it from the vertical veins in the back of the work, making a raised row of the white one. For the sleeves work on a foundation of 14 st. 2 pattern rows with pink worsted and 1 row with white, and edge the sides also with the latter color; then work 1 round in single crochet on the vertical veins in



DOLL'S BATHING SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

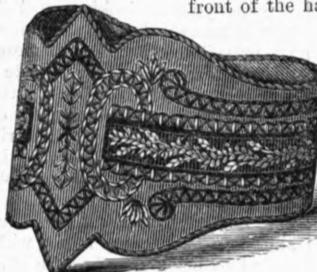
SCRAP BASKET.



DOLL'S WALKING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 20-28.



DOLL WITH PILLOW.
For pattern see description in Suppl.



NAPKIN RING.



DOLL'S CROCHET DRESS.
For pattern see Suppl., No. VI., Figs. 29 and 30.

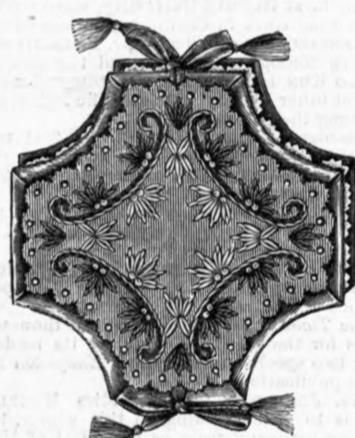
the work will neither pucker nor draw; then work 2 rounds without increasing, one with pink and one with white, and turn them back to form an upturned brim. The trimming

consists of chain stitches of white worsted, arranged in a rosette of 4 loops, fastened down under a small pink ball at the front of the hat; a longer loop is carried from under the rosette around the hat, and crossed and fastened under a white ball at the middle of the back. The hat is held on the doll's head by means of an elastic band.

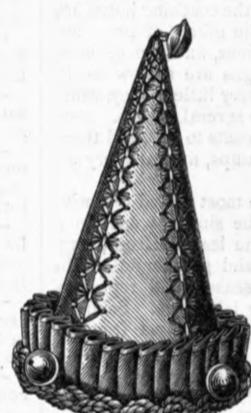
Each boot is worked from the middle of the toe on a foundation of 3 st., the first of which is passed by, in 14 pattern rows in Afghan stitch; the first pattern row counts 2 st.; in each of the following 2 pattern rows increase by 1 st. on the side taken for the middle of the top of the foot, and in the last 3 of the 14 decrease by 1 st. on the same side. Join the edges of the first 4 and the last 4 pattern rows on the slanting side for the top of the foot, then join the edges of the first 7 and the last 7 on the straight side for the sole, and fasten the st. left at the point with overcast stitches on the wrong side. Edge the top of the boot with 3 rounds, the first of which is worked with white worsted as follows: Alternately 1 sc. on the next st. on the edge, and 1 ch. 2d round.—Work as in the preceding round. 3d round.—Work a picot round like the one edging the slip.

Lamp-chimney Cover.

THE card-board cone is covered as shown in the illustration with four pointed pieces of white, red, and blue cloth,



NEEDLE-BOOK.



LAMP-CHIMNEY COVER.



DOLL IN LONG CLOTHES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 16-19.



TABLETS.



CASE FOR POSTAL CARDS.
For design see Suppl., No. VIII., Fig. 32.

the seams joining them being concealed under serpentine lines and point Russe of colored silk; each outer point is fastened down with a back stitch in silk of the same shade, and the intersecting threads are held down with similar stitches in gold thread. The edge of the cover is bound with blue satin,

and bordered with an upright pleating of blue satin ribbon an inch in width; the stitches with which it is fastened are covered by braided blue silk cord. The cover is further ornamented as shown in the illustration with small brass bells.

Woven Braid and Crochet Edging for Lingerie.

THIS edging is worked with fine cotton on a braid, on one side of which there are mignardise scallops counting 7 loops each, in the following manner: 1st round.—Work for the lower edge * 1 sc. (single crochet) in the 2d loop of the next scallop, 4 times alternately 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 chain stitches and 1 sc. on the first of them), and 1 sc. in the following loop; repeat from *. 2d round.—At the upper edge of the braid, alternately 1 sc. in the next loop, and 1 chain stitch.

Tablets.

THESE ivory tablets are incased in covers of light fawn-colored leather, embroidered on the outside in satin, tent, and knotted stitch and in point Russe with floss



KEY BASKET.



PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.



WORK-BAG.

silk in various colors. Linked to the metal clasp at the top, which holds together the covers and tablets, is a small silver chain furnished with a ring at the other end. Loops of leather, through which a pencil is slipped, are attached at the left side.

Monogram.

THIS monogram is worked on batiste or linen with fine embroidery cotton in satin stitch.

Tidy.—Cross Stitch Embroidery.—Figs. 1-3.

THIS tidy, which is designed by Madame Emilie Bach, Directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work, is of linen canvas, embroidered in cross stitch in the colors given in the description of symbols. The design was published in the Supplement to *Harper's Bazar* No. 51, Vol. XIII. No. 4 gives a section of the border, and Nos. 7-9 give the ground figures for the centre. The heading for the fringe is worked by Fig. 2; blocks of six cross stitches each are worked at regular intervals, varying the colors of the silk. The edge is formed by slanting stitches worked over two squares of the canvas in height and width; below this the material is ravelled for fringe. In place of this heading the one shown in Fig. 3 may be used; for this a slanting stitch is taken over three squares in height and two in width, then a vertical stitch over four squares, and another slanting stitch in the opposite direction.

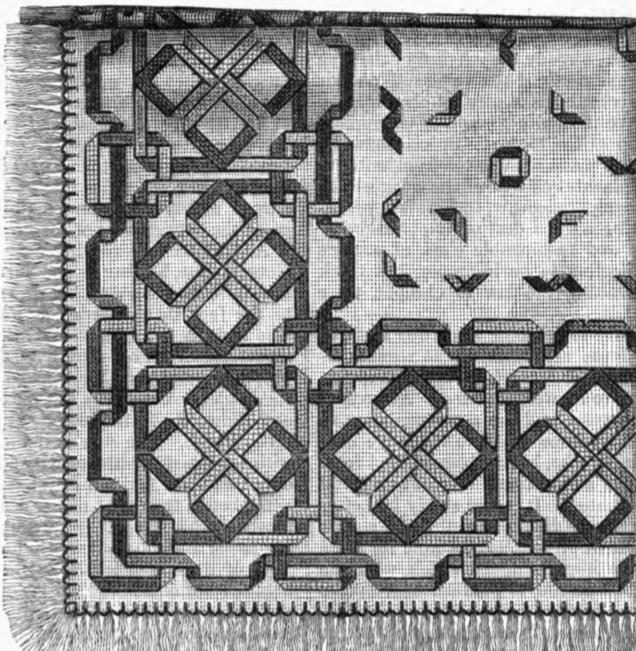


Fig. 1.—Tidy.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.—See Fig. 2.—[Designed by Madame Emilie Bach, Directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work.]
For design see Supplement, Nos. 4, and 7-9, *Harper's Bazar* No. 51, Vol. XIII.

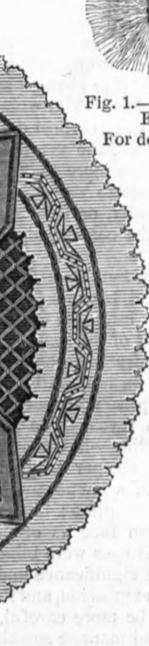


Fig. 1.—LAMP MAT.
For design see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 33.



MONOGRAM.

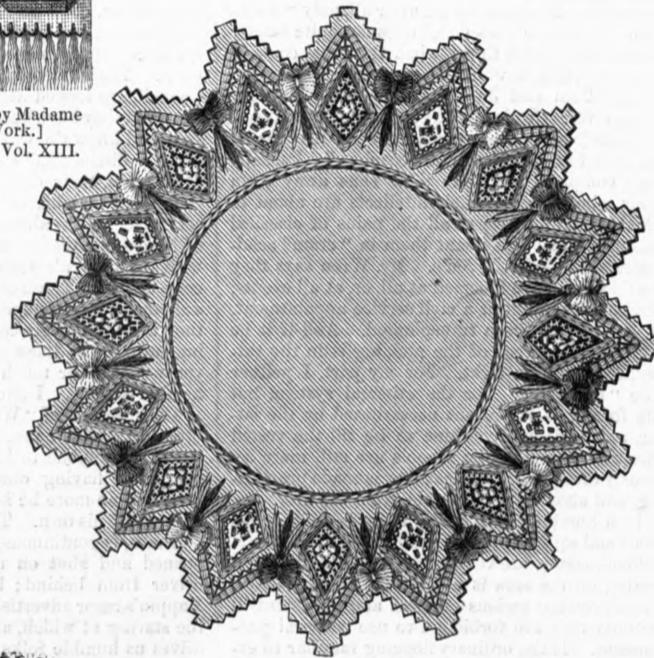


Fig. 2.—LAMP MAT.
For design see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 34.



Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
[See Fig. 2.]

For description see Supplement.

**Lamp Mats,
Figs. 1 and 2.**
Fig. 1.—For this lamp mat a circular piece seven inches and a half in diameter is cut out of a piece twelve inches in diameter of light fawn-colored cloth, leaving a ring, which is then pinked in scallops at both edges. The centre of the lamp mat is of cloth in a darker shade, and is cut in full, as seen in the illustration, from the pattern given by Fig. 33, Supplement; the outlines of the design are transferred to it, and it is then gummed on the fawn-colored cloth; the outlines for the embroidery on the latter are traced according to the illustration, and the



Fig. 1.—CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—OVERCOAT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and descrip. see Suppl., No. XII., Figs. 43-48.



Fig. 2.—OVERCOAT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and descrip. see Suppl., No. XII., Figs. 43-48.

Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

with pink or blue silk. The serpentine lines are of blue filo-selle silk, sewn down with overcast stitches of pink silk, and the point Russe and the chain stitch are worked with red and réséda silks. Tufts of pink and olive wool are fastened down between the points. The inner circle is defined in chain stitch with blue and in tent stitch with réséda silk.

Photograph Frame.

See illustration on page 4.

THE frame is of écrù papier-maché, with an inserted border of white perforated board, ornamented with threads of blue silk stretched as shown in the illustration.



Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
[See Fig. 1.]

For description see Supplement.

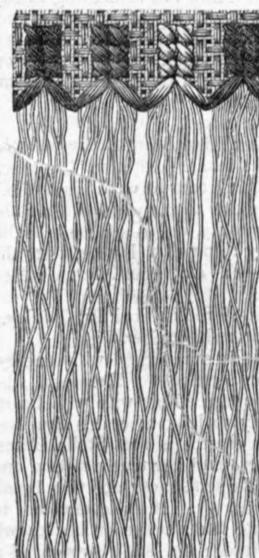


Fig. 2.—FRINGE FOR TIDY, FIG. 1.

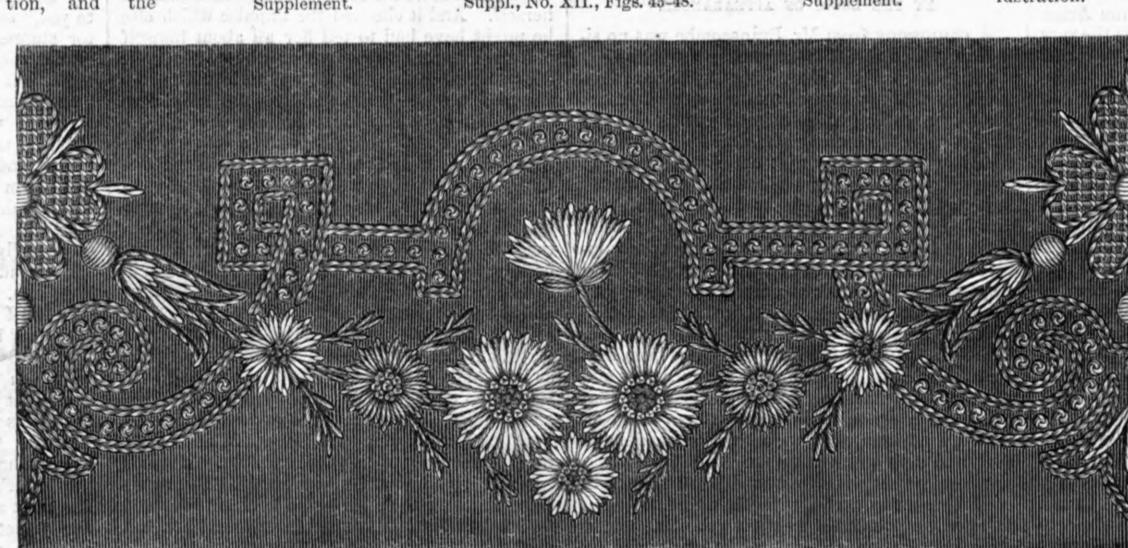


Fig. 3.—BORDER FOR SMOKING-CAP, FIG. 2, PAGE 12.—[For design see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 31.]

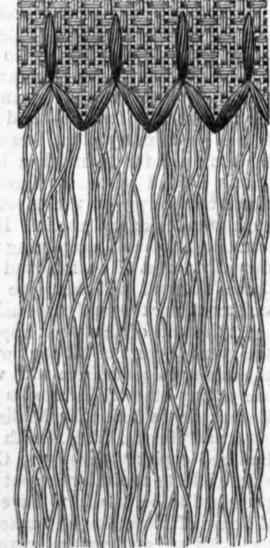


Fig. 3.—FRINGE FOR TIDIES.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Educational Difficulty in England.—Lord Beaconsfield's *Endymion*.—Lord Mayor's Feasts.—The Prince's "Harusom."—Marriages and Advertisements.

THE quarrels of the education-mongers are beginning to rival in rancor those of the theologians. Our fine old public-school system having conspicuously broken down in its attempt to give any practical instruction such as enables boys to pass a competitive examination, those who are connected with it are naturally outraged against the system that succeeds. The "tone" and the smattering of classics that young gentlemen pick up at fashionable seminaries have heretofore been considered by parents a sufficient interest for their money, and when all civil and military appointments went by favor there was not, perhaps, much to complain of, since one ignoramus had as good a chance as another. But now that our government offices (save one, the foreign) are open to competition, *Paterfamilias* is getting curious to know what he is paying so much money for, since his Tom and Jack are generally among the rejected. That ethereal notion of an education, which, after all, only "teaches us to educate ourselves," does not quite satisfy him in these hard times, when the rents come in so slowly, and it would be so extremely convenient if Tom and Jack could do something for themselves. Goaded to fury by his remonstrances, the public-school masters have been making an onslaught against the "cram coaches." Parents, they complain, *will* take their sons away from their schools just as their intellects are about to bloom forth and repay all the pains of classical manuring, and transplant them in "cram" academies such as Mr. Wren's. Mr. Wren says they would never have bloomed at all, or, at all events, produced the fruit of a civil service appointment, if they had not been transplanted. And if it be true that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, Mr. Wren is right. For my part, I neither like "cramming" nor the ethereal system, but the former is at present necessitated by the latter, and so it will continue to be till the vested interests of our public schools are still more seriously threatened, and learning is made practicable, and above all intelligible, from the first.

In a humbler walk of life there is another educational squabble on the subject of punishments. School-masters are very properly admonished that boxing on the ears is a most injurious practice, while even for serious offenses and persistent ill conduct they are forbidden to use corporal punishment. If the ordinary flogging familiar to every Eton boy, whether he is the son of a peer or a parvenu, were carried out in a Board school, there would be an outcry throughout the country, and a picture in the *Illustrated Police Gazette*. Nor do school-board masters venture to cane in that thorough manner so much recommended by the author of *Midshipman Easy*, so that the culprit remembers his offenses at all times, and not only on taking a chair. And now, it seems, by the last magisterial decision, even caning on the hand is denounced as a baneful practice, "calculated to ruin a boy's prospects for life if he desires hereafter to be an artist." The unfortunate school-master who has henceforth to deal with a really bad boy will, therefore, be considerably puzzled to know what to do with him. What effect, for instance, will all the "moral suasion" in the world have upon a bully? It is quite amazing to what lengths "in the other direction" the humanitarians of the milk-and-water school will go, though with the best intentions in the world. The man who saw the little boy drowning in the lock, with two other boys trying to save him, and who drew up the flood-gates in hopes to drown all three, but only drowned one, is not, it seems, to be considered a murderer. And even when found guilty of manslaughter, he only gets a few years penal servitude instead of the full term, because, forsooth, the judge receives a letter from the wretch's employer saying he was "of a dull and morose disposition." I don't doubt he was both morose and sulky, but where are the "extenuating circumstances" in that fact? We have all heard that it is better to be good than to be clever; but I did not know how very advantageous (when one has committed a frightful crime) it was to be dull. That the judge had a natural fellow-feeling for the man, and none for the boy, is certain.

It has been said that, when near his end, the bad man thinks of future punishment, the religious man of the state of his soul, and the good man of those he leaves behind him. Under these circumstances, the person accused of the Acton murder must be a model. Indeed, that is the very thing he intends to be. "Go at once," says he to his wife, "to Madame Tussaud's" with my trousers, waistcoat, everything, and sell them. Directly I get out of prison—and I'm sure I shall—I shall go to every place I can think of, and exhibit myself for so much a head. Look here, missis, I shall make my fortune." There is a proverb, however, to the effect that one can not have one's cake and eat it. If the individual in question is hanged, everything will turn out satisfactorily. But if he is found "not guilty," Madame Tussaud will not give a button for his waistcoat, nor the public one halfpenny to see him.

At the end of this week appears *Endymion*, to the great disgust of all the novelists. Where is the money to come from with which the libraries are to buy other folks' novels when of my Lord Beaconsfield's fiction Mr. Mudie takes three thousand and Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons seventeen hundred copies? Even the Grosvenor Library, whose efforts at rivalry are not so gigantic as they promised to be, is said to have made an effort in the case of *Endymion*, and takes seventy-five copies. All sorts of rumors, however, are in circula-

tion respecting this long-looked-for work, the one most generally believed being that ten thousand copies have been already bespoken, and that the noble author has received ten thousand pounds for it. Ten thousand is a nice number for the memory to have to deal with, and rolls trippingly from the tip of the tongue. Special arrangements have been made with Baron Tauchnitz, by which his Continental edition of the work will be published contemporaneously, so that it is probable there will be a good deal of importation that excellent and fashionable class of persons who hold smuggling to be improper, but think nothing of breaking the law to cheapen their books.

There will have to be some alteration made in the Mansion House arrangements as regards its hospitalities on Lord Mayor's Day, if an invitation to them is to be worth having. At present the crowd is so great, and the accommodation so insufficient, that I know of more than one case this year of guests who, having been shifted from seat to seat, have at last found no seat at all, and came away disgusted. It would surely be better to ask 800 persons to dine in something like comfort than 900, as at present, to scramble for seats and food. This huge banquet, which, with the processions, costs £4000, is paid for half by the Lord Mayor, and half by the sheriffs, who, unlike his Lordship, have no official allowance to draw upon. Their friends, and those of the Common Council, are looked after well enough; it is probable that they have been to the Mansion House before, and know the ways of the place. It is "persons of distinction" (like you and me) who lose their seats, their dinners, and their temper. A prominent member of the press, formerly Conservative, was so shamefully neglected on the 9th of November, that he tells me he is now entirely with the Radicals for a thorough reform of the corporation. "These city feasts, sir," he says, "are a shameful way of expending the public funds, and they are infamously conducted. As to the 'loving-cup,' if you knew as much about it as I do, you would never touch it, unless you were at the head of a table. I once found a tooth in it."

The spectacle of "Wales" driving up St. James Street in a hack hansom, with the driver expressing in pantomime to his friends on the rank his delight at having obtained so distinguished a fare, will no more be seen. H.R.H. has set up a hansom of his own. The apron, as in all the new hansom, is continuous, i. e., without doors, and is opened and shut on the lever principle by the driver from behind; but instead of the usual Mappin's razor advertisement on the splash-board, the staring at which, after a mile or two, almost drives us humble folks to buy a razor to cut our throats with, there is a travelling clock with a luminous dial.

I should think foreigners must be not a little astonished by the way in which the *Matrimonial News* is pressed upon them in our streets. It is never sold in shops nor at the railway book-stalls, but it must have a large circulation, and affords a curious proof (for almost all the advertisements are *bona fide*) how many persons there are not only alone in the world, but without guide, philosopher, and friend. The case of the Rev. John Ambrose, a clergyman of the Church of England, is a curious illustration of this. He procures a wife at the office of this interesting publication, who bullies and fights him, observing, "You dare not hit me, for the public are against striking a woman"; she "locks him up, being stronger than he is"; and altogether turns out a very unsatisfactory helpmate. But how was it, one can not help asking, that the gentleman was so left to himself as to make such an alliance possible? Mrs. Ambrose is not young, not good-looking, by no means unencumbered, and in short there is no reason at all, since scores of better women would have been his wife for the asking, why her husband should have married her. It is simply that his was one of those so-called "isolated cases" which one may count by the dozen among the old bachelors in every London club.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

[Begin in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 41, Vol. XIII.]

MY LOVE.

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIZZIE LOOTON OF GEETRIGG," "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "FROM DREAMS TO WAKING," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BY THE LOGIC OF APPEARANCES.

A COMMISSION from Mr. Branscombe was no sinecure. Like all well-born amateurs, he despised "professionals," while profiting by their technical ability, and maintained that the general refinement of a cultivated gentleman gave more real insight than the mere mechanical ability of men who had learned only that one thing. He was an admirer of what Americans call an all-round man; and he was himself, to his own mind, emphatically that man. Consequently, thinking that he knew better in all things—save how to manipulate the materials—than the artist whom he had employed, and though the work was already in the stone-cutter's hands, he worried Sandro Kemp over this monument to his good Matilda, as Mrs. Prinsep's unfortunate lodger had never been worried before, sending for him at all unearthly and inconvenient times to come up to Rose Hill that this point might be considered, that new idea ventilated, such and such an alteration made, and such and such an improvement added.

"Sandro Kemp is all very well as a skilled artisan," he said to Stella, with his finest air, "but he is only a poor creature when you come to creative imagination, and wants the application of the divine fire to be made anything of. It is singular how difficult it is to find a man with any

real genius," he added. "How soulless and dead all these professional fellows are! Compared to men of real artistic feeling, of real aesthetic refinement, they are merely hodmen of a superior kind—bricklayers and carpenters who have learned the use of their tools, and can turn out work more or less mechanically correct. But when you come to genius, then," said Mr. Branscombe, lightly laying his white fingers on his somewhat narrow and certainly shallow breast, "you must go to the gentleman, not the professional."

And Stella believed her dear papa implicitly. Nevertheless, hearing as she did all that went on, she could not quite shut her ears or blind her eyes to the fact that, after all, it was really Sandro who had the better taste and the superior judgment—Sandro who negatived and Sandro who proposed; and that her beloved and elegant father's ideas were gently but inexorably set aside, and shown to be impossible, impracticable, and inadmissible. She was half inclined to quarrel with the artist for his tenacity and presumption; only that she could not deny what was so patent—the better treatment of her dear mother's monument in his hands. And thus again, between the living and the dead, was in her mind the same kind of distracted loyalty as that which existed between her father and her lover; and she found the full, free devotion to that sublime parental Apollo hedged round with strange difficulties and wicked little thorns of mental opposition. But the habits of a life are hard to change, and the religion of youth clings close. The worship of her father, inculcated from her earliest days, was as the marrow of her bones, the very blood of her heart; and it would take more than the evidence of false artistic taste to warp her loving nature from its early loyalty, or substitute for her present fond belief the colder judgment of criticism and doubt.

One day, however, when Sandro had been up to Rose Hill, as usual, and had also, as usual, been obliged to prove the infallible amateur all wrong and grossly ignorant of the first principles of that art whereof he professed to be a master, he met Stella's eyes fixed on him with a strange expression of mingled surprise and fear. It was one of those looks which reveal more than the person is conscious of feeling—like the first automatic movements of a sleeper beginning to awake. It was the flash of a moment—the first stirring of the sleeping perception; but Sandro, who could read the human face as other men read books—save when his eyes were blinded by his heart—understood the significance and foreshadowing of that strange expression, and thought to himself that he must be more careful, more discreet, for the future, and manage somehow to unite with greater delicacy his own self-respect as an artist and kindly regard for her filial superstition. Which was just the difficulty—about the most difficult thing in the world when dealing with Mr. Branscombe on any matter whatever in the presence of his daughter.

Sandro saw, too, how ill and changed she was; and this was another inducement to him to be tender of that maddening old humbug, as he mentally called the Finery Fred of forty years ago, for her poor dear sake, if in no wise for his own.

That look of patient terror at what was before her to discover, and the signs of her failing health still haunting him, Sandro, coming along the road, saw at a little distance Augusta Latrobe, walking in her quiet, leisurely way, taking her boy for his afternoon run. The two had not met since the famous picnic, now some weeks old; and Sandro fancied that he had been nursing his jealousy and disappointment into a very good beginning of indifference, and that really the fair-faced widow was no more to him than any other pretty woman who looked well in a picture, and was pleasant to talk to because soft in voice and reasonable in thought. He scarcely expected his heart to beat as it did when he turned the corner, and saw her handsome figure coming to meet him with that undulating grace for which she was famous. He was vexed that his blood should dash through his veins at this headlong speed, for which, however, the weather alone was answerable. It happened to be a chilly and unpleasant day, but our variable old atmosphere is the general scape-goat all round, and blow hot, blow cold, is ever in fault.

As soon as Augusta saw who it was in the light brown suit that was striding between the hedge-rows, she drew her veil over her face; and Sandro being in that state compared to which the porcupine is ideal smoothness, winced at the action. It never entered into his head, which the wound in his heart made abnormally dense, that this was done to put up a screen against self-betrayal. It was a screen, sure enough, but against him, not herself. And it checked the impulse which else he might have had to tell her all about himself and his two grand missions, and how at last the door seemed opening which was to lead him into the great temple of fame and the treasure-house of wealth. No; she cared nothing for him, he thought, bitterly. Why should he oppress her with his confidence, and claim for his good fortune that sympathy which she had evidently denied to his bad? No; let himself and all that made his life—all the facts of his career and all the feelings of his soul—be obliterated. He was nothing to her. Why, then, waste his strength in trying to waken the dead? to make the deaf hear and the dumb speak?

If he had put his sensations into words, this would have been the form they would have taken, as he rapidly narrowed the distance which lay between him and Augusta, till he came close to her, and could see her sweet face even through that insulting screen of gauze. For half an instant he intended only to bow and pass on. It would be more dignified and more manly. But something stronger than his pride held his feet, and he stopped almost against his will, and held out his hand.

The boy ran up to him full of a child's caressing pleasure when he hails one who is always

kind and pleasant, and is therefore beloved; one associated in his little mind with now a top and now a ball, sometimes a picture, and once a grand treat, which he should never forget—a whole boxful of chocolates. The widow's color mounted to her cheeks in that pretty pale pink blush, which was so becoming, yet which betrayed so little conscious confusion; and then the two clasped hands, and Sandro's good imitation of indifference fell to pieces like a broken marionette.

He loved her. Yes, he loved her. His love was hopeless, and not returned; that he knew now, if once he had thought somewhat differently; still he loved her, and he should love her for the whole of his life. But what hope was there for him in that quiet manner, that calm voice, those clear and steadfast eyes which neither wavered nor fell, neither darkened nor softened?—eyes which looked at him as steadily as a child's, and yet not quite full into his. His indifference was only feigned, but hers—hers was real.

Flung off from his own concerns, Sandro, half in earnest about Stella, half to make some kind of relation, however shadowy, with Augusta, told her how ill the girl was looking, and asked her boldly to go to Rose Hill and see her. She would be sure to do the poor thing good, he added, with more meaning in his words than he cared to show. If she would talk to her, and be kind and sympathetic, she could do her so much good!

This function of talking to people and doing them good was one of Augusta Latrobe's offices, assigned to her by universal belief and consent. She was a woman in whose beneficent influence every one who knew her had unbounded confidence. She was assumed to have an almost magnetic power over the minds of others; and "Get Mrs. Latrobe to talk to her" or "him" was a formula in common use at Highwood when there was a recalcitrant or a hot-headed member of the community whom others wished to bring into the way of reason and conformity. So now Sandro said to her, according to the popular temper and belief, "I have just come from Rose Hill, where I wish you would go and talk to poor Miss Branscombe."

"You are often at Rose Hill now," said Augusta, letting the request lie while she took up only the statement.

"Yes; that eternal monument will never be at an end until it is finally put up; and perhaps not then," he answered.

"I heard you had undertaken poor darling Mrs. Branscombe's monument," she returned.

"Who told you?" he asked, smiling.

"Colonel Moneypenny," she answered, with admirable self-possession and blameless cruelty.

"I do not know that it was any business of his," said Sandro, quickly, his eyes very dark and his face very pale.

"In a small place like this everything is every one's business," she answered. "At all events, every one knows that you have this monument to do."

"I wanted to tell you myself," he said, forgetting the resolutions of his offended dignity.

"That I might congratulate, or condole?" she answered, lightly. "I am glad that you have an opportunity of showing us what you can do; but I should think to work with or for Mr. Branscombe would take all the gilt off the gingerbread if it were an inch thick."

"Yes, it does," he answered; "and the pleasure is dearly bought. But I want to speak to you of poor Miss Branscombe. I wish you would go up and see her," he repeated.

"Why?" she returned, looking up with a half-sad, half-amused smile.

"Because if you would talk to her you would do her good," he said.

The smile brightened into a laugh.

"Every one comes to me to talk to people," she said. "What do you want me to say?"

"I do not know," he answered, simply. "If I did, perhaps I should have said it myself. But she is looking distressingly ill, and she is manifestly out of spirits altogether. I think her father keeps her too close, and that she wants more change, more companionship, more fresh air—in short, rousing out of herself, poor thing."

"That is a case for Dr. Quigley, not for me," said Augusta, as the doctor's high gig and fast trotter rounded the corner, and came at a swift pace toward them.

"Confound the fellow!" muttered Sandro, who wished the doctor and his machine at the bottom of the Red Sea; but he put on the hypocritical smile of conventional welcome, and said nothing about the fate of Pharaoh and his hosts as he gave the doctor "Good-day."

"Dr. Quigley, Mr. Kemp has something to say to you," said Augusta, quite gravely, as the doctor stopped his horse, and looked at the two keenly, searching, as he had looked at them on the day of the picnic, when they were all assembled at Crossing Bridge.

"Say? what?" he asked.

"Only that I think Miss Branscombe is looking ill, and that her father keeps her too much shut up in that stifling room he calls his studio," said Sandro Kemp, he, too, speaking with the most praiseworthy gravity, and as if Stella's health were really the only thing that lay between the widow and himself—the only chord that vibrated in unison.

"And I am to interfere?" asked Dr. Quigley.

"Yes," both answered together.

"My dear people," he returned with energy, "are you living in Arcadia? The man who would not take any care of his wife with heart-disease is not likely to look after his daughter without. The only chance is that Stella Branscombe should understand her true position and her father's illimitable selfishness, and then break her heart at the discovery. If she ever comes to know what he is, and takes action on her knowledge, she will die under the self-reproach of a parricide. When the conscience is included in upholding a sham, and sacrificing the truth for a

living lie has all the force and meaning of virtue, you can not do anything. Stella Branscombe is a martyr to filial love, and her father is a parental sham; but she must fight it out by herself."

"But it is pitiable to see her," said Sandro, warmly.

"Things might be worse if she were enlightened," said the doctor. "I question if she would live through the discovery. Take my advice both of you—do not mix yourselves up in this matter. No outsider interfering, even with the best motives, in family matters, does good or escapes personal damage. Why burn your fingers when there are no chestnuts to pick out for yourselves or for others? I will keep an eye on the poor young lady, and put in my word when I see her really in danger; but until then remonstrance would only irritate Mr. Branscombe, and make matters worse. Good-day; take care of yourselves," he added, significantly, as he drove off, leaving a certain uneasy doubt in Augusta's mind as to what was really meant by taking care of themselves. But she supposed it was only because of her desire to "talk to" Stella Branscombe. It could not be for anything else.

"I think Dr. Quigley is right," she said, as he drove away. "I do not mind speaking to Stella, or to any one, if I think I can be of use; and I am no more afraid of Mr. Branscombe, for all his fine airs of superiority, than I am of those sheep in the field. But I do not think I can do any good. Stella has taken her part, and, as Dr. Quigley says, she must fight it out by herself."

"I should have been glad if you had followed my suggestion," said the artist, with a sore manner.

She looked him full in the face.

"Are you, too, one of the men who would rather be personally pleased by obedience than opposed when opposition were the more reasonable action?" she asked, gravely. "I had thought not; and if you are one of those people, I would rather not be enlightened."

"You are the one perfect woman in the world," he said, warmly.

She laughed and turned away, looking at her boy.

"No," she answered, after a short pause, "I am only reasonable."

Nevertheless, she determined in her own mind that she would go and see Stella Branscombe tomorrow; only what good she was to do when she had gone was, of all questions, at this moment the most unanswerable.

She held out her hand in sign of leave-taking. He took it and held it.

"I know you will be glad to hear that I have received my order," he then said, gazing into her face. "I am to have Mr. Woodley's mansion, and I have finished my designs for the Lingston Cathedral. I think they look well enough to bear competition; and I am not afraid of the future."

"I am very glad," she answered, imprudently letting her hand lie in his for congratulation.

It was a most unpardonable piece of folly in so reasonable a woman, but human nature is weak and foolish even at the best, and has a trick of leaving the little postern-gates open after it has carefully shut close the great main entrance. For not only did that soft submission to the more impulsive action of the artist rouse thoughts and awaken hopes which had better be left dormant, but it put the pretty widow into a false position with others as well, and gave a handle for thoughtlessness, if not ill-nature, to turn against her.

To Gip and Pip, coming streaming along the road, the sight of those two standing there, hand in hand, looking into each other's eyes, was too big and white and sweet a nut to be left uncracked. The discovery of "spoons" was a true godsend to them, and they were sure to make the world a generous present of all their finds. As destitute of delicacy as of spite, they never thought they might wound or could do harm by their ocumical confidence. If they had, they would have shut those wide-open mouths of theirs, and kept the secret religiously. But as they did not mind how much they themselves were chaffed, they supposed every one else must be as thick-skinned and insensitive; and thus the suspicion of the Doves that anything was on hand came to be a kind of nightmare to hesitating, shy, undeclared, or, as in this case, unwilling lovers. Nevertheless, the thing had come, and Gip and Pip, the most good-natured, inconsiderate, and innocent mischief-makers in Hollywood, had found the penniless widow and the impecunious artist standing in the high-road hand in hand, and looking—"Oh," said Gip, "looking 'spoons as big as tureens' at each other."

And let old Mrs. Morshead but once get hold of that idea, and then where would poor Augusta's peace of mind and security of tenure be! The widow was equal to the occasion, however, as she generally was; and as the twins came up, she repeated in a clear, ringing voice,

"I am indeed glad, Mr. Kemp, and congratulate you!"

"Oh! what?" shouted the Doves, full of wicked laughter and radiant detection.

"Ah, what!" said Mrs. Latrobe, also laughing in the most natural way in the world. "You must ask Mr. Kemp himself. He has just done me the honor to make me his confidante on a most important matter; but I must not pass it on. If he likes to include you, well and good; but you see I am bound to secrecy."

"What is it?" asked Gip and Pip together. "A *NDM* going to be married? Are you? If you and I do tell us who it is. Any one here? It must be some one here! Who is it, Augusta? I am sure you know!" with more wickedness of laughter, more radiance of detection.

"Well, no, I can answer so much," said Augusta, her gayety of humor still matching theirs. "It is not to any one here. But I must leave you to find it all out by yourselves. Good-by,

girls. Good-by, Mr. Kemp; and be quite sure I will never tell."

On which she went off, still laughing, leaving Sandro Kemp struck dumb with amazement. His man's slower brain had not discerned the danger which had been palpable at the first flash to her; and not understanding the peril, he did not understand the way of escape. He was bewildered. All this laughter and phantasmagoric mystery made him feel as if suddenly surrounded by a crowd of mocking elves who took his senses clean away, and made the things which had hitherto been clear and solid appear vague and visionary. What did it all mean? Why did they all laugh? and what were they all hinting at? Married? Confidence? Secrets? It was a puzzle from first to last, and he could see nothing better for it than to follow blindly the bewildering lead that had been given him, and shake his head knowingly as he laughed without sense or meaning, and answered in the air:

"Oh, what! wait till I tell you what! I will some day."

On which he dashed off on his way, as if escaping from pursuers; and Gip and Pip ran after Augusta, and besieged her with questions for a full half-hour by the church clock. But they got nothing out of her save vague suggestions which only served to make their own mad guesses surer. Either it was an engagement to some one not at Highwood, of which the secret had been confided to Augusta, or—was it, could it be, Augusta herself? For what else could they make of that attitude, those looks on the broad highway, and the "spoons as big as tureens" exchanged between the two?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEVER SAY DIE.

SONG FOR THE PEOPLE.

NEVER say die—never say die:
Life's worth the living, if only we try;
The hand and the brain
Were not given in vain;
We've a battle to gain,
And so—never say die.

Never say die—never say die:
If earnings be low and if living be high,
Tis reason the more
Not to faint or give o'er;
Better days are in store,
And so—never say die.

Never say die—never say die:
When night is at darkest the morning is nigh;
Whether far off or near,
In God's time will appear
Some blessing to cheer,
And so—never say die.

Never say die—never say die:
The soul that is steadfast may fortune defy;
In labor and art
Let the hand and the heart
Each do its own part,
And so—never say die.

Never say die—never say die:
When cowards despair, be this our reply:
All that's noble and human
In constant and true man,
In brave, patient woman,
Cries, Never say die.

Never say die—never say die:
Life is God's gift that we may not lay by;
Whatever befall,
Tis the duty of all,
Till He gives the call,
To say, Never say die.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE American Water-color Society, in a recently issued circular, announces that at the coming Exhibition no works in black and white will be received. Original pictures, sketches, or studies, never publicly exhibited in this city, will be received from the 10th to the 12th of January, inclusive. The society will send for pictures in this city below Sixtieth Street; but as exhibits in packing-boxes will not be accepted at the Academy building, non-resident artists must send their works to some consignee in this city, who will attend to the necessary business for them. In the Exhibition catalogue a limited number of illustrations will be printed from pen-drawings made by the artists whose works are received. Each drawing should be made with pure black lines on white Bristol-board, and should be from six to eight inches long. This must be sent, with the title and size of the original, and the artist's name, to the secretary, Mr. Henry Farrer, No. 51 West Tenth Street, by the 1st of January. The Exhibition will open on January 24, and close on the evening of February 23.

Mauna Loa, the huge volcano which towers over the island of Hawaii, is now in eruption, and the lava flow is reported to be the grandest and most extensive known for many years. The eruption began on the evening of November 5, the lava pouring down the plateau between Mauna Loa and Kea. The stream soon divided, one part moving toward the source of the old crater of Kilauea and the other toward the east. Fears were entertained for the safety of Kilo, toward which a small stream was running.

Among the many wretched tenements in Mott Street is a well-built four-story brick building, in which there are now over thirty families, chiefly Italians. The general supervision of the place is undertaken by Mrs. E. F. Miles, and she has also general charge of a kind of Kindergarten kept in rooms on the ground-floor. There the women in the house, when going out to work all day, leave their children during their absence, and the little ones are taken care of according to their ages and necessities. These children are poorly clad, and their thin pale faces bear traces of poverty, yet they seem contented, and comparatively comfortable. For before this ar-

rangements was made, when the mothers went out to work, the children were left to get along as best they could alone. This quiet charity has no regular source of income. Those mothers who are able to do so pay five or ten cents a day, but many are not able to pay anything, and no fee is asked for attending to the little ones. Contributions to this semi-Kindergarten could be most usefully expended.

United States medical officers at Chicago and Detroit have sent to Washington for extra supplies of bedding for the marine hospitals, which have been filled with frost-bitten sailors, in consequence of the severe cold on the northern lakes.

Venus wins the place of honor among the stars that sparkle in the December sky. She appears in the mellow twilight, shining with a soft golden lustre, but her size and brilliancy seem wonderfully increased as the darkness deepens. Venus is worth watching during this month.

The ocean perils of November, 1880, will long be remembered by those who chanced to be upon the stormy deep. Many steamers narrowly escaped destruction. Perhaps none experienced more furious gales than the *Ville de Marseilles*, which endured a remarkably stormy passage of nineteen days. The foaming waves swept over the decks, at times entirely submerging the steamer. Day and night for two weeks the vessel seemed doomed to go to the bottom. Notwithstanding all, no lives were lost, and the steamer sustained but slight damages.

"White Island Light," one of the collection of paintings by De Haas, which were recently sold at Kirby's Art Gallery, brought \$1666. The entire collection, sixty-six paintings and studies, with frames, brought \$6994.

More than seven thousand Americans are now studying in the schools and universities of Germany.

The fine building now being erected at the southeast corner of Park Avenue and Forty-first Street is designed for the new quarters of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital. It will be ready for occupation next summer, and about fifty resident patients will be received into it, while excellent facilities will be given for the treatment of other patients.

Trinity Church clock took it into its head the other day to stop a few minutes before nine o'clock in the morning—just such a trick as the clock in the steeple of St. Paul's Church has played several times lately. But nobody had expected that the faithful time-keeper of Trinity would follow a bad example; and business men, particularly on Wall Street, were thrown into confusion, and sundry mishaps followed the old clock's "strike."

Preparations are being made for illuminating Broadway between Fourteenth and Thirty-fourth streets with electric lights, as an experimental test. The indications now are that about Christmas-time the Brush electric system will be in operation in that section of the city. As the district selected for experimental illumination includes many fine hotels, club-houses, large restaurants, and business houses, an excellent opportunity will be given for people to decide upon the merits of the electric light in public streets.

The Maynard collection of oil-paintings, recently sold at auction in this city, attracted attention, not so much from the famous artists represented, although the specimens were fine, nor from the number of pictures—there were less than one hundred canvases—as from the fact that the collector, a Boston gentleman, was a true connoisseur, and bought the paintings on his own good judgment and taste. Mr. Maynard was one of the earliest of American collectors of modern paintings, having begun his work more than twenty years ago.

A remarkable incident connected with the land agitation in Ireland occurred two or three weeks ago. In the village of Kyleberg lived a widow with five children. About a year ago an ejection process against her was taken out, and after some months carried into execution. The widow afterward went to the agent and offered the amount for which suit was brought, and it was refused. The Land League took the matter up. At one o'clock one morning 500 men assembled, with carts bearing materials for erecting a house, and went to work. At seven in the morning the house was completed, and the widow re-instated.

A brave little hero was the seven-year-old boy of New Orleans who saved his little sister's life the other day. The child's dress caught fire by the kitchen stove, and the courageous little fellow rushed to her assistance, and without a cry of fear, extinguished the flames, although not before the little girl, as well as he himself, was severely burned.

All English busybodies have been trying to find a husband for the Queen's youngest daughter. Perhaps they will rest easy now that the Princess declares her intention to devote herself to her mother as long as she lives.

The Obelisk is creeping along at the rate of from one hundred to five hundred feet daily. It is a slow journey that the huge shaft is taking.

A gentleman of this city—so says an exchange—who has been confined to his bed for many years by paralysis, has lately enjoyed a novel entertainment. By means of a private telephone between the Academy of Music and his house in Union Square, he has heard the operatic music with marvellous distinctness, and the transmission of not only the words, but the sentiment of the singers, has been so perfect as to give keen pleasure. The gentleman referred to has earned this musical treat, for he was long identified with Italian opera in this city; but it can not be expected that the privilege of operatic telephones can be accorded to everybody, lest some day, in this age of progress, a fine company of performers find themselves before empty seats, and the stage covered with "transmitters."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. M.—A single-breasted basque with panel-trimmed skirt is the prettiest design for your blue silk.

LITTLE DRESSMAKER.—Over-skirts are faced or hemmed by blind-stitching, or else they are ornamented with many rows of machine stitching. Sometimes the edges are turned up under many wrinkles so that the final edge is concealed, and sometimes a wide border of plush, velvet, or brocaded or striped satin is set on quite straight; fringe and knife-pleating are little used. The edges of basques are most stylish when merely faced; a piping fold is still used, but cording is not in vogue. Late articles on New York Fashions in the *Bazar* will suggest many details to you, notably Nos. 44, 45, and 46, Vol. XIII.

M. D. L.—A black cashmere for a young lady in mourning will look well made by the pattern of the Hooded Costume Jacket Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 42, Vol. XIII., while one for a lady not in mourning should be made by the Dauphin Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. XIII. For a brocaded and plain satin dress have the round coat-basque with two box pleats at the back made of the brocade. Then have a full round skirt of the plain satin, with brocaded panels on the sides, and a sash tied in front to hang from the waist to the feet.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Dark blue water-proof is suitable for your travelling cloak, but English homespun cloths in invisible plaids are more used.

Mrs. A. M. C.—Read about seal sacques in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. XIII.

K. M.—You can raise the pile of velvet by steaming it, but if your velvet is valuable, you had better send it to a French cleaner. We do not furnish addresses. Fringes are less used this winter than borders for trimmings.

TIP.—Any short dress is now called costume or suit, whether or not it has a street wrap. With plain dresses the wrap is often like the dress, and is a man's. The McGregor Mantle is the best model.

Mrs. F. G. T.—We can not purchase for you a necklace, and have said repeatedly that we do not make purchases for our readers.

Mrs. SHEPPARD.—Bolsters are low, and pillows are large and very nearly square.

ERTRUDE L.—White plush is the popular fabric for opera cloaks this winter. White brocaded velvet and white brocaded satin, with silver or gold threads, or else painted by hand, and trimmed with feather ruches, are the elegant materials.

STRANGER.—Plush is more used for bordering outside wraps than for making them. It is used, however, for basques and coats to complete suits that are worn in the house as well as in the street. The skirts are then of camel's-hair or of satin de Lyon.

ANNIE A.—You might alter your sacque by either of the cloak models illustrated on first page of *Bazar* No. 42, Vol. XIII., adding borders of plush. The low-priced striped velvets, with red ground and black raised velvet stripe, would be pretty with your black serge dress. The Algerian wool is quite dreary, and even less expensive than the velvets which are now \$1.50 or \$2 a yard.

C. E. S.—It is entirely proper for you to accept the invitation of your betrothed's mother and sisters to pay them a visit before your marriage.

L. S.—We have no knowledge of the poem you mention.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Fruit is served as a first course at breakfast, but not at dinner.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—C and D should return A and B's call.

ESSIE.—Answers to your inquiries about fur-lined cloaks are embodied in the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. XIII.

FIVE YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—A close small bonnet of black felt trimmed with crape would be suitable for a second bonnet for a lady in deep mourning.

C. W. M.—A round skirt with a full back held in two great box pleats behind will be best for the flannel dress. A deep apron of the flannel is attached to the belt, and sewed in the seam that joins the side gore to the back. This apron and skirt are both widely stitched by the sewing-machine. A short basque is the waist, and this may be either single or double-breasted, and the edges must be stitched.

CLARA.—Read reply to "C. W. M." for hints about a flannel dress. Velvet is not suitable. Use mourning silk or else satin de Lyon with momie cloth. The eyelet-holes are wrought with silk.

A. B. C.—Get English Cheviot of mixed colors for a gentleman's dressing-gown, and finish the collar and edges with plush of a solid color, and a thick silk cord of the many colors of the Cheviot.

JANE L.—Hoods are worn with the jackets that belong to cloth, camel's-hair, or Cheviot suits.

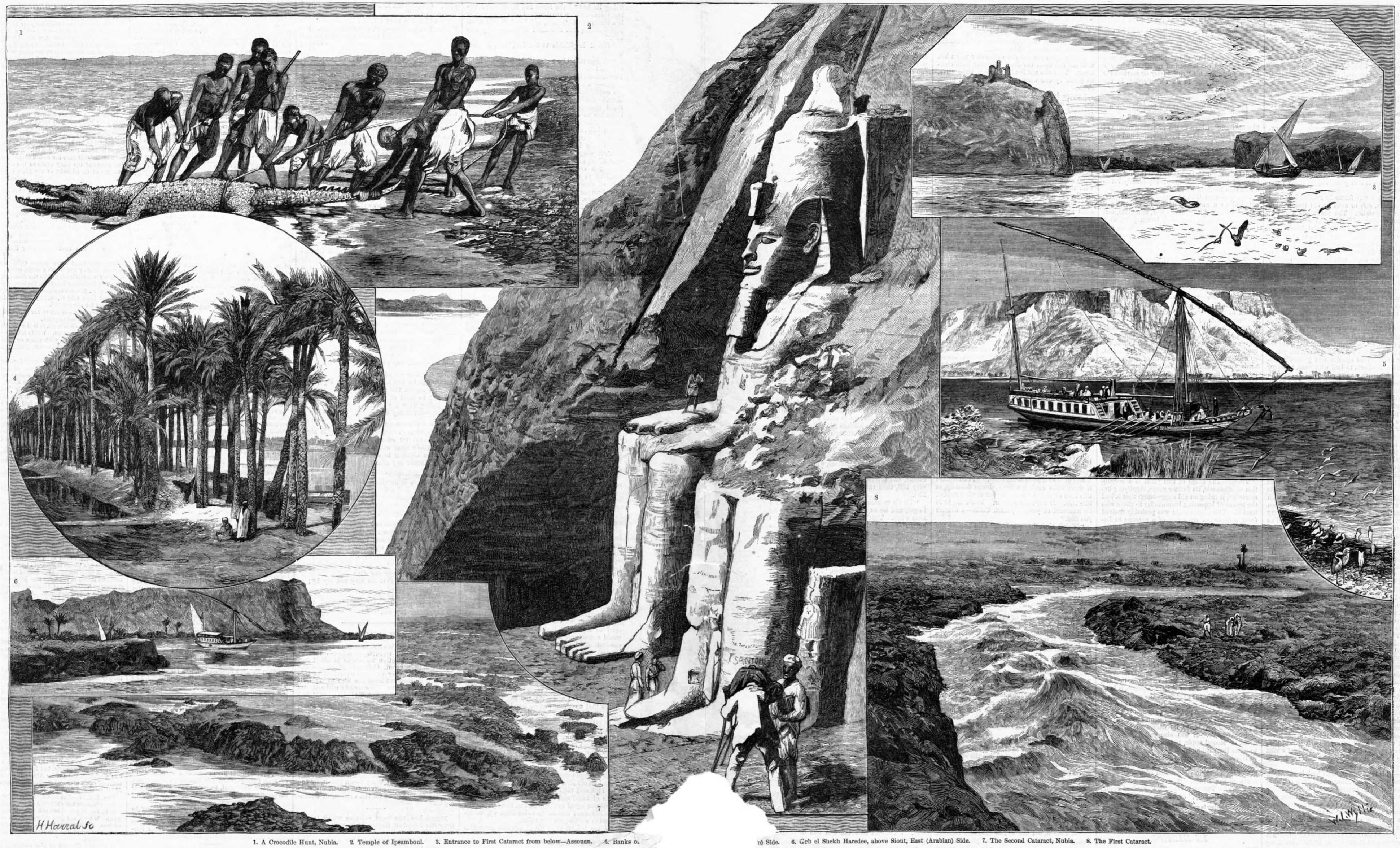
L.—The bride may wear white gloves, or else of a lighter shade than her travelling dress, and the groom's gloves must match hers. The ushers wear gloves similar to those of the groom. If the groom has a best man, they come to the altar together, entering from the vestry-room, and the bride's father brings the bride up the aisle to them. If he does not have a best man, the groom takes the bride's mother to church, and the parents stand just behind the bridal pair during the ceremony. A white neck-tie is preferred for most weddings, no matter how simple they are.

NOVIO.—The swallow-tail coat is the proper coat for full-dress occasions, but for many day receptions and weddings the Prince Albert frock-coat is worn, made of black diagonal cloth, with a vest of the same, and dark mixed pantaloons.

Mrs. A. C. M.—Use velvet or plush for your brown suit if you have not sufficient of the dress material.

A. C. L.—Any milliner will furnish you the hat you want. We do not give prices and fill orders for our readers. Hoops are not worn. Have your velvet quite plain, somewhat like the Habit Suit lately illustrated in the *Bazar*.

G. L.—Get Cheviot or else cashmere for a gentleman's dressing-gown. Gay plaid flannel or else wadded silk is the lining. Plush for trimming is \$4 to \$8 a yard.</



1. A Crocodile Hunt, Nubia. 2. Temple of Ipsamboul. 3. Entrance to First Cataract from below—Assouan. 4. Banks of

n) Side. 6. Geb el Shekh Haredee, above Siout, East (Arabian) Side. 7. The Second Cataract, Nubia. 8. The First Cataract.

NILE SKETCHES.

THESE interesting sketches give a good idea of the scenery of that mystic river, the source of which has been the puzzle propounded for centuries by the Sphinx on its banks, and which flows for fifteen hundred miles, from its junction with the Blue Nile to the Mediterranean, without the addition of a drop of water, save that brought to it by the insignificant stream the Atharr.

The limits of the fertile valley of Egypt are marked by the Great Pyramid of Cheops at the north, and the First Cataract, near the Nubian boundary at the southern extremity—a distance of 585 miles. Though the river falls five inches to a mile, and is thus some 250 feet higher at the

upper end of the valley than at Cairo, the beholder still sees the huge Pyramid looming up nearly half its height above him, and commanding the whole distance.

men, with a captain and mate. From Assouan the character of the Nile changes, the valley disappears, and the river winds between steep cliffs of dark syenite and sandy hills crowned with palms. Crocodiles abound, and their capture is one of the diversions of the natives. The banks are so high that the water is raised from the stream by a *sakia*, or large wheel, worked by a *buffalo*. A number of jars are attached to the wheel, which are dipped in the water as it revolves, and then emptied into an irrigating canal.

The Nile cataracts are in fact little more than rapids, or a succession of falls, ranging from six to fifteen feet. More interesting than these to the American traveller, familiar with Niagara, are the colossal ruins of the oldest civilization in the world, which lie to the west. Owing to the atmosphere, these are not so well preserved in Upper Egypt as in Lower Egypt. The finest of them is the *Temple of Amun*, the Pharaoh of the Great, the oppressor of the *Hyksos*. The successor of the Great was *Seti I.* His reign was the golden age of Egypt, and the monuments left by him are the most remarkable of posterity. The next ruler after those of Thebes was *Thothmes*, the Pharaoh of Abou Simbel, who reigned for forty miles below the first cataract, which occupies a cleft in the rock.

and which, almost as perfectly as perished by Rameses, figures of any in history. The principal temple is wide by 86 feet high, being 20 feet. This is divided into compartments, all adorned with cartouches and hieroglyphics. The sanctuary contains a pedestal in the center, upon which four colossal figures are seated in good order and uninjured. These, though sitting, are sixty feet high. They are in Nubia, or even in Egypt, the Sphinx at the Pyramids. There is a statue of Osiris, twenty

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colossal figure on each side looking toward it. The temple was nearly buried in the sand until 1817, when Belzoni and others cleared away an entrance. Several other fine ruins are found in the vicinity.

OUR GRANDMOTHER'S HERB GARDEN.

II.

WE continue this week the list of herbs dear to the hearts of our grandmothers, that was begun in our last number.

Clary.—A plant closely allied to the sage plant, and used for similar purposes. It is much stronger in flavor, and was sometimes used in soups;

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GARDEN.*

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wers were used in making a fermented Medicinally, it was used in making eye-hence its name, clear-eye, contracted to

this being the Greek name of some unknown bitter aromatic plant, now applied to this. It has an aromatic bitter flavor, and formerly was much cultivated for flavoring ale and negus, and thence was called ale-aste. It was also used in salads, and as a flavoring for soups, &c. It is a small shrubby plant, with small white flowers, and is a native of the Mediterranean countries.

a tonic, stimulant, and expectorant, stomachic for strengthening the nerves generally. The ancient Greeks used it for female weaknesses, and also for itch, tetter and other diseases.

externally for itch, tetter, and other diseases of the skin. The root alone was used, and employed in a candied state as an expectorant. It has been long grown in gardens, the stalks being used in salads, and the boiled leaves in fish sauces. The seeds are sweet and were used as a carminative for children. Another species, called finocchio by the French, is also used for the same purposes, and is served for soups. *Foeniculum vulgare* was formerly regarded of great efficacy.

cacy in strangury and dysuria, and in obstructions of the viscera. In large doses it was given as an aperient, and as excellent in lung diseases, being both a pectoral and tonic. It is still used in this latter class of diseases.

Hysop.—The leaves and young shoots were occasionally used as a pot-herb. The leafy tops and flower-spikes served for medicinal purposes. It is aromatic and pectoral, and was formerly used to cure diseases of the lungs, for coughs, for asthma, and diseases of the breast. It was at one time a popular febrifuge in this country. The name signifies a holy herb, or one used for purifying holy places, being used as an asperge, or sprinkler.

Lavender is a well-known aromatic cordial, excitant and stomachic, and was thought of great value in nervous disorders, it being still used for this purpose. It was also considered an excellent cephalic. As a perfume it is well known, and our grandmothers were wont to place spikes of it in their linen drawers to scent the linen—a good old custom that is still preserved in many parts of the country.

Lovage.—This was formerly spelled love-ache or love-parsley, ach or ache in old times being the name of parsley. The plant has a strong and peculiar odor, with a warm and aromatic taste, and was supposed to expel flatulencies, and to excite perspiration. It was used in hysterical disorders and in uterine obstructions. The root, which is said to have similar qualities as the leaves, is not so unpleasant to the taste as they are, yet they were sometimes used in salads.

Marsh-Mallow.—The whole plant, especially the roots, abound in mucilage, combined with a saccharine principle. It was largely used as an emollient and demulcent in diseases attended with irritation and pain, such as some pulmonary complaints, and diseases of the alimentary and urinary organs. It forms the basis of the French *pâte de guinauwe*, and is still used in Europe for poultices, as slippery-elm is with us.

Mint, Green, or Spearmint.—Mint and balm are thought to have been the earliest medicinal plants used by man. This species was generally employed as a pot-herb, to boil with peas, to flavor certain dishes, such as pea soup, and to eat with young meats, such as spring lamb. As a medicinal plant it was esteemed as a stomachic and carminative, and to relieve nausea of the stomach. The green tops of peppermint were sometimes used in place of spearmint. Peppermint is a carminative and antispasmodic, and was and is yet used for flatulent colics, and also to flavor cordials, essences, liquors, etc. The pennyroyal of Europe is a species of mint, and was sometimes used in place of the others. All three contain a good deal of oil of camphor.

Nepeta, Catnip, or Catmint.—This plant derives its name from *nepa*, a scorpion, because it was thought to be efficacious against the sting of that animal. It was also considered to be a specific in chlorotic cases. Cats are said to meddle with it only when it is in a withering state, or when the scent of the plant is being given out very strongly. Another species, known in England as ground-ivy, ale-hoof, or gill, was formerly employed to clarify and flavor ale. The introduction of hops caused the disuse of the different bitter herbs used previously.

Parsley.—A well-known pot-herb in common use at this day. Besides being used as a pot-herb, it was formerly highly esteemed as a remedy for the gravel.

Pot-Marigold was formerly, and is yet in England and Holland, used in flavoring soups, and to put into cream before churning to give color to the butter. Although a golden-yellow flower, it was formerly called ruddes, or red or ruddy blossom, the term ruddy formerly being applied to gold. Thus in the *Grete Herball* it is said, "Maydens make garlands of it when they go to feestes and bryde ales, because it hath fayre yellow floures and ruddy."

Rosemary.—The ancients were well acquainted with this plant, and supposed it to comfort the brain and to strengthen the memory; it therefore became an emblem of fidelity in lovers, and accordingly was worn at weddings and funerals. It is one of the most powerful nervous stimulants and tonics, and was considered good for headaches, deafness, giddiness, palsy, and some hysterical and dyspeptic diseases. It is a principal ingredient in the perfume known as Hungary water. It was not used as a pot-herb, except that sometimes sprigs of it were stuck into beef whilst roasting to give it an agreeable flavor. It contains a good deal of camphor.

Rue.—This fetid, bitter, acrid herb is one of the oldest employed in medicine, and is even embalmed in poetry. The bruised leaves will excoriate the lips and nose if allowed to touch them, and when applied to the skin produce irritation and inflammation. By the ancients it was considered to be a powerful resolvent and diuretic, and to have the power of resisting contagion and poisons; it hence formed one of the seventy-two ingredients in the celebrated theriacum of Mithridates, King of Pontus. It is a strong astringent, and possesses deobstruent and antispasmodic qualities, and is also used as a vermifuge. It was used in hysteria and the convulsions of children incident to dentition. Rue would appear, from an expression in Shakespeare's *All's Well that Ends Well*, to have been used in bouquets. The Clown says of the Countess: "She was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather, the herb of grace." To which Lafeu replies, "They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs." The Clown, retorting, says, "I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass," punning upon the name of herb of grace, a name given to rue. It was called ave-grace, herb grace, or herb of grace, in allusion to Ave Maria, gratia plena, on account of its supposed almost miraculous powers, and from its being bitter, Mary signifying bitter. Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, says to the Queen, "There's rue for you, and here's some for me; we

may call it herb of grace o' Sundays." The gardener, in *Richard II.*, says of the Queen:

"Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen."

Here, on account of the circumstances, he proposes to plant rue instead of rosemary, whereby to remember her, his "ruth" (pity or sorrow) for her prompting him to do so. *Perdita*, in the *Winter's Tale*, says:

"Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savor all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be to you both."

She also alludes here to the evergreen nature of both the herbs—"these keep seeming and savor all the winter long."

Summer Savory and Winter Savory.—These were only used as pot-herbs, the same as at this day. They are noticed by Virgil as among the plants desirable to be planted in the neighborhood of bee-hives. They were probably introduced into England by the Romans.

Sage was used both as a pot-herb, as at present, and as a medicinal plant, being esteemed as an aromatic, bitter, astringent, stimulant, carminative and tonic, and, with lemon juice, as a useful febrifuge, and also as a gargle in diseases of the throat; in short, it was considered as a panacea for all diseases, being put into wine with rue for this purpose. From this it derives its name, *salvia*, which comes from *salvere*, to save. The French called it sage, wise, because they supposed it strengthened the memory and made people wise. They also make an excellent pickle from the young leaves. The Chinese highly esteemed the leaves of the narrow-leaved sage for medicinal purposes, and were supplied by the Dutch at the rate of one pound of sage leaves for four pounds of tea.

Sweet-Cicely, or Great Chervil.—An old medicinal plant, now disused. Formerly the young leaves and the seeds were served for salads, the roots were boiled and eaten cold, or made into tarts, or used in sauces. In the north of England the seeds were formerly used for polishing and perfuming oak floors and furniture. They smell like myrrh.

Sweet-Marjoram was served as now for a culinary plant. In medicine it was used in making cephalic snuff. The dried leaves were used as a tea and for fomentations. It yields a very causative oil.

Southernwood.—Also called boy's-love, or lad's-love, because it was worn in posies by young men, or perhaps because the leaves rapidly wither, and so were emblematic of the fleeting nature of their passion. It was called old man—a name which it still retains—from its hoary appearance. Medicinally it was considered a powerful aphrodisiac.

Taney.—The name of this plant is a corruption of *athanasia*, its former name, signifying immortality, it being an old superstition that it had the power of imparting immortality to those who used it. This superstition was probably derived from a mistaken rendering of a passage in Lucian's "Dialogues of the Gods," where Jupiter, speaking of Ganymede, says to Mercury, "Take him away, and when he has drunk of *athanasia* [immortality], bring him back as cup-bearer to us," the misunderstanding being in considering that *athanasia* meant some special plant. It was formerly used both as a pot-herb and as a medicinal plant. Cakes called *tansies* were made of the young leaves mixed with eggs, to be given to visitors, especially at Easter-time. A pudding called *tansy pudding* was flavored with it, and it was also used in omelets. It was much used during the Lenten season to correct the effects of eating salt fish. Medicinally it was considered as a tonic and cordial to strengthen the digestive organs, and was in much repute as a vermifuge.

Thyme was used, as at present, in soups, stuffings, and sauces. It was much used by the Greeks and Romans, and is supposed to have been used as a perfume or incense in their temples.

Tomato.—We notice this vegetable because, contrary to the generally received opinion, it is an old inhabitant of the gardens in the south of England, having been introduced there in 1596, and grown for the same purposes as it now is with us. Medicinally it was considered as an alterative and an aphrodisiac; hence its names of love-apple and rage-apple. It was also called *Mala ethiopica*, or *Moors' apple*, because it was supposed to come from Ethiopia.

Wormwood.—A medicinal herb, accounted as a stomachic, tonic, and vermifuge, and before the use of hops used in conjunction with other bitter herbs to flavor beer. It was also used to drive fleas away. Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," says:

"Where chamber is sweeped and wormwood is strown,
No flea, for his life, dare abide to be known."

IN HIDING.

IT was on that fine edge of night which goes by the name of morning to those early risers whose day ends at sunset and begins before cock-crow that Mrs. Ann Dustin, rising from her virtuous slumbers, addressed herself to the task of fire-making. Why Mrs. Dustin should awake at such untimely hour it would have been hard to explain. Dustin, her late husband, was "late" only in a conventional sense, having died years before. It was not for the sake of neighbors, for neighbors there were none within three-quarters of a mile. There was nothing cheerful in the raw November darkness, lit only by the twinkle of the distant light-house. Nobody needed, no one waited for her. Had she chosen to lie in bed till noon, not a voice would have been raised in protest, and truly "Heaven sends nuts to those who have no teeth"; for all this charm of privilege which certain lazy people would so have valued was utterly thrown away her. Punc-

tual as the clock, at four in summer and five in winter, anticipating the earliest hint of dawn, up rose Mrs. Dustin, and from that time forward the wheels of her day drove busily on till sunset, when she went to bed, thus saving fire, candle, and the infraction of old custom.

She had just got her fire well under way when a knock fell upon the door. Knocks have character. This was not loud, but quick, imperative, as given by one whose errand might not brook delay.

"Come in," said Mrs. Dustin, surprised, but calm. Then recollecting that the door was still fastened, she stepped forward, drew the bolt, and opened.

Three figures stood without, dimly defined against the darkness of the morning.

"Oh, Mrs. Dustin," said a voice, "may we come in? We are hiding."

On the mainland such statement might have sounded odd and startling enough, but to Mrs. Dustin, a Nantucket woman born and bred, it had quite a different significance. She was familiar with the island custom known as "hiding parties," when a certain number of girls and young men, having a dance in contemplation, settle who shall give and who pay for it by a preliminary game of hide-and-seek. Twelve hours of the day, from six to six, are allowed the latter to discover the lurking-places to which, before dawn, the former have betaken themselves. It is an exciting game, as may well be imagined, with a whole island to range over, the forfeit an equally pleasant one to pay or to win, a spic of adventure involved; so it is no wonder that it should prove popular, and girls be willing to shorten their beauty sleep for the fun of indulging in it. Mrs. Ann had been of many a hiding party in her time, and knew all about them; so with ready wit she hurried the girls inside, shut the door lest some flash of light should go forth to guide the seekers, and proceeded to discuss ways and means.

"Tain't no use your trying to stow away in none of my rooms," she said. "The boys'll be all over them like a flash. Tain't the first time they've come here. Once they caught 'Mandy Pike behind the flour barrel in the buttery; and another time Lucy Smith she got in under the shelf of my closet, and I set the tea-chest, with my best bunnet in it, right afore her; but, law! Jack Sperry he's as quick's an eel, and he had the chest and the bunnet, and Lucy atop of them, all out on the floor before you could say 'Seat.' Hark! what's that?" as another knock, hesitating but vigorous, fell on the door.

"Who's there?" softly stealing forward and slipping the bolt.

"Any girls in there, Miss Dustin?"

"Well, I declare, if that foolish old custom ain't going the rounds yet, I want to know!" replied Mrs. Ann, at the top of her voice, signing the tit-tutting girls to silence meanwhile. "I call it hard if quiet folks can't get their chores done up at this time of mornin' without your coming round like this. It ain't six neither. You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mark Coffin—I declare you hed."

"Tain't six—that's a fact," said one of the young fellows. "Come along, boys; Miss Dustin's right. See you later." With this and a laugh they walked away.

"Now, girls, set right down by the fire, and let's think what to do," said their hostess. "That Mark Coffin's a regular high-dier for spirits. Did you hear him laugh? Draw up closer, Miney. You'd better; you look half froze."

Miney, or Jessamine, obeyed with a little shiver. She was delicate, pretty creature, with fair hair and sweet blue eyes, and looked quite unfit for the exposure and chill of the early walk.

"How'll we manage?" pursued Mrs. Ann. "There's the cellar; that's the thing. I'll fix you up there. It'll just hold you, and the boys won't be likely to suspect, 'cause there wa'n't none till last summer. I had it dug in June."

Cellars, be it known, are not the customary and matter-of-course things in Nantucket as elsewhere. Many houses dispense with them altogether; in others the cellar is merely a small pit or cave dug beneath the kitchen for the storage of butter and other perishable commodities, while the walls of the house rest upon the ground, or on piles connected by a lattice-work. Mrs. Dustin's low-browed cottage was of the former description.

A trap-door and ladder led to the cellar, which was about eight feet square. Lifting the trap, Mrs. Dustin now proceeded to line the space with feather-beds hastily brought down from the second story. Various quilts, comforters, and a couple of buffalo-robens were tumbled in; a hasty jorum of tea was brewed; and fortified thus by warmth and food, the girls descended the ladder, well wrapped in blankets, and couched, a laughing heap, in the billows of the friendly feather-beds. Mrs. Dustin saw them well established, then with a nod reclosed the door, drew a square of carpet over it, set her sewing-machine thereon, hastily cleared away tea-cups and plates, brightened the fire, washed her hands, unbolted the door, sat down, and began to stitch vigorously. As she did so she glanced at the clock. It was exactly six.

Half a second after came another quick knock, and without waiting for answer, the door was dashed open, and three young men hurried in, and with a rapid "Excuse me, Mrs. Dustin, we're after those girls," spread themselves over the premises with a rapidity and thoroughness born of long practice. Mark Coffin, a handsome fellow, with a daring glint of fun in his eyes, hurried to the attic. Sam Mayhew ransacked the buttery, and opened all the cupboard doors, while Issachar, or "Czar," Pike dived into the secret recesses of Mrs. Dustin's own bedroom. Ten minutes sufficed to ransack the small house; each bedroom was searched; every closet; the dresses on the wall were shaken and pounded; the logs of the wood-pile dialogued and thrown

aside; Sam even lifted the lid off the churn and peeped within. All was vain, and the discomfited searchers returned to the kitchen, where the mistress of the house still plied her whirring treadle, and slipped the long white seam beneath the glancing needle. She looked up as they entered, and remarked, dryly, "I hope you're satisfied, and you'll please pile that wood up again just where you found it."

"Yes, 'm, we have. Why didn't you let us in when we first came?"

"'Cause 'twasn't six."

At that moment Mrs. Dustin's quick eye perceived that Czar's big foot had turned up a corner of the carpet, thus leaving visible one hinge of the cellar door. With a rapid movement of her own she replaced it, still sewing steadily on, and fixing, as it were, the gaze of her visitors, while she added: "Old ways is old ways. There's a difference of opinion how good they be; but if six is the hour, I keep to six; so it ain't no use coming a-knocking at my door at twenty minutes past five, and that you fellows can remember another time."

"Well, that's no more than fair," declared Sam Mayhew, with a laugh. The three stood debating for a moment; then, "Come on, we'd better try the houses down to Trot Hills next," said Czar. They moved toward the door, Mrs. Dustin watching them with secret satisfaction. On the very threshold the astute Mark paused, and quired, "Has this house got a round cellar to it?"

Mrs. Ann's heart stood still for the space of one second, then her answer came readily and bold: "No, it hain't." "And no lie either," as she afterward explained, "cause the cellar was square."

Another pause. Then, "Come along." The gate clicked, they were actually gone; and after few minutes' delay to make sure, Mrs. Dustin pounded cheerily on the trap, and called, "All safe, girls," to which a burst of laughter responded from below.

There was no question of leaving the cellar; all concerned were too wary for that; and this prudence was justified when, an hour later, a shadow fell across the sewing-machine, and Mrs. Ann, turning, caught a glimpse of Sam Mayhew's head retreating noiselessly from the window. Evidently the searchers were still on the alert, and it behooved the sought-for to be cautious and circumspect.

Some dinner found its way down the ladder at a later hour, and during the course of the afternoon the girls ventured to steal out, one by one, for a warm at the kitchen fire. Still they were chilled and cramped enough when, at last, the safe hour of six having arrived, they emerged from the under-ground retreat, and made ready for a return to their homes. Jessamine looked very pale, and Molly Greenleaf, with many yawns and stretches, declared the game not worth the candle, and protested that this was the last, the very last, time that ever she would join in the like.

"That's nonsense," said Susy Lock. "You'll forget, and be as crazy about hiding as ever by next week. That's the way Lucy used to go on before she was married; but she hid just the same; she never would lose a chance."

"Well, perhaps I shall," admitted Molly, with another yawn. "Girls, we must never let on where we've been to-day, not even to the other girls. Mrs. Dustin's cellar is such a good place, we'll just keep it to ourselves."

"We may come again, mayn't we?" pleaded pretty Jessamine.

"Law bless you! yes; come just as often as you like, Miney. Tain't a mite of trouble to hev you. I've been young myself, and I know what girls be."

"Oh, thank you; that's first-rate;" and with a sudden impulse Jessamine ran back and kissed the widow's comfortable cheek. "We'll be sure to come," she said.

"That's right, Miney; see you do."

Mrs. Dustin rather built on this promise. More than once, when calculating her day's provision, she said to herself, "I'll get another pound; them girls may be along." But November waxed to the Christmas-tide, and New-Year gave place to March, and still the promise remained unfulfilled, till at last Widow Dustin ceased to expect.

It was late on a cold night in early April, and she had been long in bed, when at last the summons came, in the shape of a tap so faint that it was thrice repeated before it roused her. She threw on a shawl and hurried to the door.

"Girls—is it you, girls?" she demanded.

"It's only me," and, to Mrs. Dustin's unspeakable surprise, Jessamine Mayhew, wrapped in a fur cloak, stole in alone out of the darkness. "You said I might come."

"Why, yes, and welcome. But where's the others?"

"Oh, they—they've gone over to the Starbucks', at Smooth Hummocks."

"Well, it's funny you should separate in this way. I thought half the fun was in bein' together."

forever and a day—ever sence you was old enough to say 'Boo' to."

"Oh, I know," said Miney, half laughing and half crying. "Nobody need to praise Mark to me. But, can't you see? I don't want to be caught easy. He'd think I 'most did it a-purpose if I'd gone to the Starbucks', and I—" A deep blush finished the sentence.

A droll look came into Mrs. Dustin's eyes at this naive explanation, but she preserved discreet silence. It was barely ten o'clock, so she took Miney into her own bed for a preliminary rest, ignored the fact that the girl was lying awake, feigned slumber herself, and was rewarded when she roused sharp at four by finding her fast asleep. Very quietly she rose and dressed, raked out the fire, filled and hung on the kettle, and when at five Jessamine sprang up, terrified at the sight of the gray, on-coming dawn, breakfast was ready, and the kitchen warm and cozy.

"Don't you be scared," said the hostess. "Mark Coffin nor no one else is a-comin' in here till after six has struck. You've more'n three-quarters of an hour to spare, so you just sit down and eat hearty, for the cellar's cold still, and it ain't no place for you, as I very well know, only there's no helping it." Adding, in her private mind, "And I just hope that Mark'll be along early, before you get your death of cold, for you're bound to be found this time, and found you shall be, as sure's my name's Ann Dustin!"

There must have been some lurking mischief in her eyes, for, after she was comfortably established in the cellar, Miney looked up apprehensively, and said,

"Oh, Mrs. Dustin, you won't tell him, will you?"

"Not I; I'll not say a word," was the reply; and Mrs. Ann slammed down the trap.

Eight o'clock struck—nine, ten, eleven. All the elaborate preparations for looking unprepared seemed thrown away, for no Mark came. The time may have appeared long to Miney in the cellar; it certainly did to her hostess above-stairs. She fidgeted, she could settle to nothing, and nothing went straight. Her thread broke, the machine was "contrairy." "Drat the fellow! why don't he come?" she repeated more than once, her eye turned to the window which commanded the road over the downs which led to town. It was not till the dinner potatoes were on, and the pot-pie beginning to send forth savory fumes from the fire, that at last the gate swung violently on its hinges, and the long-expected Mark rushed in.

"Oh, Mrs. Dustin," he panted, "have you seen Miney Mayhew? The girls are hiding to-day—four of them, and we found three over at the Starbucks'; but she wasn't with 'em, and she's the only one I care about catching."

"Wa'n't she with the rest? Do tell!" said Mrs. Ann, enjoying the situation.

"No, and I don't call it fair," replied Mark, stamping angrily about the kitchen. "I made sure she'd be with the rest, of course, and I staid up all night in the meeting-house steeple with a glass, and saw them stealing off to the Hummocks, and then I went after. She's gone away separate, and none of 'em knows where. Molly'd have told me in a minute if she'd known, for she knew what I—what we—She ain't here, then, you said?"

"I sez nothing. I sez look for yourself. I ain't one to spoil fun by telling one way or the other." But even as she spoke—oh, treacherous Mrs. Dustin!—she pointed with a large wink directly at the trap-door, whose hinges were distinctly visible. Perhaps Mrs. Dustin had not taken the pains to cover them as circumspectly as on previous occasions. Mark was quick. In a flash he saw, he comprehended. With one bound he was across the kitchen, had seized, raised the trap, and vanished down the ladder. A girlish scream came from below, then a low murmur of words, and finally a little sound, slight in itself, but full of suggestion, and with a wonderful knack of making itself heard at a distance—the sound, in short, of a lover's kiss. After that came silence and more low talk, broken upon by Mrs. Dustin, who, chuckling inwardly, and pink with excitement, popped her head over the edge of the aperture, and remarked: "Folks can't live on air, if they are courtin', and they can die of damp. Miney's been quite long enough in that cellar, Mark Coffin. Fetch her up. The pot-pie's ready, and it ain't so bad as it smells, and you and she'll be all the better for a bite, if you'll consent to take time for it."

The "round cellar" was not, in truth, a romantic frame-work for a pair of lovers. Still it was rather a pretty picture that Mrs. Dustin looked down upon from over the edge of the trap. Miney and Mark sat side by side in the midst of the buffalo-robés. Her pretty head was on his shoulder. She raised it, dyed with blushes, and Mark muttered something very like "Hang pot-pie!" but they ascended the ladder obediently all the same; and once at table, dinner did not seem so objectionable or so unreasonable as might be supposed. "I can't think how you came to remember the cellar so suddenly," Miney said once; and that mendacious Mrs. Ann replied, "One of the hinges must have come uncovered, I reckon," while Mark whispered in her ear, "I could have found you in the heart of a stone, I think, Miney, I was so set on it;" and happily deceived, Jessamine asked no more. Mrs. Dustin stood at her door and watched them walk away together. The afternoon, though bright, was fresh and cold, for a keen sea-wind blew in, flattening the faded grasses and rustling the dry heather on the plain. Mark held Jessamine's flapping cloak tightly together, she leaning upon his arm. They disappeared behind a low thicket of evergreens, and with half a smile and half a sigh Mrs. Dustin turned back into her kitchen, saying to herself:

"I'll free my mind about that wink when she's been married a year or two. She'll forgive me easy enough, or I miss my guess. It's natural for a girl to want to hide, but she'd be sorry enough sometimes if she wasn't found out; and I'm a woman, and I ought to know."

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SUNRISE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "MALEKOD OF DARE," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

A CONCLAVE.

PUNCTUAL to the moment, George Brand arrived in Lisle Street. He was shown into an inner room, where he found Lind seated at a desk, and Reitzei and Beratinsky standing by the fire-place. On an adjacent table were four cups of black coffee, four small glasses, a bottle of brandy, and a box of cigarettes.

Lind rose to receive him, and was very courteous indeed, apologizing for having had to break in on his preparations for leaving, and offering him coffee, cigarettes, and what not. When the new-comer had declined these, Lind resumed his place, and begged the others to be seated.

"We will proceed to business at once, gentlemen," said he, speaking in quite an ordinary and matter-of-fact way, "although, I will confess to you, it is not business entirely to my liking. Perhaps I should not say so. This paper, you see, contains my authorization from the Council to summon you and to explain the service they demand: perhaps I should merely obey, and say nothing. But we are friends; we can speak in confidence."

Here Reitzei, who was even more pallid than usual, and whose fingers seemed somewhat shaky, filled one of the small glasses of brandy, and drank it off.

"I do not say that I hesitate," continued Lind, "that I am reluctant—because the service that is required from us—from one of us four—is dangerous—is exceedingly dangerous. No," he said, with a brief smile, "as far as I am myself concerned, I have carried my life in my hands too often to think much about that. And you, gentlemen, considering the obligations you have accepted, I take it that the question of possible harm to yourselves is not likely to interfere with your obedience to the commands of the Council."

"As for me," said Reitzei, eagerly and nervously, "I tell you this, I should like to have something exciting now—I do not care what. I am tired of this work in London—it is slow, regular, like the ticking of a clock. I am for something to stir the blood a little. I say that I am ready for anything."

"As for me," said Beratinsky, curtly, "no one has ever yet called me a coward."

Brand said nothing, but he perceived that this was something unusually serious; and almost unconsciously he closed his right hand, that he might feel the clasp of Natalie's ring. There was no need to appeal to his oaths of allegiance.

Lind proceeded, in a graver fashion:

"Yes, I confess that personally I am for avoiding violence, for proceeding according to law. But then the Council would say, perhaps: 'Are there not injuries for which the law gives no redress? Are there not those who are beyond the power of the law? And we who have given our lives to the redressing of wrongs, to the protection of the poor, to the establishment of the right, are we to stand by and see the moral sense of the community outraged by those in high places, and say no word, and lift no hand?'"

He took up a book that was lying on the table, and opened it at a marked page.

"Yes," he said, "there are occasions on which a man may justly take the law into his own hands, may break the law and go beyond it, and punish those whom the law has failed to punish, and the moral sense of the world will say, 'Well done!' Did you ever happen to read, Mr. Brand, the letter written by Madame Von Maderspach?"

Brand started at the mention of the name: it recalled the first evening on which he had seen Natalie. What strange things had happened since then! He answered that he did not know of Madame Von Maderspach's letter.

"By chance I came across it to-day," said Lind, looking at the book. "Listen: I was torn from the arms of my husband, from the circle of my children, from the hallowed sanctuary of my home, charged with no offense, allowed no hearing, arraigned before no judge. I, a woman, wife, and mother, was, in my own native town, before the people accustomed to treat me with respect, dragged into a square of soldiers, and there scourged with rods. Look, I can write this without dropping dead. But my husband killed himself. Robbed of all other weapons, he shot himself with a pocket-pistol. The people rose, and would have killed those who instigated these horrors, but their lives were saved by the interference of the military." Very well. Von Maderspach took his own way; he shot himself. But if, instead of doing that, he had taken the law into his own hands, and killed the author of such an outrage, do you think there is a human being in the world who would have blamed him?"

He appealed directly to Brand. Brand answered, calmly, but with his face grown rather white, "I think—if such a thing were done to—my wife, I would have a shot at somebody."

Perhaps Lind thought that it was the recital of the wrongs of Madame Von Maderspach that had made this man's face grow white and given him that look about the mouth; but at all events he continued: "Exactly so. I was only seeking to show you that there are occasions on which a man might justly take the law into his own hands. Well, then, some would argue—I don't say so myself—but some would say that what a man may do justly, an association may do justly. What would the quick-spreading civilization of America have done but for the Lynch tribunals? The respectable people said to themselves, 'It is a question of life or death. We have to attack those scoundrels at once, or society will be destroyed.'

We can not wait for the law: it is powerless. And so, when the president had given his decision, out they went and caught the scoundrels, and strung them up to the nearest tree. You do not call them murderers. John Lynch ought to have a statue in every Western State in America."

"Certainly! certainly!" exclaimed Reitzei, reaching over and filling out another glass of brandy with an unsteady hand. He was usually an exceedingly temperate person. "We are all agreed. Justice must be done, whether the law allows or not. I say the quicker the better!"

Lind paid no heed to him, but proceeded quietly: "Now I will come more directly to what is required of us by the Council; I have been trying to guess at their view of the question; perhaps I am altogether wrong; but no matter. And I will ask you to imagine yourselves not here in this free country of England, where the law is strong; and not only that, but you have a public opinion that is stronger still; and where it is not possible that a great Churchman should be a man living in open iniquity, and an oppressor and a scoundrel—I will ask you to imagine yourselves living in Italy, let one say, in the Papal Territory itself, where the reign of Christ should be, and where the poor should be cared for, if there is Christianity still on the earth. And you are poor, let us say; hardly knowing how to scrape together a handful of food sometimes; and your children ragged and hungry; and you forced from time to time to go to the Monte di Pietà to pawn your small belongings, or else you will die, or you will see your children die before your eyes."

"Ah, yes! yes!" exclaimed Reitzei. "That is the worst of it—to see one's children die! That is worse than one's own hunger."

"And you," continued Lind, quietly, but still with a little more distinctness of emphasis—"you, you poor devils, you see a great dignitary of the Church, a great prince among priests, living in shameless luxury, in violation of every law human and divine, with the children of his mistresses set up in palaces, himself living on the fat of the land. What law does he not break, this libertine, this usurer? What makes the corn dear, so that you can not get it for your starving children?—what but this plunderer, this robber, seizing the funds that extremity has dragged from the poor in order to buy up the grain of the States. A pretty speculation! No wonder that you murmur and complain; that you curse him under your breath; that you call him *il cardinale affanatore*. And no wonder, if you happen to belong to a great association that has promised to see justice done—no wonder you come to that association and say, 'Masters, why can not justice be done now? It is too long to wait for the Millennium. Remove this oppressor from the face of the earth: down with the Starving Cardinal!'"

"Yea! yea! yea!" cried Reitzei, excitedly. Beratinsky sat silent and sullen. Brand, with some strange foreboding of what was coming, still sat with his hand tight closed on Natalie's ring.

"Our sons are your slaves by day, our daughters your slaves by night." But what if some day a poor man—I will tell you his name; his name is De Bedros; he is not a peasant, but a helpless, poor old man—what if this man comes to the great association that I have mentioned, and says, wringing his hands, 'My Brothers and Companions, you have sworn to protect the weak and avenge the injured: what is your oath worth, if you do not help me now? My daughter, my only daughter, has been taken from me, she has been stolen from my side, shrieking with fear, and I thrown bleeding into the ditch? By whom? By one who is beyond the law; who laughs at the law; who is the law. But you—you will be the avengers. Too long has this monster outraged the name of Christ, and insulted the forbearance of his fellow-creatures. My Brothers, this is what I demand from your hands: I demand from the SOCIETY OF THE SEVEN STARS—I demand from you, the Council—I demand, my Brothers and Companions—decree of death against the monster Zaccatelli!"

"Yes, yes, yes, the decree!" shouted Reitzei, trembling. "Who could refuse it? Or I myself?" "Gentlemen," said Lind, calmly, "the decree has been granted. Here is my authority. Read it." He held out the paper first of all to Brand, who took it in both his hands, and forced himself to go over it. But he could not read it very carefully; his heart was beating quickly; he was thinking of great many things all at once—of Lord Evelyn, of Natalie, of his oaths to the Society, even of his Berkshire home and the beech woods. He handed on the paper to Reitzei, who was far too much excited to read it at all. Beratinsky merely glanced at it carelessly, and put it back on the table.

"Gentlemen," Lind continued, returning to his unemotional manner, "personally I consider it just that this man, whom the law can not or does not choose to reach, should be punished for his long career of cruelty, oppression, and crime, and punished with death; but as I confessed to you before, I could have wished that that punishment had not been delivered by our hands. We have made great progress in England; and we have been preaching nothing but peace and goodwill, and the use of lawful means of amelioration. If this deed is traced to our Society, as it almost certainly will be, it will do us a vast amount of injury here; for the English people will not be able to understand that such a state of affairs as I have described can exist, or that this is the only remedy. As I said to you before, it is with great reluctance that I summoned you here to-night!"

"Why so, Brother Lind?" Reitzei broke in, and again he reached over for the bottle. "We are not cowards, then?"

Beratinsky took the bottle from him, and put it back on the table.

"You will have seen," said Lind, continuing as if there had been no interruption, "why the Council have demanded this duty of the English section. The lesson would be thrown away altogether—a valuable life belonging to the Society would be lost—if it were supposed that this was an act of private revenge. No: the death of Cardinal Zaccatelli will be a warning that Europe will take to heart. At least," he added, thoughtfully, "I hope it will prove to be so; and I hope it will be unnecessary to repeat the warning."

"You are exceedingly tender-hearted, Brother Lind," said Reitzei. "Do you pity this man, then? Do you think he should flourish his crimes in the face of the world for another twenty, thirty years?"

"It is unnecessary to say what I think," observed Lind, in the same quiet fashion. "It is enough for us that we know our duty. The Council have commanded; we obey."

"Yes; but let us come to the point, Brother Lind," said Beratinsky, in a somewhat surly fashion. "I do not much care what happens to me: yet one wishes to know."

"Gentlemen," said Lind, composedly, "you know that among the ordinances of the Society is one to the effect that no member shall be sent on any duty involving peril to his life without a ballot among at least four persons. As this particular service is one demanding great secrecy and circumspection, I have considered it right to limit the ballot to four—to ourselves four, in fact."

There was not a word said.

"That the duty involves peril to life is obvious; it will be a miracle if he who undertakes this affair should escape. As for myself, you will perceive by the paper you have read that I am commissioned by the Council to form the ballot, but not instructed to include myself. I could avoid doing so if I chose; but when I ask my friends to run a risk, I am willing to take the same risk. For the rest, I have been in as dangerous enterprises before."

He leaned over, and pulled toward him a sheet of paper. Then he took a pair of scissors, and cut the sheet into four pieces; these he proceeded to fold up, until they were about the size of a shilling, and identically alike. All the time he was talking.

"Yes, it will be a dangerous business," he said, slowly, "and one requiring great forethought and caution. Then I do not say it is altogether impossible one might escape; though then the warning, the lesson of this act of punishment, might not be so effective: they might mistake it for a Camorra affair, though the Cardinal himself already knows otherwise."

He opened a bottle of red ink that stood by. "The simplest means are sufficient," said he. "This is how we used to settle affairs in '48."

He opened one of the pieces of paper, and put a cross in red on it, which he dried on the blotting-paper. Then he folded it up again, threw the four pieces into a pasteboard box, put down the lid, and shook the box lightly.

"Whoever draws the red cross," he said, almost indifferently, "carries out the command of the Council. Have you anything to say, gentlemen—to suggest?"

"Yes," said Reitzei, boldly.

Lind regarded him.

"What is the use of the ballot?" said the pale-faced young man. "What if one volunteers? I should myself like to settle the business of the scoundrelly Cardinal."

Lind shook his head.

"Impossible. Calabressa thought of a volunteer; he was mad; there must be a ballot. Come, shall we proceed?"

He opened the box, and put it before Beratinsky. Beratinsky took out one of the papers, opened it, glanced at it, crumpled it up, and threw it into the fire.

"It isn't I, at all events," he said.

It was Reitzei next. When he glanced at the paper he had drawn, he crushed it together with an oath, and dashed it on the floor.

"Of course, of course," he exclaimed, "just when I was eager for a bit of active service! So it is either you, Brother Lind, or our friend Brand who is to settle the business of the Starving Cardinal."

Calmly, almost as a matter of course, Lind handed the box to George Brand; and he, being a proud man, and in the presence of foreigners, was resolved to show no signs of emotion whatever. When he took out the paper, and opened it, and saw his fate there in the red cross, he laid it on the table before him without a word. Then he shut his hand on Natalie's ring.

"Well," said Lind, rather sadly, as he took out the remaining paper without looking at it, and threw aside the box. "I almost regret it, as between you and me. I have less of life to look forward to."

"I would like to ask one question," said Brand, rising: he was perfectly firm.

"Yes?"

"The orders of the Council must be obeyed. I only wished to know whether—when—when this thing comes to be done—I must declare my own name?"

"Not at all—not at all!" Lind said,

Case for Postal Cards.

See illustration on page 4.

THE case is of pasteboard, covered on the front, back, and sides with black leather, and is supported on sticks of ebonized wood. A strip of light yellowish leather is stitched across the top of the front, and the whole is embroidered in the design one-half of which is given by Fig. 32, Supplement; after the outlines have been transferred to the leather, they are punched in small holes at regular intervals. The



BROWN VELVET BONNET.—[For description see Supplement.]



SHADED VELVET BONNET.—[For description see Supplement.]

silk braid three-quarters of an inch in width, brocaded in bright colors, is set along the middle. The embroidery on both sides of the braid is worked with olive saddler's silk in two shades, in button-hole and chain stitch, and in point Russe, the stitches being taken through fine holes punched for this purpose along the outlines, after the design has been transferred to the leather. The bag is provided with a handle made of olive silk cords, the ends of which are finished with tassels, and a similar tassel is attached to the point of the flap, as shown by the illustration.



VELVET WAGNER HAT.—[For description see Supplement.]

light leather is embroidered in back stitch and point Russe with saddler's silk in two shades of fawn-color; the black leather is embroidered with similar silk and with gold cord, sewn down with overcast stitches of black silk.

Scrap Basket.

See illustration on page 4.

THIS little basket, which is designed to hold bits of thread and odds and ends while working, is made of yellow stamped perforated board, and ornamented as shown in the illustration in point Russe with light and dark red filo-selle silk.

Napkin Ring.

See illustration on page 4.

THE napkin ring is of olive green leather, ornamented with embroidery and with a border three-quarters of an inch wide, brocaded in bright colors on a dark green silk ground. The ends of the border are slipped through slits in the leather, as shown in the illustration, and fastened on the wrong side. To facilitate the work on the leather, the outlines of the design are pierced at intervals corresponding to the length of the stitch. The embroidery is executed with saddler's silk in two shades of olive, the double lines in the design in button-hole stitch with the dark shade, and the rest of the work in point Russe with the lighter shade. The outer covering is stretched over pasteboard, lined with leather of the same color.

Key Basket.

See illustration on page 4.

THE basket is of willow-ware and black lacquered cane, and is ornamented on the sides with embroidery worked on a foundation of white flannel with split filo-selle silk. The flannel is pinked at the edges, and underlaid with box-pleating of blue satin ribbon half an inch in width. The lower edge of the basket is bordered with tufts of colored silk. The handle is wound with blue satin ribbon, and trimmed with similar tufts and with bows of blue satin ribbon. Similar bows are set on the ends of the basket, as seen in the illustration.



Fig. 1.—CASHMERE AND BROCADE SILK PRINCESSE DRESS WITH FRONT BUTTONED ON.

For pattern see description on Supplement.

Fig. 2.—DENI-TRAINED PRINCESSE DRESS WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.—PRICE 25 CENTS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I, Figs. 1-6.

Needle-Book.

See illustration on page 4.

THE sides of this case are formed by two pieces of pasteboard, cut three inches and a half square, and hollowed out at the corners as shown in the illustration. The sides are lined with blue satin, folded over to form a binding for the outside, and are covered with white flannel, pinked at the edges, and embroidered with colored silks. The double lines are worked in chain and tent stitch with light and dark olive, the flowers in chain and knotted stitch with pink, blue, and yellow silks. The sides are held together by ends of narrow blue silk ribbon tied in bows. Pinked strips of white flannel are fastened on the inside.

Flower Garnitures, Figs. 1-6.

See illustrations on page 13.

THESE garnitures are in sets of three pieces each, to be worn on the skirt, the waist, and in the hair. The waist trimming Fig. 1 is in the form of a necklace or collar; the flowers, wild roses, and foliage are mounted on a narrow band of stiff net, covered with satin ribbon; similar ribbon is tied in loops at the front. The garniture Figs. 4-6 is composed of water-lilies and leaves, and consists of a long spray for the skirt, a shorter one to be worn on one side of the upper part of the waist, or at the belt, and a cluster for the hair.

Monogram.

See illustration on page 13.

THIS monogram is worked on batiste or linen with embroidery cotton in satin and knotted stitch.

Gentleman's Smoking Cap, Figs. 2 and 3.

See illustrations, Fig. 2 on page 13, and Fig. 3 on page 6.

THE cap is made of blue velvet, embroidered, and lined with black silk over thin wadding interlining. Fig. 3 gives a section of the border for the brim; it is worked in chain, tent, knotted, and herring-bone stitch with bronze saddler's silk in four shades; the darker shades being used for the arabesques, the lighter ones for the flowers. For the petals of the flower edged in tent stitch,

the threads of silk are stretched at right angles, and the intersecting points are fastened down with back stitches in similar silk; the rest of the flower is worked in satin and chain stitch. The design for the embroidery on the crown is given by Fig. 31, Supplement; it is executed in colors to correspond with those of the brim.

Surah and Lace Cravat Bows, Figs. 1-4.

THE cravat bow Fig. 1 is made of piece of old gold Surah sixteen inches long and four inches wide, which is sloped at the lower end, and edged on both sides and the bottom with white lace two inches and a half wide and with gold-lace an inch and a quarter wide. The strip is shir-



Figs. 1 and 2.
NECK AND SKIRT
GARNITURE OF
WILD ROSES.



FICHU-COLLAR FOR GIRL FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.



Figs. 3 and 4.
BOUQUET AND
SKIRT GARNI-
TURE OF WATER-
LILIES.



Fig. 1.—PARTY DRESS FOR GIRL
FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see
Suppl., No. III., Figs. 11-15.



Fig. 5.—SPRAY FOR GAR-
NITURE, FIGS. 1 AND 2.



Fig. 6.—SPRAY FOR GAR-
NITURE, FIGS. 3 AND 4.



MONOGRAM.



Fig. 3.—PARTY DRESS FOR GIRL
FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see
Suppl., No. XIII., Figs. 49-56.

Fig. 4.—PARTY DRESS FOR GIRL
FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For description see
Supplement.



Fig. 1.—SURAH AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.



Fig. 1.—GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. II., Figs. 7-10.



Fig. 2.—SURAH AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.



CRAVAT BOW.



Fig. 2.—GENTLEMAN'S
SMOKING-CAP.



Fig. 4.—SURAH AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.

ed four inches from the sloped end to an inch and a quarter in width, in four rows, at intervals of half an inch, after which the remaining end is turned, and fastened on the wrong side to the shirring, and the latter is attached to a stiff net two inches long and three inches wide. The cravat bow is fastened with a safety-pin attached to the foundation.

The cravat bow Fig. 2 is of pale blue Surah, trimmed with white lace two inches wide, arranged as shown in the illustration on a foundation of stiff net two inches long and three inches wide. A bronze ornament is fastened on the knotted crossing.

The cravat bow Fig. 3 is composed of light blue Surah, arranged as shown in the illustration

on a stiff net foundation three inches long and two inches wide, and trimmed with pleated white lace two inches in width.

The cravat bow Fig. 4 is made of two pieces of Surah, one red and the other old gold, each eleven inches long and twelve inches wide, which are joined at one end. The other end of each is then trimmed as shown in the illustration with white lace two inches wide and with gold lace an inch and a quarter wide, after which the sides are joined together. The whole is now shirred half way between the ends, as shown in the illustration, to an inch and three-quarters in width, and fastened on a strip of stiff net. Both ends are again shirred two inches and a half from the lower edge, crossed, and fastened down on the foundation under a bronze agnate.

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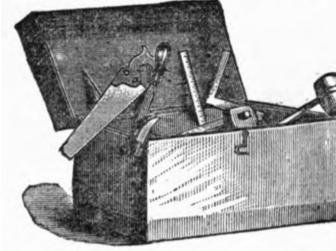
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GLOOM AND DESPAIR.

"Not a Customer to-day, and the Rent due to-morrow."



THE CARD FIEND AND HIS EFFECT ON BUSINESS.

HOPE REVIVED.

(Enter a supposed customer.) "Please give us a Card."



FRENZY.

ROUT OF THE CARD FIEND.



MY BOAT IS ON THE SHORE.

At a certain social gathering the question of conflicting creeds arose as a topic of conversation. Some of the guests belonged to one church, some to another. One gentleman, who might have known better, said: "And I belong to no sect at all. I believe in nothing; and I suppose I am the only one in this company who can so think."

"No, sir," said a lady to him, in a loud voice, "you are not the only one here who so thinks of religion; there is another here."

"And who is he?" asked the gentleman.

"My dog, lying there under the table," answered the lady.

There is nothing like knowing what to do in sudden emergencies. One morning, when a man fell overboard from a ferry-boat, a long-haired man who sat reading a newspaper rose up and called out: "Stop her—back her—go ahead—throw him a plank—stop the boat—give him a rope—lower a boat—where's a life-preserver—stop this boat!" The victim was saved. Of course he would have been drowned but for the efforts of the long-haired man.

While the very young daughter of a country clergyman was playing in the garden one day, a stranger came along and inquired if her father was at home. "No," she replied; "but my mother is in the house, and she will pray with you, you poor miserable sinner!"



AND MY BARK IS ON THE SEA.

"You lost two legs in the army, you say. What did you gain by it?" asked a gentleman of a state pensioner.

"Single-blessedness, sir," he replied; "for, after that, no woman would marry me."

A professor asked his class, "What is the aurora?" A student, hesitating, replied, "Professor, I did know, but I have forgotten."

"That is sad, very sad," rejoined the professor. "The only man in the world that ever knew has forgotten it."

A lady in Kansas propounds the interesting query, "What shall we do with our daughters?" And a farmer in the same neighborhood wants to know, "What shall we do with our corn?" The editor of the *Topeka Blade*, eager to make himself useful and popular with both parties, says, "Let us feed our corn to our daughters."

"What plan," said one actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

In mid-Pacific the dismal news came to the passengers on board a steam-ship that the vessel had broken her crank-pin. There was great grumbling and grieving, in the midst of which a tiny little maid felt about her pin-hole, and said, "No matter, mother; I've got a pin I'll give the captain."



A CHALLENGE.

"Anna Marier, ye're a sassy thing—there! An' if yer don't like it, come over on this side an' make what yer kin out of it."



NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

SMITH (meeting the Browns at the station on their return from the Continent). "But—well, and how did you like Italy?"
MRS. B. (who is "artistic"). "Oh, charming, you know, the Pictures and Typhoid for Six Weeks at Feverenze (our hotel was close to that glorious N caught the Roman Fever, and so," etc., etc.)
[They think]

just that they should be to some extent equipped for the struggle. There is no reason why political economy—but another name for common-sense, according to Mr. Bonamy Price, its professor at Oxford—should not be included in any ordinary course of study, such as the majority of the Boston women had passed through. Treating as it does of practical matters of every-day life, if more generally studied, it would have to assume a more popular form, and clothe its wisdom in familiar language. It is safe to say that if women had been taught fundamentally the principle of interest, the necessity of security for loans, the nature of mortgages, or had even the Biblical definition of usury clearly explained to them, Mrs. Howe would not have found so easily the money to invest in a \$40,000 house, or gained defenders even among cultivated women.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

ROBES FOR THE INTERIOR.

THE fashionable modistes are making very rich robes for the house in the charming half négligé yet dressy and quaint style of the tea gowns introduced by the Princess of Wales. Luxurious wool stuffs are used for the flowing Watteau trains and the loose-folded fronts of these dresses, which are somewhat in princesses shape, while the inner front, which is only partially disclosed, is of soft Surah silk, or else satin merveilleux, shirred or pleated, and elaborately trimmed with white lace. Aside from the rich stuffs, the gay colors of these gowns are most attractive as contrasts of color, or else quaintly blended, faded-looking tints are seen in them. Pale sky blue for the honey-comb silk and wool of the Watteau over-dress, with cardinal red Surah for the shirred front, is one of the elegant contrasts for these robes. The Surah front is shirred across at intervals from the throat to the knee, and is finished thence with satin ruffles edged with white vermicelli lace. Pleatings of pale blue and of deep red surround the blue train, and the loose fronts are tied with strings of cardinal satin ribbon. Another gown is of white camel's-hair, in which are pale blue half-moons; the blue Surah front is partly shirred and partly pleated. Another of cream white wool has the shirring on the Watteau back as well as in front, with lavender and pink brocade for the front. The hand-painted white velvet is used for collar, cuffs, and border of a pink-tinted gown, while one more useful is of black camel's-hair, with front and facings of brilliant red plush.

SIMPLER DRESSES.

Among simpler dresses for the house, light colors are much used, especially in cream, tan, and old gold shades, and in those of pale blue or of red cashmeres which are now worn by blondes and brunettes alike, while the lavender and mauve wools are confined to blondes. These are made up with short skirts that are full behind, and have a petticoat front, while the waist is a basque of simplest shape. Plush or the artistic brocaded velvets are the trimmings for such dresses, and these need not make the wool dress expensive, as only a small quantity is required, and all brocades are very much reduced in price.

BLACK DRESSES.

Black dresses are by no means abandoned, either for the house or street, and some of these made of black wool are suitable for either purpose, because of the convenient short skirt and the simplicity of their style. Black satin brocaded with raised velvet figures in lozenges or in half-moons, or else with light vermicelli figures, is used for the square cuffs, the monk's collar, and the hip pockets on black camel's-hair basques, and there are very wide side panels, and perhaps a wide border on the skirt. Plush is used in the same way, and is not always black, since purple-red dahlia shades, olive, gold, and pale blue, are used most effectively on such dresses. The smallest round crocheted silk buttons, or else the same, bullet shape, covered with beads, are used for such basques.

An elegant basque of black ciselé velvet is a most useful garment this season, as it may be worn with various skirts. These are most effective when made demi-long, like half-coats, but they must be rounded short on the hips for stout figures. They require really no trimming, but sometimes a rich chenille fringe tipped with jet is used around the neck and across the fronts. One fashion of finishing the front of such a basque (which should be cut single-breasted) is to cut a deep slender leaf point from the first dart to the buttons, then another extends beyond the second dart, making four leaves in front. Another way is to have only three curves, that are quite wide, one in front, and one on each side reaching back to the middle forms of the back, which are folded in two large box pleats; chenille fringe edges all the curves, but not the pleats of the back. Still another new shape for coat-basques has a skirted hip piece that is cut in one with the middle forms of the back, and extends along the sides as far as the second dart of the front; in front of this piece the basque is sharply pointed. All handsome basques are now loaded with weights sewed in the facing back and front to keep the ends from turning up, and the basque from being wrinkled when the wearer sits.

Other black dresses meant for full dress are for ladies just leaving off mourning, and these have a relief either of white or lavender, and are trimmed with wide jetted laces, or else with white point duchesse. Heavy black silk is preferred in these dresses to satin-finished fabrics, and the colored material is either Sicilienne or Surah. The petticoat front, for instance, will be of white Sicilienne laid in wide folds lengthwise, on which are stripes of passementerie that is wholly of jet. The flowing train is of black silk, and the side revers have jet trimmings. A similar skirt has

three front breadths of lavender silk, with two jet lace flounces gathered across, and separated by scarfs of lavender Surah. The black basque has a lavender vest nearly covered with lengthwise rows of white point duchesse lace, while jetted lace edging the vest rests on the black silk. The sleeves reach to the elbow, and have wide lavender Surah down the top of the arm, and full duchesse ruffles at the wrist.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Among the tasteful things shown this winter for Christmas and New-Year's presents are small articles of brass in roccoco style, thickly studded with turquoise and garnets, such as quaintly shaped inkstands on a tray, jewel caskets, low candlesticks for a lady's boudoir, card savers, easels for miniature pictures, and frames of graceful shapes for photographs—one like an artist's palette, and another butterfly with spread wings, in each of which is a place for a card picture. The polished yellow brass and the red-tinted brasses are seen in many pretty articles for the house. The library sets are in new shapes, with each article long and square-cornered instead of round or oval pieces. The great inkstands rest in repoussé trays mounted on feet; the candlesticks are in stately old English designs, or in the severe styles of the First Empire. The smokers' sets in brass reach the most extravagant prices, while for a lady's table is the new brass rack for books, at \$6. The small night lamps of antique brass for keeping a faint light in the sick-room, and the clock lamp that tells the hour and illuminates a dark corner, are shown both in red and yellow brass. Bevelled mirrors are in square Venetian brass frames, or else in smooth red brass, while the sconces and the bracket lights are of most graceful and varied shapes. Candlesticks continue to be favorite gifts, and are in new slender sticks, or else low in a broad square tray; the dragon candlesticks are passé, and are therefore bought very reasonably by those who do not care for the newest things or for the latest revival of old things. Almost every kind of ware is shown in these favorite pieces. There are candlesticks of Dresden china, of Sèvres, of the modern reproductions of Italian majolica, of Capo di Monte, of Crown Derby, Minton, and the beautiful French glass now manufactured at Sèvres. The short candles to burn in these ornamental candlesticks are now preferred of a single color, which is colored in the wax, instead of the painted white candles formerly used; dark Pompeian red is a favorite color; pale blue, yellow, and light green are also shown, and the candles are sold at 10 cents each.

New card cases, pocket-books, and purses are made of the richest brocaded stuffs, such as olive, red, or blue satin thickly wrought with gold threads, and are bound with silver or gold. For gentlemen's letter cases, cigar cases, pocket-books, etc., English morocco and alligators' skins are used, as they are more durable than *lisse* Russian leather. The plush cases for cards are for both ladies and gentlemen, but experience already teaches that this fabric is not a good choice for small articles that are in constant use, as it does not endure hard wear, while there is nothing handsomer for toilette boxes, or boxes for gloves, handkerchiefs, or jewels.

There are also many things made of cork that commend themselves by their lightness, and because they are new and inexpensive; these are cork pen racks fitted with pens of different sizes, paper-knife, and eraser; or else a blotter of cork for the desk, cork note cases, card pockets, and writing pads. Tusks of ivory, tigers' claws, and pieces of buffalo horn are used for ornamenting many articles for gentlemen, or for forming the articles themselves, such as ash receivers, thermometers, watch stands, and pen racks. The olive-wood pieces are less costly than at any previous season, and like plush goods they are in great variety, from the covering of books and albums to the backs of brushes and the smallest articles for the toilette. New baskets of dark drab or brown willow are beautifully ornamented with quaint cashmere colors in fringes, balls, and tassels, with plush of old gold, olive, or blue, all wrought with Persian designs in threads of gold or silver; pretty baskets of this kind for knitters are \$1.50 each, while others are fitted up with sewing implements, or are softly wadded to hold jewelry or gloves, or as mousochair cases. Among other gifts the nail cases, with brush, file, pointed scissors, chamois rubber, and powder for polishing, must be in special favor from the great number that are sold, and the variety in which they are brought out in small cases only partly furnished, beginning at \$2 each, up to the finest ones, with ivory, shell, silver, or gold mountings, that cost from \$25 upward.

Small folding screens are among the favorite gifts, decorated with needle-work, and a novelty for these is the use of Oriental embroideries in gay silks on linen combined with some artistic brocaded stuffs; these are mounted on slight frames of red mahogany or of dull ebony in preference to light woods or brass. The small panel screens to hang from the chimney of a lamp are prettily painted on silk, and bordered with plush, for \$3 or \$4. New waste-paper baskets are of black willow covered with plush wrought with gold or silver. The arrasene embroidery is effective on felt, silk, or satin pieces for cushions, chairs, table-covers, and for the long scarfs that cover the top of boudoir pianos. The arrasene may be had in either silk or wool, and is used in long stitches just as crewels are, instead of being sewed on as chenille is done. This embroidery has the appearance of raised work, and is very handsome in shaded foliage and flowers. The silk arrasene is sold for 15 cents a skein, and that of wool for 10 cents.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

The Christmas cards that accompany gifts are handsomer this year than they have ever been.

The four prize cards are naturally the sensation of the season, and with their beautiful designs and rich coloring are worthy of being mounted in frames of ebony, whitewood, or gilt, as they are already shown in some of the shops. The choristers in white robes, the gayly clad maiden giving a Christmas greeting, the Christ-Child in the manger surrounded by cherub heads, and the kneeling figures separated by doves, and bearing branches of holly and mistletoe, are charming gifts of themselves; but aside from these elaborate cards there are many small American cards that rival anything that comes to us from the other side of the water. The floral cards with background like moss, or else of silver or gold, the folding triptyches with saintly faces inside, the square cards with Japanese designs that imitate cloisonné enamel, landscape cards with winter scenes, the quaint little children, cherubs, and the many humorous cards with animals, chickens, or with human figures, skaters, etc., are so appropriate, each of its kind, and cost so little money, that they give much pleasure, while adding but little to the Christmas expenses.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; MESSRS. LORD & TAYLOR; TIFFANY & CO.; STERN BROTHERS; A. SELIG & CO.; L. PRANG & CO.; and Madame GURNEY & CO.

PERSONAL.

THE appointment of General HAZEN as the head of the Signal Service gives universal satisfaction. General HAZEN is a person of great administrative talent, of scholastic training, and literary ability. In appearance he is a handsome and heroic-looking man, of superb stature and kingly bearing. He comes, on one side, of old New England stock. He married some years since a daughter of Mr. WASHINGTON MCLEAN, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*—a woman as brilliant in conversation and charming in manner as beautiful in face.

The fact that on the first page of the *galop* recently written by the Princess LOUISE the composer prints her name as LOUISE CAMPBELL, seems to excite much comment. But we do not know why it should do so, as it is the only name she has.

—Madame THIERS died, it is said, of cancer.

—General ROBERTS rose in a single campaign from a major to a major-general.

—After seeing BOOTH in *Richelieu*, Mr. LABOUCHERE confesses that he is a great actor.

—Pope LEO is said to be seriously ill, suffering from difficulty of breathing, compelled to forego his pleasure in his garden, and to stay in bed a good part of the day.

—Mr. GLADSTONE is described as a person carelessly dressed, but of extraordinary presence. He has a broad brow, burning deep-set black eyes, powerful jaw, and dark face furrowed with care, study, and emotion. The Rev. Mr. BARTLETT, of Oxford, says of him that on looking over the minutes of a youthful discussion at the university some forty years ago or more, appended to young GLADSTONE's name he found the note, "This speaker spoke for the motion, but voted against it."

—Mr. ALLAN CAMPBELL, the new Comptroller of New York, married a daughter of COOPER, the tragedian. ROBERT TYLER, a son of President TYLER, married another daughter.

—The Misses RUSSELL, daughters of the Hon. THOMAS RUSSELL, formerly Collector of Boston, and afterward Minister at Venezuela, have just gone to Rome to spend a year in the study of art. Their mother is a daughter of the celebrated Father TAYLOR. Another sister married General IBARRA, lately a high official under the Venezuelan government, but now residing in Boston.

—The new Chinese Ambassador in Rome and Vienna is a relative of the Marquis TSENG, so called, is rich, able, and but thirty-four years old.

—After her last performance in Berlin had been announced, PATTI gave another at the personal request of the Emperor.

—It is apprehended that the marriage of Mlle. BLANC and young Prince ROLAND BONAPARTE may lead to the suppression of the gambling tables at Monaco, as the French government, if it can help itself, will hardly be willing that the BONAPARTES should go on making themselves more powerful from such an unfailing source of wealth.

—Mr. CARL SCHURZ's proposition that the government should buy Lafayette Square, in Washington city, for executive uses, meets with hot opposition, as, aside from the tremendous expense, it would do away with many historical places, such as Mrs. MADISON's house, DECATUR's, the house where it was attempted to assassinate Mr. SEWARD, and many other buildings of a corresponding interest.

—Mrs. VALERIA STONE, of Massachusetts, whose good works seem to be numberless as the sands of the sea, has just endowed the Professorship of Biology in Amherst College with fifty thousand dollars.

—A part of the furniture of the imperial palace at Biarritz, that of the grand salon and of the family rooms, is to be sent to the new home of the Empress at Farnborough, among other articles some splendid Gobelins and bronzes—one of the latter a remarkable statuette of NAPOLEON in Egypt; the remainder goes to the Spanish château of Arteaga, still belonging to the Empress. The room of the Prince Imperial at Biarritz, with his little bed, his writing-table, and books, has remained untouched till now.

—Another suite of apartments has been put at the disposal of the Queen by the death of Mrs. CROKER, the widow of JOHN WILSON CROKER, one of the *Quarterly Review* slasher—a contemporary of the early gladiatorial school who delighted in killing the weaklings of literature, and a friend of GEORGE the Fourth's.

—At a recent exhibition by the Cremation Society of Milan, the body of ALESSANDRO MANZONI, the author of the *Promessi Sposi*, was displayed within a glazed coffin with so startlingly life-like an appearance that it would never have crossed a beholder's mind that he had been dead seven days, to say nothing of the fact that he had been dead seven years.

—The word to refurnish the White House was not always so easily spoken as it is to-day. When Mrs. MADISON once wanted some curtains for the Blue Room, she was able to find only half enough blue silk damask in the Dis-

trict. But General PEABODY, the uncle and employer then of GEORGE PEABODY, had brought from Newburyport some gorgeous yellow satin curtains, which one of the sea-captains of that place had purchased in Italy from the sale of a nobleman's effects, and Mrs. MADISON combined these with the blue damask, and made the Executive Mansion splendid with the furnishings of a drawing-room in a country town.

—It refreshes the heart of humanity, which loathes helplessness and decay, to read of a lady like Mrs. PATTY STICKNEY, of East Brownfield, Maine, who at the age of ninety-six walks a mile without fatigue, and sews on fine work without glasses.

—The presence of Mr. W. P. TAHERY, hale and active, in the State Department, where he has been since 1836, reading the proof of all the United States laws, is a good argument in favor of that civil service reform which would make the occupants of the civil service as permanent and secure as those of the military and naval service.

—A lambrequin of macramé lace, entirely the work of the hands of a young Lieutenant in the navy, is to be raffled in a fair for the benefit of the Children's Asylum in Washington.

—Prince NIKOSHADZE, one of the boon companions of the Czarowitz, has accused Mlle. PROSKOVAYA, a colonel's daughter, with stealing from him six million francs. She retorts that he gave them to her. The Czarowitz has ordered him to let the girl alone, but the matter is now in the hands of the law, and as the girl is a golden-haired beauty with whom all the courtiers are bewitched, the prince has to run the gauntlet of a score of duels.

—A lady is at the head of the Tennessee State Library, Mrs. HATTON, and she and her daughter keep its twenty thousand volumes in useful order.

—Young WILHELM BISMARCK, the son of the German Chancellor, is about to marry Countess IRMTRAUD, the daughter of the Austrian statesman.

—That even empty resolutions are not entirely useless was pointed out in a speech before a recent Convention by Dr. JOHN COTTON SMITH, who said that resolutions from bodies of respectable people had broken up the Oneida Community, by arraying public sentiment against it, and they might do much more good in the future.

—Funds were left by Miss LISSETTA REIST that Tower Street Hill, London, might be perpetually sprinkled with sand to keep horses from slipping.

—Professor PALMER declares that coca is a very effectual remedy for breaking up the opium-eating habit.

—In the official list of the forces sent out on the new Russian campaign, the name of the Countess MILIUTINE, daughter of the Minister of War, is given as the head of a corps of fifty nurses, most of whom are ladies of rank.

—RUBINSTEIN himself conducted his new opera, and the applause at the end lasted quite ten minutes.

—The city of Buda-Pesth gives the Princess STEPHANIE a wedding present of a massive chain of gold a yard and a half long, carrying a medallion with the Belgian arms; a girdle set with diamonds and emeralds, the clasp bearing the Hungarian arms; and ornaments for the hair to match, enriched with precious stones and enamel.

—The Princess ITURBIDE, widow of AUGUSTIN ITURBIDE, has left Mexico to visit her son, who is at school in England.

—At the festivities of the recent royal deer drives in Scotland, reel dancing and the making of "free foresters" were two of the features of amusement. Free foresters are made by smearing the individuals with stag's blood. In the case of a lady a touch suffices. Mrs. CORNWALLIS WEST, who is a fine reel dancer, was among those honored.

—The Siamese ambassador at the court of St. James has been so pleased with the Albert Memorial that he has had a model of it made in silver, with the King of Siam's figure instead of the Prince Consort's, and forwarded to his royal master.

—Mrs. BEREN'S *Drop of Blood* has been translated into Russian, under the title of *Do poslaidni Kapli Krovi*. People interested in Russian affairs have a jaw-cracking time of it just now. A protégé of the Emperor's, whose military prowess grievously disappointed him, is named MICHAEL FYODEROVITCH NEKOPOITCHENSKI.

—Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON's wealth is said to be behind the new French colony which neighbors TOM HUGHES's Rugby colony. It is to have agriculture and manufactures on the co-operative plan.

—Mr. SIMS REEVES has announced his retirement from the stage, to take place in 1882, when he will be sixty years old. It is, however, nearly fifteen years since the glory of his voice departed, and he was obliged to have all his music transposed into a lower key.

—The Carthusian friars, who have established themselves on a large scale in Sussex, are now in treaty with the Duke of Norfolk for one of his estates near their vast monastery at Cowfold. This establishment will soon be as enormous and complete as any of those old monasteries on whose extinction England used to pride herself.

—When RACHEL first played before the Queen, the Queen's own mother took her India shawl from her shoulders and wrapped it about her. VICTORIA gave her a diamond bracelet inscribed as from one queen to another, and court bulletins were issued respecting her health. When she visited England a second time, the irregular manner of her life had become known, and no one about the court paid her the least social or personal attention.

—When remonstrated with lately for giving forty dollars to a chance beggar at her carriage window, the ex-Queen ISABELLA asked, "Could a queen give less?"

—An Austrian count has a railway on his estate whose carriages are propelled by sails.

—Miss GARDINER, an Irish landlady, was recently assaulted by a mob in the streets of Ballina, and took refuge in a shop, whose proprietor ordered her out. She then drew her revolver and warned back the yelling crowd, such was the fame of her marksmanship. Her spirit that the mob was held in check by the arrival of the police. Her offense was the belief that small holdings tenants, and that in order to support his family a man should be under rent, and her estate small holdings into the



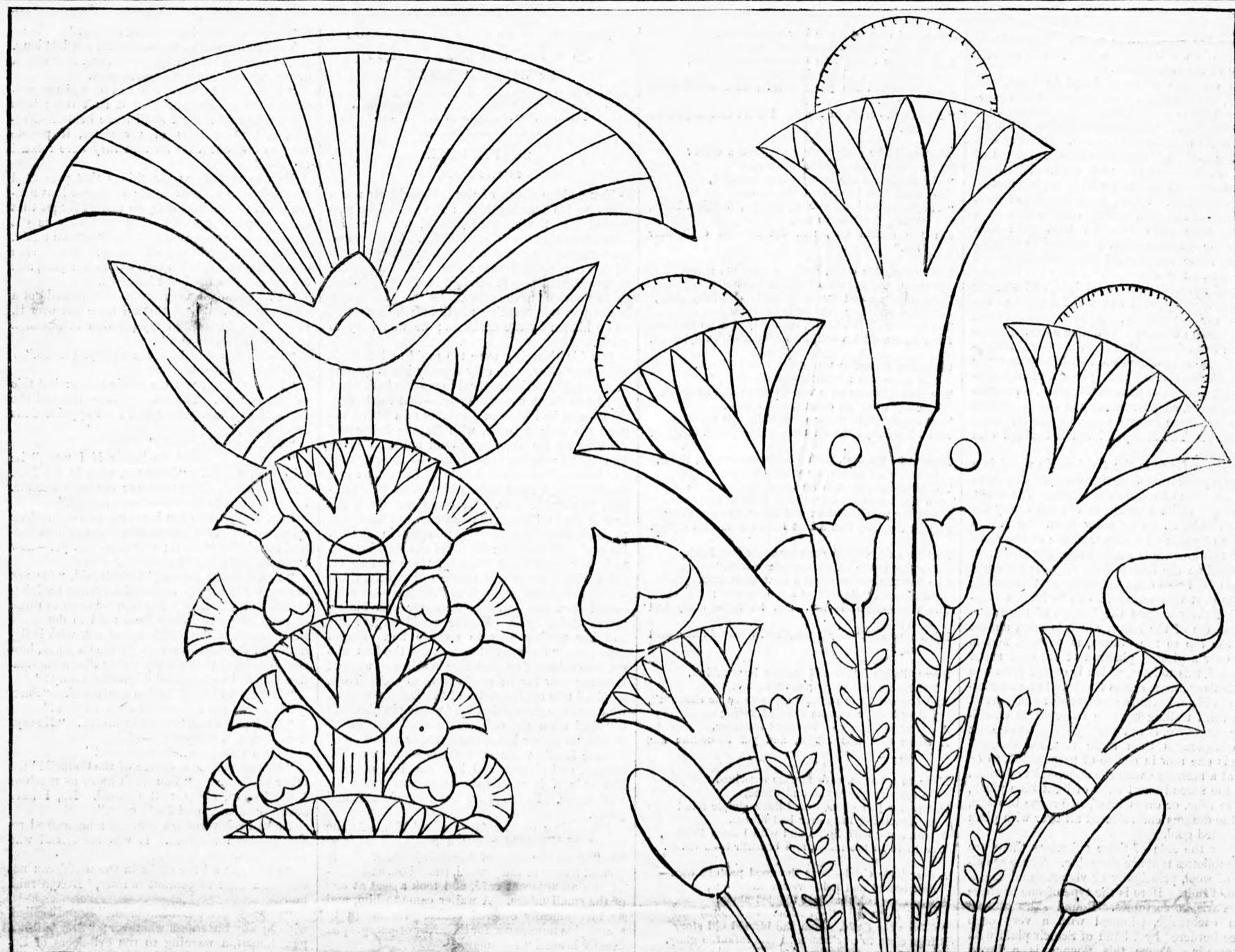
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christ-
mas-day!

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christ-
mas-day!

From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christ-
mas-day!

Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour,
Of virtue, power, and might,
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christ-
mas-day!



EGYPTIAN DESIGN FOR TABLE AND BUFFET SCARFS, BUREAU COVERS, TOWEL SHAMS, ETC.—OUTLINE-WORK.—FROM THE NEW YORK DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessed babe to find.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christ-
mas-day!

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary, kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christ-
mas-day!

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christ-
mas-day!

OUTLINE-WORK.

THIS week's design from the Decorative Art Society is in the so-called Egyptian style, and is intended for outline-work on a variety of articles. For instance, it may be used on towels, table scarfs—long strips to lay through the centre of a table—sideboard scarfs, bureau covers, and towel shams; enlarged, it might be used for a curtain band, although in outline, on dark woollen cloth, it would be rather too compact and too light to be highly ornamental. The two figures are to be used alternately where a row of them is required, and where only three are needed, as on the end of a table scarf, the taller one is to be placed in the centre.

In working outlines on small articles it is possible, and often, of course, much more convenient, to do without an embroidery frame, the material being held convexly over the fingers, so that the stitches shall of necessity be easy over the surface. It is much more difficult to work evenly out of a frame, because a slight pull will pucker the thread, which the resistance of the frame would prevent. But care and patience will teach one how to do almost anything well; and very little can be learned without those two most important elements of success. Outline-work is done in the stitch described as "stem stitch" in the article on "crewel-work" published in *Harper's Bazar* No. 48, Vol. XIII. It is a long stitch forward on the right side and a short

stitch back on the wrong side, so that the lapping of the two stitches is as close as it can possibly be. This is the stitch proper, but it can and must be varied in length and direction, according to the length of the line to be worked, the turns to be made, and other modifying causes which readily suggest themselves to the needle-woman. In doing the outlines of leaves, for instance, one begins at the stalk end, and works up the right side of the leaf, turning the work, and sewing back again down the left side. It seems unnecessary to say that stem stitch should always be worked from the worker, but tyros sometimes do not know as much as this about needle-work, and in endeavoring to explain, it is better to be too minute than too concise.

Ornamental towels, table scarfs, sideboard covers, etc., such as the Egyptian pattern is intended for, are made in all sorts of linen and cotton fabrics, and occasionally in one silk stuff, pongee, which washes perfectly well. It is the theory of all true decorative art that its materials should never interfere with the full purpose of the article to which it is applied. Thus, for instance, it is not considered really artistic to make tides, sideboard covers, doyleys, and similar things out of any stuff which will not wash, because these things easily soil, and require frequent cleansing. Pongee, the pretty soft India silk, which makes such cool summer dresses, is, from its texture and its delicate buff shade, a charming body to make all sorts of odd fancy coverings of, and bright-colored embroidery on it is specially attractive. It endures the laundry as well as most linen goods; it comes of a very convenient width—about ordinary silk width—fringes delicately, as any fabric used for sideboard covers, etc., should, and costs about sixty cents a yard.

Two shades of blue silk, two shades of rich (scarlet) red, two shades of brown, are all extremely effective on pongee, and a well-harmonized conglomerate of colors is handsome, if the colors are rightly managed. To harmonize a number of colors and a number of shades of different colors is a very difficult task, and it can hardly be taught to a person who has not a quick eye for color. To blend contrasting hues, dull shades should generally be chosen, so that all violent contrasts shall be avoided. Pure blues, reds, greens, yellows, etc., should not be used together, because each color stands out in clear and painful prominence, and there is no soft merging into each other. But blues with a suspicion of green in their composition, reds verging a trifle toward brown, greens bordering on olive, will work well together. Yellow can be used in a much more vivid shade, because a very little of it goes a great way; yet yellow is very important, and wherever it can properly be used, it ought to be. In the putting together of the modern dull shades, it will be found that the result loses nothing in brightness; it only gets rid of

the harshness of old-fashioned coloring. The Egyptian design worked in many colors has an especially Eastern effect, and is very handsome on soft-finished coarse crash, whether yellow-white or entirely unbleached. It may also be done in embroidery cotton of two or three different colors. The usual red and blue and red and black are good, the main outlines being done in one shade, and the shorter and finer lines in the other. The working in several colors necessarily implies the using of either silks or crewels. In the matter of silks, that called "filoselle," and known in days of yore as filling silk, is generally used on coarse linen; for very delicate lines on fine linen, a floss, sold at three or four cents a yard, and technically called Heaton silk at the Decorative Arts rooms, is used.

This produces effects almost as delicate as etching, when neatly used. Needlefuls of it should be very short—even shorter than those of filoselle—because it rubs and frays so easily, and while it looks badly, is also poor economy. Filoselle comes in skeins, each strand of which is composed of twelve threads, that can be used separately, or, where a very heavy outline is desired, two threads can be used. Where two threads are used, however, they must always be cut of the same length, and never doubled. In employing silk on washable articles, it is, of course, of much importance that the colors should be fast. The Heaton silks are warranted not to fade, and with the exception of the blues—blue in all materials being very uncertain—bear out the claim. Filoselle is less sure; but many needle-women take the precaution to put each skein separately into boiling water on the fire a little while, so that any unpermanent dye may loosen itself, and not subsequently injure the embroidery. The process does little harm to the silk or shade, and is likely to save much later trouble. Knots in the end of embroidery threads are apt to strain the threads, and professional needle-women never use them, but hold the end in place by the fingers of the left hand until the work is begun. Crewel can not be split, but it comes in fine and coarse qualities, which serve all purposes.

The Egyptian design might be used for a table-cloth border in appliquéd, by cutting the large figures out of two shades of plush, and embroidering the stems and the outlines of the small figures in filoselle. Instead of making an entire border of it, the pattern might be put in the corners of a cloth in groups of three to good effect.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE dresses that are worn in the morning are not only short, but so narrow in the skirt that it would be impossible to walk in them without taking very short steps. This short narrow

skirt serves as the foundation for the trimmings in such variety and the polonaises of such dissimilar forms that are now in vogue.

Woollen dresses with very small plaids, colored threads, etc., are always trimmed with plain wool of the prevailing color of the plaid; but this trimming is invariably brightened by a piping of the most vivid color found therein. The extreme simplicity of the street costumes worn in the morning, either on foot or in a carriage, is compensated for by the richness of those assumed later in the day. The luncheon, dinner, theatre, and evening toilettes are dazzling, picturesque, varied, and of a splendor never before attained. Silk stuffs are embroidered with silk, or else spangled or brocaded with gold or silver. The long trains of the brocade, velvet, and satin dresses sweep the carpets and staircases, and the exquisite white laces—the rusty or yellowish tinge being less esteemed than formerly—are arranged in jabots, collarettes of all forms, and cuffs. Plush enriches almost all toilettes with its effective light and shades. Provided they know how to assimilate, in the present eclectic fashion, the elements that are suited to their figure, face, and age, all women are beautiful, without exception; when they are not, it is because they have not chosen wisely.

Among the entirely new woollen fabrics, mention should be made of a fleecy stuff called *poil de chameau*, or camel's-hair, and which differs in tint according as the hair comes from the back or legs of the camel; this, combined with plush of a similar color, and trimmed with colored metal buttons, is considered the most elegant morning costume of the moment.

For these costumes gold braid is also used, as trimming on dark green, dark blue, plum-color, and even on black. This trimming is beautiful, but one must be very elegant to wear it; for these gold braids will have but a brief reign, and to-day it is necessary to know how to choose, not only what suits one's style, but what suits one's purse and surroundings. When a lady can not renew her wardrobe without ceasing, she should select standard fashions, and not undertake to adopt the caprices that vanish in a day. Gold braid is used like soutache, with two or three rows sewed on the edges and seams of dresses. All combinations of two fabrics are in fashion. One of the prettiest consists in making the skirt with three perpendicular pleats of plain cashmere, then three similar pleats of plain satin, and so on for the whole skirt. Another is made also plain, but with the skirt of cashmere, and the tablier of satin closely shirred, either horizontally or diagonally; in this case the joining seams between the skirt and the tablier are covered either by a flat bias fold or a ruche, so as to represent a dress opening over a petticoat simulated by the tablier. These bias folds are often made of velvet of the same color as the satin and

cashmere, but embroidered with gold, or else of plush, and in the latter case the jacket corsage is made of the same plush.

Many corsages are worn laced in front, and opening, or rather half opening, over a silk plastron, or high chemise of light Surah, or a guimpe of black or white lace, according to whether the dress is black or colored. Dubarry corsages are made of brocaded silk, the designs of which are embroidered with gold. This half-open corsage is furnished with a triple jabot of broad white lace. I have seen it made of light blue brocade silk, and accompanied with a skirt of light blue satin trimmed with gold-lace. Along the half-long sleeves devoted to evening toilettes, some are pleated perpendicularly, and terminate at the elbow, where they are finished by a cuff covered with white lace, and slightly bouffant, forming what was called sabot at the close of the last century. After borrowing from the eighteenth century a feminine corsage, Dame Fashion has appropriated from it several masculine coats, among others the Marquis habit, made of brocaded silk, and opening over a plush waistcoat, with buttons of painted porcelain, representing shepherds, shepherdesses, and sheep. These buttons are large enough to give space for small landscapes. The Marquis habit is finished with a lace jabot.

The latest fancy in the fashionable world is a fashion representing three dresses worn one above the other, each of a different fabric. The dress, of bishop's violet brocade, is cut away very far on each side, so as to show from the belt a breadth of plush of a darker shade of the same color; this breadth is shorter than the dress, and is finished on the bottom by a very deep pleated flounce of old gold satin mervelleux; this flounce extends (but very narrow, so as to form a baleuse) entirely around the bottom of the dress. The corsage of the latter, which is open almost from the top to the bottom, is pointed, and is laced over a pleated plastron of old gold satin. In a word, this toilette, which is copied from one of Titian's pictures, seems composed of an under-dress of old gold satin, a second short plush dress, and a third trailing brocade robe. This combination, moreover, if not exactly quiet, is at least less conspicuous than some that are devised. There is one now in course of preparation, to be worn at a marriage, with the under-skirt of cream satin, the second short skirt of light blue plush, and the robe, or dress itself, of bronze brocade, with the designs embroidered all over with plain and frosted gold.

But by the side of these splendors there are simple toilettes that are charming. These are always of wool, principally of vigogne and cachemire de l'Inde. Here is the type of one of these truly Parisian costumes. Round skirt of seal brown cachemire, trimmed with a very deep flounce bordered by a band of Scotch plaid with red threads. Above this flounce is a broad drapery of the same Scotch plaid, with two flat revers of seal brown cachemire, buttoned back with three very large button-holes and red buttons. The skirt is slightly draped in the back. The basque, of seal brown cachemire, has very long and clinging skirts, and is made with a small Carrick cape, bordered with Scotch plaid. Large seal brown felt hat, with mottled seal brown and red feathers.

If the fashion of very long black kid gloves has disappeared, unless, at least, for wholly black evening toilettes, another has arisen in its stead—that of gloves entirely covering the arm, whatever may be the length of the sleeve, even when very short. These gloves are almost always of white or cream peau de Suede, embroidered in colored silks with bouquets, garlands, branches of leaves, etc., but, above all, with an escutcheon and armorial bearings, when the wearer chances to possess them, surmounted by the crown belonging to the title borne by her. Ladies who have neither coats of arms nor crowns have their initials embroidered on their gloves, or sometimes a well-chosen motto. Fancy jewelry is still the rage; among other articles, a huge clasp, in shape precisely like the great brass belt clasp for dresses, but these clasps are made of diamonds, and used in the guise of a brooch.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

LITTLE BLICK.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

EXCELLENT Jacob and Barbara Fels
Were honest and hard-working people;
Their farm gave a living, and gave little else,
Save glimpses of Mitteldorf steeple,
Neath which Pastor Mühlbach, with pious intention,
Preached heaven and—the place it's not proper to
mention.

Now our ideas of a future world's bliss
We're apt, be they gloomy or pleasant,
To draw from the pattern life shows us in this;
And living is hard for the peasant;
The poor German pastor finds life quite as tearful:
So faith around Mitteldorf wasn't too cheerful.

Saddest of all with the gospel of joy
Was good Farmer Fels; and with reason,
His neighbors declared, for he had such a boy—
A bundle of infantile treason,
A six-year-old reprobate, golden-haired sinner,
Who wouldn't learn psalms, and who would bolt his
dinner.

Bliss, he was called, for his mischief was done
As swiftly and natural as winking.
A mischief right wicked it was, and not fun;
For Bliss did his own little thinking,
Believed Heaven's wrath against small boys was awful,
Yet took like a pirate to all things unlawful.

The apples he stole and the kittens he drowned
Would furnish a sizable city
With cider and music; the birds' nests he found,
And robbed without conscience or pity,
Passed counting, as wicked young Bliss had passed
fearing
The scoldings and blows that attend moral rearing.

Jacob had said, and the boy understood,
That bad children burned up forever;
And Barbara urged him each day to be good,
With threats God would pardon him never.
Bliss answered his parents till horror would seize
'em:
"They're the croth in he's ven, I don't care to pleath
'em."

What could be done with so wicked a child?
The pastor prescribed Bible verses.
"The profligate son is by Satan beguiled,
So teach him the Scriptural curse."
"They're awful long words; though," laughed Bliss,
"they don't scare me,
I'th the dresful bad, and the angelth can't bear
me."

Bliss shook his curls, and ran after the sheep.
"Twas twilight, that eve of all others
When, smiling and warin from his soft baby sleep,
A child, like our own little brothers—
The blessed Christ Child, with embraces so tender—
Drew all the dark world into heaven's own splendor.

Christmas diversion was quite new to Bliss.
And there was a "Christmas-tree party"
The good pastor's wife was to give; and so quick
The boy went his errand, and hearty,
That Jacob could never suspect he was cheating,
And left a stray lamb on the mountain path bleating.

Dressed in his best, with brand-new wooden shoes,
And face all ashine, he went trudging
To Mitteldorf; though he could hardly refuse
To mark how his conscience kept nudging
His guilty young elbow; and bitter winds sighing
Seemed fearfully like a lost lamb's mournful crying.

Barbara said, "Mind your manners, you Bliss,
For this is the parsonage house now."
The boy made a bob and a neat little kick.
Said Jacob, "Be still as a mouse now;
The Christ-Child is here, and he hates every bad
boy."
Bliss muttered, "Don't care," and behaved like a mad
boy.

Stay with his father and mother he wouldn't,
But hither and thither went racing,
And answered the pastor's reproofs as he shouldn't,
Till suddenly short he stopped, facing
A glitter and glory of innocent splendor,
A scene that was bright, and yet home-like and
tender.

Made as a bower, with flowers entwined
On drapery gauze-like and tinted,
The parlor just opened on Bliss's simple mind
As something life never had hinted.
A tree, hung with lights and with beauty Elysian,
Was there in the midst, and beneath it—a vision.

A dear little child—'twas the good pastor's own—
Half scared and half sweetly audacious,
A wee baby lad, that just toddled alone,
Stood forth (ah! the custom is grandest)
As Jesus the Child, whom the blessed old story
Brings close to our hearts in His infantile glory.

Bliss showed amaze in his wondering stare.
The baby, espying how rose
The chap's little cheeks were, how yellow his hair,
Laughed softly, and reached him a posy,
Then held out his dimpled arms, frankly and merry,
And put up his lips, that were sweet as a cherry.

Springing at once to the pretty embrace
(For children, thank Heaven! aren't naughty),
Bliss cried, with delight shining out of his face,
"The Christ-Child don't they I am naughty.
Oh, thee how he puth his dear white arm round
me,
Like I with his brother, and he had jutht found
me!"

Things are received very much as they seem
At six years of age, and the portal
Of heaven seemed opened to Bliss in a dream.
That the baby was only a mortal
He never suspected; then, after he kissed him,
The boy wasn't thought of till somebody missed
him.

Long was the search through the house and the
street;
The village was all in a flurry.
The snow began falling, but no one could meet
The lost little Bliss. In a hurry,
With lanterns, a crowd went abroad on the high-
road;
Then hunted the fields and the steep mountain by-
road.

"Surely," said Jacob, "the child will be dead
If even we find him, so bitter
The night is, and windy, and dark overhead."
"The snow, with its treacherous glitter,
Will cover him up," sobbed poor Barbara, wildly;
While Mühlbach, the pastor, encouraged them mildly.

Suddenly rose a great shouting and cheer.
Those high on the mountain had found him!
The others with dreadful forebodings drew near,
Then all gathered closely around him.
What! frozen? What! dying? Perhaps dead al-
ready!
No, thank you; Bliss stood on his legs, strong and
steady.

Fighting along in the teeth of the storm,
Bare-headed, and yet clasping tightly
A lamb, that he tried to hold sheltered and warm.
The brave little man looked up brightly,
And said, "Take the lammie; he's froze, very nearly.
I got him beautha the Christ-Child loveth me dearly."

"If," he went on, condescending to ride
His father's strong arm, and be petted,
"The lamb had been loth, the dear Christ would have
cried,
"And then I'd been drefully fretted."
Fagged out, he soon slept. "Let me kiss him and
hold him;
To-morrow," wept Barbara, "I'll have to scold him."

"No," cried good Mühlbach; "the boy has come near
The truth of our dear, divine Master.
A sweet, cheerful love is more potent than fear.
Your sadly mistaken old pastor
Has laid the dark shadows of earth on God's glory.
My sermon for Christmas is—little Bliss's story."

[Begin in HARPER'S BAZAR NO. 13, Vol. XIII.]

SUNRISE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "MACLEOD OF DALE," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

IN THE DEEPS.

THE sudden shock of the cold night air was a relief to his burning brain; and so, as he also passed into the crowded streets, was the low, continuous thunder all around him. The theatres were coming out; cabs, omnibuses, carriages, added to the muffled roar; the pavements were thronged with people talking, laughing, jostling, calling out one to the other. He was glad to lose himself in this seething multitude; he was glad to be hidden by the darkness; he would try to think.

But his thoughts were too rapid and terrible to be very clear. He only vaguely knew—it was a consciousness that seemed to possess both heart and brain like a consuming fire—that the beautiful dreams he had been dreaming of a future beyond the wide Atlantic, with Natalie living and working by his side, her proud spirit cheering him on and refusing to be daunted—these dreams had been suddenly snatched away from him; and in their stead, right before him, stood this pitiless, inexorable fate. He could not quite tell how it had all occurred; but there at least was the horrible certainty staring him right in the face. He could not avoid it; he could not shut his eyes to it, nor draw back from it; there was no escape. Then some wild desire to have the thing done at once possessed him. At once—at once—and then the grave would cover over his remorse and despair. Natalie would forget: she had her mother now to console her. Evelyn would say, "Poor devil! he was not the first who got into mischief by meddling in schemes without knowing how far he might have to go." Then, amid all this confused din of the London streets, what was the phrase that kept ringing in his ears?—"And when she bids die he shall surely die."

But he no longer heard the pathetic vibration of Natalie Lind's voice; the words sounded to him solemn, and distant, and hopeless, like a knell. But only if it were over—that was again his wild desire. In the grave was forgetfulness and peace. Presently a curious fancy seized him. At the corner of Windmill Street a ragged youth was bawling out the name of a French journal. Brand bought a copy of the journal, passed on, and walked into an adjacent café, and took a seat at one of the small tables. A waiter came to him, and he mechanically ordered coffee. He began to search this newspaper for the array of paragraphs usually headed "Tribunaux."

At last, in a corner of the newspaper, he found that heading, though under it there was nothing of any importance or interest. But it was the heading itself that had a strange fascination for him. He kept his eyes fixed on it. Then he began to see detached phrases and sentences—or perhaps it was only in his brain that he saw them: "The Assassination of Count Zaccatelli.—The accused, an Englishman, who refuses to declare his name—admits that he had no personal enmity—commanded to execute this horrible crime—a punishment decreed by a Society which he will not name—confessed his guilt—is anxious to be sentenced at once, and to die as soon as the law permits. . . . This morning the assassin of Cardinal Zaccatelli—who has declared his name to be Edward Bernard—was executed."

He hurriedly folded up the paper, just as if he were afraid of some one overlooking and reading these words, and glanced around. No one was regarding him. The café was nearly full, and there was plenty of laughing and talking amid the glare of the gas. He slunk out of the place, leaving his coffee untouched.

But when he had got outside, he straightened himself up, and his face assumed a firmer expression. He walked quickly along to Clarges Street. The Evelyns' house was dark from top to bottom: apparently the family had retired for the night. "Perhaps he is at the Century," Brand said to himself, as he started off again. But just as he got to the corner of the street, a hansom drove up, and the driver, taking the corner too quickly, sent the wheel on to the curb.

"Why don't you look where you're going to?" a voice called out from the inside of the cab.

"Is that you, Evelyn?" Brand cried.

"Yes, it is!" was the reply; and the hansom was stopped, and Lord Evelyn descended. "I am happy to say that I can still answer for myself. I thought we were in for a smash."

"Can you spare me five minutes?"

"Five hours, if you like."

The man was paid; the two friends walked along the pavement together.

"I am glad to have found you after all, Evelyn," Brand said. "The fact is, my nerves have had a bad shake."

"I never knew you had any. I always fancied you could drive a fire-brigade engine full gallop along the Strand, on a wet night, with the theatres coming out."

"A few minutes' talk with you will help me to pull myself together again. Need we go into the house?"

"We sha'n't wake anybody."

They noiselessly went into the house, and passed along the hall until they reached a small room behind the dining-room. The gas was lit, burning low. There were biscuits, seltzer-water, and spirits on the table.

Lord Evelyn was in the act of turning the gas higher, when he happened to catch sight of his friend. He uttered a quick exclamation. Brand, who had sat down on a chair, was crying, with his hands over his face, like a woman.

"Great heavens! what is it, Brand?"

That confession of weakness did not last long. Brand rose to his feet impatiently, and took a turn or two up and down the small room.

"What is it? Well, I have received my sentence to-night, Evelyn. But it isn't that; it is the thought of those I shall leave behind—Natalie, and those boys of my sister, if people were to find out after all that they were related to me—"

He was looking at the things that presented themselves to his own mind; he forgot that Evelyn could not understand; he almost forgot that he was speaking aloud. But by-and-by he got himself better under control. He sat down again. He forced himself to speak calmly: the only sign of emotion was that his face was rather pale, and his eyes looked tired and harassed.

"Yes, I told you my nervous system had got a shock, Evelyn. But I think I have got over it. It won't do for one in my position to abandon one's self to sentiment."

"I wish you would tell me what you mean."

Brand regarded him.

"I can not tell you the whole thing; but this will be enough. The Council have decreed the death of a certain person, and I am appointed his executioner."

"You are raving mad!"

"Perhaps it would be better if I were," he said, with a sigh. "However, such is the fact. The ballot was taken to-night; the lot fell to me. I have no one to blame—except myself."

Lord Evelyn was too horrified to speak. The calm manner of his companion ought to have carried conviction with it; and yet—and yet—how could such a thing be possible?

"Yes, I blame myself," Brand said, "for not having made certain reservations when pledging myself to the Society. But how was one to think of such things? When Lind used to denounce the outrages of the Nihilists, and talk with indignation of the useless crimes of the Camorra, how could one have thought it possible that assassination should be demanded of you as a duty?"

"But Lind!" Lord Evelyn exclaimed. "Surely Lind does not approve of such a thing!"

"No, he does not," Brand answered. "He says it will prove a misfortune—"

"Then why does he not protest?"

"Protest against a decree of the Council!" the other exclaimed. "You don't know as much as I do, Evelyn, about that Council. No, I have sworn obedience, and I will obey."

He had recovered his firmness; he seemed resigned—even resolved. It was his friend who was excited.

"I tell you all the oaths in the world can not compel a man to commit murder," Evelyn said, hotly.

"Oh, they don't call it murder," Brand replied, without any bitterness whatever; "they call it a punishment, a warning to the evil-doers of Europe. And no doubt this man is a great scoundrel, and can not be reached by the law; and then, besides, one of the members of the Society, who is poor and old, and who has suffered grievous wrong from this man, has appealed to the Council to avenge him. No; I can see their position. I have no doubt they believe they are acting justly."

"But you yourself do not think so."

"My dear fellow, it is not for the private soldier to ask whether his sovereign has gone to war justly or unjustly. It is his business to obey commands—to kill if need be—according to his oath."

"Oh, no," said the other, absently.

He was staring into the smouldering fire, and for a second or two he sat in silence. Then he said, slowly and thoughtfully:

"I am afraid I have led a very selfish life. Natalie would not say so; she is generous. But it is true. Well, this will make some atonement. She will know that I kept my word to her. She gave me that ring, Evelyn."

He held out his hand for a moment.

"It was a pledge that I should never draw back from my allegiance to the Society. Well, neither she nor I then fancied this thing could happen; but now I am not going to turn coward. You saw me show the white feather, Evelyn, for a minute or two: I don't think it was about myself; it was about her—and—and one or two others. You see our talking together has sent off all that nervous excitement; now we can speak about business—"

"I will

Lord Evelyn protested, trembling with excitement.

"You must hear me; the time is short," Brand said, with decision. "When this thing has to be done, I don't know; I shall probably hear tomorrow; but I must at once take steps to prevent shame falling on the few relatives I have. I shall pretend to set out on some hunting expedition or other—Africa is a good big place for one to lose one's self in—and if I do not return, what then? I shall leave you my executor, Evelyn; or rather it will be safer to do the whole thing by deed of gift. I shall give my sister's eldest son the Buckinghamshire place; then I must leave the other one something. Five hundred pounds at four per cent. would pay that poor devil Kirsiki's rent for him, and help him on a bit. Then I am going to make you a present, Evelyn; so you see you shall benefit too. Then as for Natalie—or rather, her mother—"

"Her mother!" Evelyn stared at him.

"Natalie's mother is in London: you will learn her story from herself," Brand continued, briefly. "In the mean time, do not tell Lind until she permits you. I have taken rooms for her in Hans Place, and Natalie will no doubt go to see her each day; but I am afraid the poor lady is not very well off, for the family has always been in political troubles. Well, you see, Evelyn, I could leave you a certain sum, the interest of which you could manage to convey to her in some round-about and delicate way that would not hurt her pride. You could do this, of course—"

"But you are talking as if your death was certain!" Lord Evelyn exclaimed, rather wildly. "Even if it is all true, you might escape—"

Brand turned away his head as he spoke.

"Do you think, then," he said, slowly, "that, even if that were possible, I should care to live red-handed? The Council can not demand that of me too. If there is one bullet for him, the next one will be for myself; and if I miss the first shot, I shall make sure about the second. There will be no examination of the prisoner, as far as I am concerned. I shall leave a paper stating the object and cause of my attempt; but I shall go into it nameless; and the happiest thing I can hope for is that forgetfulness will gather round it and me as speedily as may be."

Lord Evelyn was deeply distressed. He could no longer refuse to believe. And inadvertently he be思ought himself of the time when he had beseeched and entreated this old friend of his to join the great movement that was to regenerate Europe. Was this the end, then—a vulgar crime? The strong, manly, generous life to be thrown away, and Natalie left broken-hearted?

"What about her?" he asked, timidly.

"About Natalie, do you mean?" said Brand, starting somewhat. "Curiously enough, I was thinking about her also. I was wondering whether it could be concealed from her, whether it would not be better to let her imagine with the others that I had got drowned or killed somewhere. But I could not do that. The uncertainty would hang over her for years. Better the sharp pain at once—of parting; then her mother must take charge of her, and console her, and be kind to her. What I fear most is that she may blame herself—she may fancy that she is somehow responsible—"

"It is I, surely, who must take that blame on myself," said Lord Evelyn, sadly. "But for me, how could you have been led into joining the Society?"

"Neither she nor you has anything to reproach yourself with. What was my life worth to me when I joined? Then for a time I saw a vision of what may yet be in the world—of what will be, please God; and what does it matter if one here or one there falls out of the ranks?—the great army is moving on. And for a time there were other visions. Poor Natalie! I am glad her mother has come to her at last."

He rose.

"I wish I could offer you a bed here," Lord Evelyn said.

"I have a great many things to arrange to-night," he answered, simply. "Perhaps I may not be able to get to bed at all."

Lord Evelyn hesitated.

"When can I see you to-morrow?" he said at length. "You know I am going to Lind the first thing in the morning—"

Brand stopped him abruptly.

"I must absolutely forbid your doing anything of the kind," said he, firmly. "This is a matter of the greatest secrecy; there is to be no talking about it; I have given you some hint, and the same I shall give to Natalie; and there an end." He added, "Your interference would be quite useless, Evelyn. The matter is not in Lind's hands."

He bade his friend good-night.

"Thank you for letting me bore you so long. You see, I expected talking over the thing would drive off that first shock of nervousness. Now I am going to play the part of Karl Sand with indifference. When you hear of me, you will think I must have been brought up by the Tugendbund, or the Carbonari, or some of those societies."

This cheerfulness did not quite deceive Lord Evelyn. He bade his friend good-night with some sadness; his mind was not at ease about the share he attributed to himself in this calamity.

When Brand reached his chambers in Buckingham Street, there was a small parcel awaiting him. He opened it, and found a box with, inside, a tiny nosegay of sweet-smelling flowers. These were not half as splendid as those he had got the previous afternoon for the rooms in Hans Place; but there was something accompanying them that gave them sufficient value. It was a strip of paper, and on it was written, "From Natalie and from Natalushka, with more than thanks."

"I will carry them with me," he thought to himself, "until the day of my death. Perhaps they may not have quite withered by then."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONNET.

I WALKED a league alone beside the sea;
I found a jewel lying on the strand;
Not knowing what its hidden worth might be.
And in an hour the jewel grew to me
Dearer than any other in the land;
And in an hour I lost it in the sand
Whereon the surges murmured ceaselessly.
It may be there are others, rarely set
And fashioned fairer, but for me I know
There is but this one in the world; and yet,
Though through the years that shall hereafter flow
I shall not find it, let not vain Regret
Move mutely with me wheresoe'er I go.

AT FIFTY.

YES, fifty is a great age—people seem to think it is; a half-century. I have felt it as I looked back upon the years; I have felt it as I looked before me in the glass; I have felt it in the society of Belle and her mates; I have felt it when people treated me with the cool politeness due their own self-respect, and, that done, have fled to the charms of little Belle and Alice, that only yesterday I remember in their cradles; and if I had any common-sense I should not have felt it with the regret I did.

But I hated all along to be growing toward fifty. I hated to see that I could not sit outdoors of an evening without a little shawl; that I could not take the old rambles and rides of my youth unless fatigued; that instead of thrilling freshly in every nerve to the beauty of sunset and scenery as I used to do, I quivered only in remembering how I used to thrill.

And then, too, I dreaded to be old, thinking if some day—some day—Maskelyn should see me, and pass by without knowing me, or, if knowing me, knowing only to suffer mortal shock at the sight: never thinking that Maskelyn also was growing old. Ah, perhaps I should have dreaded it all the more if I had thought the years were setting lines in the smooth olive of that face, were dimming the fire of those great eyes, were whitening the darkness of the locks that fell across that brow of his, were impairing the music of that voice. I never did think it. To me he had a sort of immortality. And now—now I am fifty years old, as I was yesterday; but it is not bitter any more, as it was yesterday, with that old bitterness of vanished strength and interest; for I love life. I feel the blood bounding warmly in my veins; death seems farther away than ever—it is only bitter now because I have nothing but this old face, this old heart, these used-up fifty years, to give Maskelyn. It is bitter, too, lest people should smile at Maskelyn—

I was sitting in the porch, thinking of my years, that day. After all, it seemed but the day before that I had sat there with the delicious odor of the honeysuckles blowing all about me in the dusk, and Maskelyn sat at my side, and the very air we breathed fanned to and fro in the fragrance full of the dark sweet mystery of love. It seemed as if all the world had been made just to come to blossom in that evening, stars and winds and vaults of heaven, the evening that he first said in words that he loved me, although our lives had grown together so for years that we had each known the thought of the other without speaking, and knew that there were no others on earth that could ever come as close to either of us as the other did.

But this crowned the whole with certainty, and we looked in each other's faces in the gleams of the starlight as if we were the two only people on the planet. Alas, we were not!

For Maskelyn was still very young; and the traveller for a commercial house, he had his way to make. It was the morning after that night in the dark and the dew and the honeysuckle odor that he left the ring on my finger, and went off on one of his journeys. He was to go down the river to New Orleans before he returned; and he took the steamer *Beaumont* at St. Louis—and it was thirty years before I heard from him how it all happened. But the world is full of tongues, and I heard it, all the same, on the four winds that blow no one knows whither.

There had taken passage on that fatal steamer a wealthy planter of Louisiana, with his wife, an invalid French lady, and their young daughter Adèle. She was a lovely little thing, this Adèle, and she sang like a bird. Maskelyn heard her singing one evening, and, passionately fond of music, he soon made her acquaintance, and was singing with her. She was as child-like, too, as she was young and pretty; she had soon confided to him all her affairs, and he, secure in his plighted love, and never dreaming of misconception or trouble, became her hourly associate, and took pleasure in her innocent companionship.

One afternoon they sat in their accustomed seat, reading, as it chanced, from the same book. In their occupation and their talk they had taken no notice of the excitement of the people about them, and if they knew they were racing the *Charon*, so they had been doing half the week, and thought nothing of it. And all at once a shriek of countless voices rent the air; there was a shock and an explosion, as if the bottomless pit had broken through the bed of the river. The air was full of flying beams and falling men and women; the river was full of them; and they were two among them all, afloat but alive.

Afloat in the branches of a huge tree that was sailing and swirling down the river, and in no immediate danger of destruction, but exhausted, and unable to do more than keep the breath they had for a while. If others had been saved, they had reached one of the banks, or had been picked up by the *Charon*'s boats. The quick Southern dusk was upon them before Adèle had done more than open her eyes and close them again. Neither she nor he had been seriously hurt, but they were absolutely alone in the thick night and the rushing river. What else could they do but comfort one another, poor children, sitting side by side in the cradle made by the big branches, and trembling at all the dark, unknown tumult of

the torrent, till suddenly, with a shock that might have wrecked them had not their clothes been caught on the branches, they were anchored on a mud-spit, and the stream was sweeping by?

The morning dawned redly over the great sea-like river. Flat-boat and raft and steamer went along; but no one saw their signals, or seeing, no one heeded them. Another weary night, famished and faint, but keeping each other's courage up; and at noon of the next day they were taken off. But in the two days and nights Maskelyn had learned that she loved him. And when, in turn, she learned that her love was in vain, it was only by force of arms that he hindered her from seeking the watery death from which he had rescued her. The poor little passionate tropical creature!

He saw her, however, no more for a month after the time that he left her at her father's door in New Orleans, where he found the black-robed parents, who had themselves been saved, but who had thought their child lost, and received her as one raised from the grave, and would have given Maskelyn their all as her preserver. But Maskelyn did not present himself there again; and it was not till his return from a trip through the neighboring region that Adèle's father was able to find him, and to beseech him to accompany him if he would save his child a second time from death. And he found her on the brink of madness.

Compelled by their kindness and their grief, he could do nothing but remain, and add his efforts to theirs. It was a superb home; wealth and art and climate could hardly do more to make it perfect. Perhaps the sense of its ease and luxury were delicious to the tired and almost penitent young man. And then there were always flowers, music, paintings, servants moving like shadows, cordial warmth and blessing, and the lovely young creature whose trouble his presence was beginning to lighten. Ah, yes, you see I am excusing Maskelyn—trying to make you excuse him. But it was all to be foreseen. Three against one? It was the world against one. For here at home was an obscure young woman, with her barely comfortable support; and there, on the other hand, were beauty, wealth, distinction, and all the promotion and success that come in the train of such things.

But it was none of these that weighed sufficiently with Maskelyn. It was the one thought that his own action, his thoughtlessness, his imprudence, had stimulated the passion that was driving the pitiful young girl to a mad-house. He felt that the sacrifice of his own dreams of happiness was a trifle in the way of expiation. And for me—pray do not smile at the idea—he somehow subtilely felt that he and I were at one; that I could only desire and urge him to absolve himself from any wrong-doing in the affair; that it would be my wish—as it was my wish—that he should not suffer a life-long burden on his conscience, whether that conscience was morbidly sensitive or not, for the mere sake of our own present content, which never would be content, in fact, while he was restless under an accusing spirit and I was wretched in his want of ease.

And so he married Adèle.

Perhaps it would have been better had he written me the story of it, and not have left me to my imaginings. But he thought the course kindest to me was to let me think him a villain, and be healed of my hurt the sooner. And then, too—you must not think ill of me for saying it—I appeared to him so altogether lovely and to be loved that he could not but believe, cost him what pang it might, that I should speedily be happy in the love of one I should hold to be a better man.

And from that hour his career began—the career of no commercial traveller, but that of the son of a rich and powerful house, put forward for fresh honors all the time, now Governor, now Senator, and when war came, unwilling to take arms against either his native North or his adopted South, going with the others to the villa on the Mediterranean, where life was a long dream of idleness and ease. He was a good husband, I am glad to know. He never allowed himself to feel that Adèle had done him an injury; he forced himself always to look at the other side, and value the advantages he received through connection with her father. She was a gentle little being, always beautiful, never altogether of perfectly strong mind or will again, but living and breathing through him; and she lived and breathed through him for twenty-five years. He could only be proud of her, in a certain way, at Southern springs, in Congressional life, as they went through Europe; her exquisite grace, her dark, large-eyed loveliness, the simplicity of her always perfect ladyhood, if one may use the word, were things always to admire, and crowds followed her. He also admired her; he had a tender care for her, a gentle attachment to her, and if he never loved her, she never knew he did not. She hardly remembered that he had ever had his poor pale passion in the North. She died at last, thinking of him as only her own, and thanking him for the bliss he had given her in his long faithfulness. But his poor pale passion had become an ideal thing to him, a sort of pole-star round which his soul revolved so entirely as to be automatic and unconscious in its motion. He did not actively and all the time remember it, but it helped to shape his course, and it was always there.

And at last, then, Maskelyn was his own master once more. But of me in his freedom it did not occur to him to think as an actual possibility in flesh and blood. He had never heard of me; he had never dared to ask for me; he took it for granted that I was long since another man's wife. And when, after some years more, in a manner unawares to himself, the memory began to work in his heart, he came to the old town again as a pilgrim visits a shrine, and without a dream of finding me.

And in all these years, after the first one of unbearable suffering, I had staid there in my home, doing the duty that came first to hand, both since it was duty and since it might prevent my pain. And the pain had passed at length, had left only a soreness and sorrow, had become sublimated, as it were, into something I would not lose for all its pang. One by one, father and mother, brother and sister, had left me; but I still dwelt in the sweet old house, and sat of summer evenings on the porch among the honeysuckles. At first I had thought I could never breathe their breath again; but at last it had grown precious to me; it was my all of the love, of the life, I had hoped for. But the score and more of years had not been unhappy to me; my daily routine had taken much thought; the poor children that I taught, and Belle and Alice and the rest, served in some degree to keep me young; for, as I said, I hated to grow old; and if any one was kind enough to say they would hardly know me for more than the elder sister of the young girls about me, my skin still so smooth, the color on my cheek so delicate, the pale gold of my hair still untouched by silver, it was apt to move my heart with a little pulse of pleasure, although I knew, in truth, and for all that, that fifty years must always count for fifty years. Now and then I heard of Maskelyn in his public life—I had not exactly thought it wrong, once when I went to a large city, to buy a photograph of him, with those of some other public people; but I kept it locked away, and allowed myself to look at it but once every year. And when I did look at it it was always only with one hurried glance of the eye, one thrill and spring of the heart, lest I sinned, lest I made him sin, and I wrapped it the closer away again.

But the day after I had seen that face was always a day of mourning. And at last I knew that he had no longer a wife; and year went by, and year, and year, and he had not come. Sometimes, in wondering and thinking, my heart would beat so loud that it seemed as if only fasting and prayer would still it, and I blushed and burned to think I wasted a throb on one who had long ago ceased to care, who never came to see; and one day I took his pictures, that of the boyish beauty and that of the stalwart man, and burned them both to ashes, and prayed that my love might burn to ashes with them, and my heart be cold and at peace in that my fiftieth year.

But if I had not learned every line of the later picture by heart, whether I would or no, I might not have known Maskelyn when he came sauntering by the gate that night, and gave a look at the porch, and started as if a bolt had struck him, and stopped and leaned his folded arms on the gate, and stared at me as I sat there.

He knew me. In the softly beginning shadows of the twilight my face seemed hardly changed, and air and attitude were still the same. He knew me, but he did not believe in me; he thought something had happened to his brain, or else that he saw a vision in a trance. He lifted his hat and rubbed his forehead; he half turned to go away; then he wheeled about, opened the gate, and came slowly up the path, with his solemn gaze still fixed upon me. Ah, how sweet the honeysuckle breath came, stirred by his advancing motion!

"Livia!" he said.

"Maskelyn!" I replied. And I felt as he did—impossible to say whether I was dead or alive, whether it was this world or the next, whether I really saw him, or it was, as it had been many times before, that I dreamed I did. And then I said to myself, "The worst has come. I shall hear presently that Maskelyn is dead." But he was saying to himself—and yet I heard him: "Can it be? Is it so? Herself? In the old home! My God! if she should yet be free!" And then a glad cry, and we were in each other's arms. And we were fifty years old. Too old for such joy; and I drew back, all blushing and ashamed, only to be taken in those arms again. He broke off by-and-by a branch of the honeysuckle, and twined it in my hair.

"What would Belle and Alice say?" I murmured.

"Who are Belle and Alice?" said he. And in the sudden jealous spasm that I had I realized anew my fifty years and their twenty.

"I am so old," I said, "and they are so young!"

"For me you have eternal youth," he answered. "We are going to live backward all the years in which I have lost you, since you are so good, my angel, as to love me still, to refuse to reproach me, to forgive me."

And sometimes I ask if they to whom fate seems kinder, and gives a smooth current of love in their early season, have half the depth of delight in it that they find who at a later day love with the concentrated force that spread out over all the intervening years, might have been a shallow and stagnant pool. Did I love Maskelyn any better at twenty?—Not any fraction so dearly. Did he love me more? I can not answer for that. One could hardly love more than an abject worshipper loves a saint in her shrine, and so he seems to love.

And so I am to be married to-morrow. I sit here in a daze, while Belle and Alice are weaving garlands on the steps below. It does not seem to strike them as anything strange. "We were always sure you had a romance and a hero, Miss Livia," they say. "Oh, it is like reading a new chapter. And you are going to come back here, after you have seen the great world, and never let us lose you!" And I forget, as I see him coming up the walk while they weave, that I can no more ride and ramble without fatigue, for now I have an arm on which to lean; and I know that I shall thrill once more to sunset and sunrise, water scene and mountain view, for there will be eyes to double all the beauty, and reflect it back on mine. I forget that any time has been stolen from me when I look at Maskelyn's face, that has only grown stronger and more rugged and noble in the full light of his noon. I thank Heaven, that is letting me begin this life, however short the life may be, so blessed, so blessing, although at fifty years.



THE CHRISTMAS BALL—1780.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 26.]

THE CHRISTMAS BALL, 1780.

See illustration on double page.

SCINTILLANT stars in the sky's blue height,
Frost in the breath of the keen cold night,
Ice that rings to the skater's heel,
River and lake as firm as steel,
Steeds that with flying feet keep time
To the merry, merry sleigh-bells' chime,
A world of music, a world of snow,
A world of fun, and away they go,
Beautiful, courtly, brave, and bright,
Maiden, matron, squire, and knight,
Bloom of the cottage, and pride of the hall,
To dance till dawn at the Christmas Ball.

Splendid the ball-rooms in vista seen,
Wreathed with the wealth of the evergreen;
Spice of the forest, exquisite, fine,
Floats aromatic from cedar and pine.
Glossy the white of the mistletoe,
And the holly is vivid in scarlet show.
Floods of the mellowest lustre fall
From bowery ceiling and garlanded wall.
Floors are smooth to the tripping feet,
Blithe hearts thrill with a quicker beat,
As resonant voices the measures call,
And the glad hours flit at the Christmas Ball.

Gray old fiddler with solemn face,
Wielding the bow with a master's grace,
Harper whose notes drop liquid sweet,
As the sound of a brooklet's tinkling feet,
You're weaving in with the jocund tunes
Harmonies blissful and magic runes,
For eyes meet eyes in electric glance
As the figures change in the mazy dance.
There are whispered questions and soft replies,
There is shy surrender to love's surprise,
And by-and-by there'll be priest and ring,
And the Wedding March, and the hearts that cling,
Semper fidelis, what'er befall,
Pledged this eve at the Christmas Ball.

Seventeen-eighty! A hundred years
Have sped, with their mingled smiles and tears,
Since these ladies rustled in stiff brocade,
These gentlemen bowed, and these pipers played.
Promenade all, and the century's past,
We're rounding the hundredth year at last.
The fair and brave of that vanished day
Like shadows and dreams have gone their way.
The young grew old, and the gay grew tired,
Till nothing so much their thoughts desired
As a tranquil place to lie down and sleep,
Where the bed was low and the rest was deep.
The pearls, the rubies, the yellow lace,
Descended oft, with a lovely face,
To some bright girl who was proud of all
That grandma had worn at her Christmas Ball.

And ever at Christmas the joy-bells ring,
The tapers shine, and the children sing;
Ever at Christmas the tidal mirth
Sweeps in its fullness over the earth;
Roses and lilies the century through
Make summer at Christmas when love is true—
The dear new love that is pure as gold,
The strong tried love that is dear as old.
Oh, swift steeds bound o'er the powdery snow,
Oh, blithe hearts beat as away we go.
Eighteen-eighty! The sweet notes fall,
And the dancers meet at the Christmas Ball.

(Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 41, Vol. XIII.)

MY LOVE.

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIZZIE LORTON OF GREYRIGG," "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAN DUNDAS," "FROM DREAMS TO WAKING," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CRITIC OF PURE REASON.

OUR true masters are our servants. From the dark background of the kitchen they rule the house, dictate our actions, and set the lines of our public repute, we all the while thinking that we rule them, while they govern us. And the Rose Hill servants were no exception to the rule. Jones had given it as his opinion that Miss Stella was kept far too close by her pa, and the servants' hall had agreed with him that it would be good for her to see more company, and be brightened up a bit. Wherefore, in spite of the standing order that "Mr. and Miss Branscombe were not at home" when intrusive visitors chose to call, the day after this odd, misleading interview on the high-road he let in Augusta Latrobe, and took the chance of a wiggling from his old master, as he said, for the sake of doing a good turn by his young mistress.

"Mrs. Latrobe? I can not see her! Tell her I am indisposed—engaged—out—anything you like; but I can not see her!" said Mr. Branscombe, peevishly. "How often must I repeat it, Jones—I am not at home to any one excepting on business, or where I myself give leave."

"Mrs. Latrobe seemed very earnest, sir, to see Miss Branscombe," said the man, with respectful pertinacity. "She would not take refusal."

"Then she should have been made," said Mr. Branscombe, crossly. But Stella, with something of her mother's weary look added to her own more excited nervousness, said, quickly:

"Poor Augusta! I should like to see her, dear papa, if you do not mind. I have not seen her for such a long time now, and she was such a favorite with poor mamma."

"Your dear mother made a great many undesirable favorites," said Mr. Branscombe, significantly. "However, if you wish it, I will spare you for a little while; and—stay, I myself will go with you," he added, with an indescribable air of condescension. "As you say, Mrs. Latrobe was a favorite with your poor mother, and I shall pay respect to her memory by conquering my own dislike and receiving her friend with courtesy and distinction. Jones, tell Mrs. Latrobe that Miss Branscombe and I will join her immediately."

What a wicked girl she was growing! thought Stella to herself. Why did she feel that strange sense of check and chillness when her dear father said that he also would see Mrs. Latrobe? Why should she not be as glad now as she would have been in former days? Poor papa! He

had doomed himself as well as her to this close, shut-up, solitary, and eminently mournful life. It was as good, then, for him as for her to have a break, and she was abominably wicked to wish that he had kept away. Nevertheless, she did, with a distinct if momentary consciousness that overwhelmed her first with disappointment and then with a feeling of sin and shame. She went up to her father, and took his arm with a gesture that looked like spontaneity of love, but was in fact unspoken contrition.

"Dear papa," she said, fondly.

"There, there, that will do, Stella!" he answered, impatiently. She disturbed his thoughts and broke through the rhythm of his movements; and Mr. Branscombe liked to have his love, like everything else, served up at the very right moment, and in just the manner and amount congenial to him at the time. "You must not allow your affection, my dear, to become exigeante and ennuante," he said, "or to tread on the limits of graver subjects."

To which she answered, humbly, "No, papa," but felt wounded now as well as wicked and repentant.

"It will gratify her if I give her an early copy of this," then said Mr. Branscombe, taking one from a pile of quarto-sized black-bordered and hot-pressed cards which had come in from the printers' this morning.

It was his *Threnody*, printed in silver lettering, to be distributed among his friends. Photographs of himself and his good Matilda headed the double columns into which the poem was divided; and in the middle, above the title, was a confused jumble of mortuary symbols printed in flat deep black. The contrast of black and white gave the card a curiously piebald appearance; but Mr. Branscombe thought the mixture effective, and the sentiment which united saintly beatitude with earthly mourning one of supreme poetic excellence.

This was the pleasure, the dissipation, and the vanity of his later years. His old place as Beauty-man and Finery Fred—his old character of lady-killer—had dropped from him by the very force of circumstances, but not his ambition to be Somebody in his society. He had elected to be that Somebody in the field of aesthetics, where no one in Highwood could touch him, not even, in his own estimation, Sandro Kemp, the professional artist. And the exquisite delight to him of printing in a luxurious form his poetry and his music, and then distributing copies to all in the place, was almost as great as had been formerly that of picking up another and yet another little heart found fluttering at his feet, and adding one more to the secret list—he had it yet—of confessed victims to his irresistible charms.

"She will be flattered and gratified," he repeated, carefully choosing a copy where his own photograph pleased him; and Stella answered, in all good faith, "Yes." And yet, why did she sigh as she spoke?

As the two came into the drawing-room together, Augusta felt exactly the same sense of disappointment and chill that Stella had felt before her, without adding to it the poor girl's shame for sin.

"What a dreadful creature he is?" she thought, as the scented, well-curled, melancholy, and elegant widower came slowly forward, evidencing the grace of refined gentleness and the force of grief in equal proportions.

"What an affected old horror!" she thought again, smiling with the forced hypocrisy of society, as she returned the greeting which he made with stately courtesy.

He was not what he would have called "fond of" Augusta Latrobe. Her critical judgment and unenthusiastic reasonableness annoyed him; but even when he was not fond of people he was never less than elegant. He liked to feel sure that when they went away, though they might say he had been distant, they must confess he had been superior.

"Here is a little thing I threw off the other day," he said, handing her the card. "I have brought you the first copy, Mrs. Latrobe, knowing the affection that you had for my poor wife, and the kindly interest on her part for you. The sacredness of the subject and the tenderness of the feeling with which it has been composed will condone its short-comings," he added, with mock humility, short-comings in his work being like the squaring of the circle or the discovery of perpetual motion.

Augusta received the card with tranquil politeness, but without warmth or enthusiasm. She did not, as he hoped she would, turn to the poetry with that greedy kind of haste which predestines admiration, nor did she even look at his photograph. She turned to that of Mrs. Branscombe, and tears stole between the lids as she looked.

"Thank you, Mr. Branscombe," she said, gently. "How like her! Sweet darling! how like it is!"

And this was her sole word of commendation to her poet.

When he had shown the proofs to Hortensia, she had wept over his noble lines; and especially had that touching couplet which led off the rest,

"Sweet spirit, calling softly from the tomb
Where death has laid thee in Cimmerian gloom,"

seemed to her the soul of all that was majestic, eloquent, and tender. But Mrs. Latrobe, scarcely glancing at the silvered page, said nothing more than "Thank you," and concentrated her attention on her dead friend's photograph, which evidently interested her infinitely more than did his living lines.

Mr. Branscombe could not choose but mark the difference between these first two recipients of his poem. How much the balance of good taste, good feeling, appreciation, and poetic insight went to the side of his pretty little Puritan devotee! and how strongly confirmed was his

own impression that his good Matilda had had the habit of making very undesirable favorites indeed!

But it was not in flesh and blood—at least not in Mr. Branscombe's flesh and blood—to remain content with such short measure. For what reward did he work, live laborious days and sleepless nights, he said, but for the praise of his fellow-men? He was not ashamed to confess his ambition. That last infirmity of noble minds was no spot on the face of his spiritual sun. For if he had the one, he surely had the other. His ambition presupposed his nobility, and he was quite content to confess the one if credited with the other. He was horribly disgusted with Mrs. Latrobe. Her want of appreciation was a mark of intellectual crassitude which by rights should have debarred her for the future from the privilege of his society. He would have refused to continue an acquaintance with one who had eaten peats with his knife, and surely this was even worse taste, and a mark of still lower condition! Nevertheless, he could not be at ease until he had forced from her politeness that acknowledgment of his genius which she would not give by the generosity of her judgment. Going over to her as she sat on the ottoman, holding the card in her hand, and still lovingly examining the sweet face of her dead friend, he sat down in the division next to hers. Leaning over her shoulder with a confidential as well as patronizing air, he said:

"Allow me to read my little tribute to her dear memory, Mrs. Latrobe. An author knows his work better than any one else; and the first rendering of a poem sets the measure and gives the sense in perpetuity. The poet alone can render his lines in that perfection which insures complete understanding. Allow me."

He took the card from her hand and placed himself in his bardic attitude—his hands well displayed, his head well up, his small feet, which the large bow in his shoes made still more delicate, in a graceful position, the fingers of his left hand laid lightly on his chest. And when he had arranged his person according to rule, he opened the wearisome fusillade of his recitation, and mouthed through his *Threnody* in the manner of a fifth-rate actor playing Hamlet in a barn.

When he had finished, he sighed deeply and handed back the card. Augusta took it with a faint inclination of her head, and a wholly unintelligible murmur that might mean anything or nothing.

"How do you think they go?" asked Mr. Branscombe, after a moment's pause. "Well?"

"Very smoothly," answered Augusta.

She could say so much in truth, for in reading, all the redundant feet were cleverly jumped over, and all the gaps were as cleverly filled in by newly created syllables, so that the measure flewed with tolerable ease, and the actual dislocations were not noticeable.

Mr. Branscombe smiled.

"I am glad you like it," he said. "I own I do also. I consider it the most satisfactory thing I have ever done; and an author is the best judge of his own work. I think these lines are fine," he continued, pointing out a passage; "and these again," indicating another. "This image is bold, is it not?" he next asked, repeating a phrase which contained two false quantities and nineteen words of absolute nonsense; "and this metaphor reads well," he said again, half chanting a certain couplet, then pausing for her reply.

But now, when Augusta came full front with a fault which she had either to praise or to blame, she could not do such violence to her critical judgment as to indorse it. Had Mr. Branscombe been content with generalities, she would have followed his lead and would have slid over the dangerous places lightly; but when he asked her direct approbation of a passage which said how the laughing hour that had struck at this sweet spirit's birth had now run down and lost itself in the great sea of eternity, she took her stand and entered her demur.

"I think it wants a little clearness," she answered.

"So? and where? The Hours which dance round Aurora's car—the home domestic clock—the sands of time—the tide of life—these are the ideas contained in the image," he returned.

"Yes, but the classic Hour did not strike, and a clock does not run down into the sea," she said, quite gravely.

"There would be no poetry at all, my dear Mrs. Latrobe, if we poets were confused by the dull chords of prosaic fact," he said, amiably condescending to her ignorance, and what he mentally called her earth-worminess. "All true poetry encloses as much as it embodies. You must read between the lines, and find for yourself the statue within the marble. The value of the image is its comprehensiveness, its subtlety of suggestiveness, its combination of ideas, the faceted quality of its reflectivity. Guido's Aurora and the grave dictation of modern ethics—where could you meet with a more prolific combination, a more precious emblem of diversified thought?"

"I dare say not," said Augusta the earth-worm. "Still, I think it wants a little clearing up and bringing out."

"Now that I have explained it?" he asked.

"I see your meaning, of course," she answered, reluctantly. Even this admission tried her.

"And seeing, you justify?"

She laughed. "No, I am so stupid in things of this kind," she said. "My opinion is worthless."

"No, pardon me, lady, not in the least so," he returned. "Molière's servant-maid stands as a sign to all of us creative geniuses. What we write we naturally wish to be understood by the world at large, else we labor in vain. Herewith I except, of course, that audience fit, though few, which is the consecrated interpreter of our esoteric meaning. But the verdict of that intelligence which represents the majority is useful to us as a guide and gauge. I am therefore glad to hear

your objections. They represent to us the non-conducting power of the larger half of the brain-world, and by them I can feel the pulse of the general intellect more clearly."

"And I am, therefore, your foolometer?" She laughed again, her bright eyes twinkling.

He bent his handsome head with elaborate grace.

"I did not say so," he returned, gravely.

During all this time Stella had not spoken. She was sitting on the other side of Augusta Latrobe, looking alternately at her father and his critic, but taking no part in the discussion. She greatly wondered at Augusta's boldness, and ardently wished that she would close her mouth, or open it only to praise and speak poor dear papa fair. And she ardently wished, too, that she could get a word alone with her mother's favorite, her own dear friend, albeit an earth-worm on the lower levels; though what she had to say in confidence that her father might not hear she would have been hard put to it to tell. Floating thoughts of her mother, of Cyril, of freer breathing, and of some change of subject, came and went like shadows through her mind; but if it was not to be, it was not, she said to herself with a sigh; yet how much she should have enjoyed a long, sweet, quiet talk of everything, or of nothing, and the sense of mental freedom and personal sympathy!

Taking advantage of this slight change of front from his work to herself, Augusta turned rather abruptly to Stella. Like every one else she saw how changed the poor girl was. No longer the serenely bright, untroubled Star of olden days, she was now care-worn and anxious, with the watchful eyes of a person either too heavily taxed or ever in fear; and her face had a fevered look that made her beauty melancholy to contemplate, plate, because so dangerously brightened by inward excitement.

"Are you well, dear Stella?" asked the widow, abruptly, laying her hand on hers, and feeling the fever through her gloves.

"I? Oh yes, quite!" said Stella, with that hysterical little laugh which so pitifully belies itself.

"You do not look so; and how hot your hand is!" said Augusta. "What have you been doing all the day?"

"I have been with papa in the studio," answered the girl.

"Not out this lovely day?"

Stella glanced at her father.

"No, not yet," she answered.

"What have you been doing, dearie, that has kept you so busy?" asked Augusta, still inquisitorial.

"I have been copying music," said Stella.

She did not add, as she might, "And I have been called off this, the ostensible work of the day, at least once in every ten minutes to examine the new touches on this square inch of painting, to hear the sonorous consonance of these two jingling rhymes, to give my criticism, which means praise, here, to add my opinion, which means concurrence, there. I have not been left even to my dull, mechanical occupation in peace; but I have been mentally tormented, as much as absorbed—absorbed as so much food, so much electricity, is absorbed—by something that can do no good, however much it may be bolstered up, and that simply beggars and exhausts that of which it is supplied."

Yet indeed this was the real reason why "work" for Mr. Branscombe was so profoundly destructive to his associate. It was this perpetual drain, this incessant going out, coupled with unrest, which had killed that good Matilda, and which was now wasting and fevering Stella.

"But copying music from morning to night will kill you, child!" said the widow, with friendly haste. "You ought to change your occupation more than that. Have you read your week's books yet?"

This meant the books of the Reading Society to which all Highwood belonged.

"No," said Stella.

"You naughty girl! and they were so interesting. I hope that you have copied that pretty crewel pattern in the *Lady's Newspaper*? We are all doing it," said the widow.

"No, I have not had time," answered Stella.

"Stella! you idle child! What have you been doing?"

"Working for papa," said Stella.

The widow gave a little impatient movement with her pretty shoulders.

not possibly stand in the way of hers," said Mr. Branscombe, with fine paternal chivalrousness of feeling. "It is not a question of myself, but of her own feelings. In her deep mourning would she care to be seen outside the sacred precincts of home?"

"If you think it unbecoming, papa, of course not," said Stella.

"Your own heart must decide that question, my love," he answered. "Observance is valueless when not spontaneously offered. Enforced tribute is dross."

"But, Mr. Branscombe, a little walk can do no harm," said Augusta, rather too warmly for prudence. "If you do not like Stella to be seen on the roads, we will go by the fields where we shall not meet a creature. She really ought to go out. Even a drive in a close carriage would be better than nothing, but a good brisk walk would be the best of all."

"If you have the heart to go with Mrs. Latrobe and take a good, brisk, happy walk, go by all means, my love," said her father, answering Augusta through Stella. "Your dear mother's sainted spirit looking down on you will forgive the perhaps natural exuberance of youth—its perhaps natural demand for recreation, even at the most solemn season."

"But, Mr. Branscombe," again remonstrated Augusta, "a little walk in the fields—that is not like any pleasure taken in the world and society."

"I say so. Stella can go if she will. I give her the free exercise of her own judgment," repeated Mr. Branscombe. "As I say, I want no tribute rendered to the memory of my lost dear one that does not come from the pure well of love undefined. Go, my Stella; forget your grief, your mourning, your mother and me, in a brisk and happy walk with Mrs. Latrobe. I do not wish to deprive you of your pleasure, my love."

"No, dear papa, I will not go," said Stella. "Perhaps, as you say, it would be unbecoming."

"And the consequence of all this exaggeration will be that you will get ill, Stella darling, and then you will have made bad worse," said Augusta, hastily. "All this kind of thing is really not reasonable."

"The critic of pure reason," said Mr. Branscombe, with a polite sneer. "Neither poetry of idea nor pathos of feeling, only the crystalline clearness of cold, icy reason."

"Just so," said Mrs. Latrobe, with an exasperating smile. "You could not have paid me a higher compliment, Mr. Branscombe. So let reason be your guide, dearest Stella, and come out with me for a breath of fresh air."

"No," said Stella, whose wish had now died down; "I see that papa is right. I will not go to-day, thank you—some day, but not just yet."

"My good child! guided with the finest silken thread! all heart and conscience!" cried Mr. Branscombe, fondly.

And Stella, still under the spell of her early training and the glamour of her filial superstition, was satisfied and soothed, better pleased to have won her father's approbation than to have had that little break in the melancholy monotony of her life. And yet—how beautiful it was out-of-doors! and how delicious a swift walk in the fields with that pleasant-tempered Augusta Latrobe would have been!

CHAPTER XX.

THIN ICE.

SUDDENLY the fount ran dry. The seed-time was over, and that of the harvest had set in. That harvest was the praise of the public, such as it was, at Highwood, when the poems were printed ready for distribution, the music composed ready for recitation, the pictures framed and varnished, and cards of invitation sent out in travesty of the artist's "private view." Then Mr. Branscombe was in the seventh heaven of delight. That last infirmity of his nobleness was fulfilled to the utmost, and he was the veritable Apollo of his own Parnassus. For the present, therefore, what it pleased him to call his work, was done, and it was time that fruition should follow upon labor.

But because he had made their yet young mourning a reason why Stella had been kept so close to work in copying and recopying his productions that she had not been allowed even a walk in the lovely lanes or the quiet fields, it was necessary for him to find a reason now why he should break so suddenly through the seclusion which had been due to his vanity, and ascribed to his sorrow. And he found it in his daughter's palfory and Mrs. Latrobe's suggestion.

"You are looking a little pale, my child," he said, the day after Augusta's visit, speaking as if this were his own discovery, and speaking with his best air of fatherly tenderness. "I must not have you fail, my love. We must break through our sad seclusion, and go out into the world a little more than we have done of late. It will be a trial to me, but it is my duty to you."

"I should be sorry if you did anything painful to yourself for my sake, dearest papa," said Stella, gently.

He sighed.

"You are all that is left to me; I must take care of you," he said. "I must be father and mother both to my Household Star."

"Dear papa, how good you are!" said Stella, looking at him with grateful eyes.

"Yes, I am a good father to you, and I was a good husband to your dear mother. The artist has not killed the man in me!" he answered, honestly believing what he said, for his vanity was so great, his selfishness so blindly sincere, that he did faithfully hold himself to be the sublime and all but perfect creature for which he posed. And when he had sacrificed his good Matilda, and was now sacrificing his daughter to this vanity, this selfishness, he was to his own mind doing only what was right and holy. Taking the help of the lower creature in the production of such works

as his made their glory as well as his own. They aided where he created, and they were honored by their association with his genius. So much must be said for him. False as he was all through—mere mask, wind-bag, simulacrum as he was—he was unconsciously false. He lived in a world of his own, where he was what he assumed to be. It would have taken a miracle to convince him that he was less than a genius and lower than a hero. This world scarcely gives enough credit to the transforming power of vanity, to the sincerity of man's own self-deception; but Mr. Branscombe was really and truly in a self-evolved golden cloud, through which he saw nothing as it was, and himself the most transformed of all. Had he been self-condemned through consciousness he could not have imposed even on Stella as he did. It was the very sincerity of his vanity which gave it vitality and impressiveness, and which hid his own humbug from himself.

"And as you are so pale and wan, my love," he went on to say, affectionately, "I will take you for an airing, and carry you among your friends. So go and make yourself ready. I have ordered the carriage for three o'clock. We will make a little round, and I will take our friends these cards. They will appreciate the attention."

"Very well, papa," said Stella, without a smile or sign of pleasure.

She dare not say so, but how much better she would have liked a walk across the fields, and those cards not distributed, nor their visits paid! She scarcely knew herself in those latter days, nor understood why she shrank with such sensitive shame from the artistic publicity which was her father's glory, and until now had been her own proud delight. What made her dread where formerly she had rejoiced?—dislike what she had loved? She could not shake off the feeling of desecration to her mother's memory in all these poems and pictures, these nocturnes and the like, which were sent about among the neighbors like bellmen's verses. Yet how could papa's beautiful work desecrate that dear memory? And would papa do anything whatever that was not inspired by the most sublime and delicate feeling?—papa, who paid such enthusiastic respect to that beloved memory as even to object to her having fresh air and exercise? It was impossible, and Stella knew that it was impossible.

Nevertheless, she wished that he had not taken those silver-printed cards to distribute, and that they had simply gone for a walk together. As it was impossible for her to say all this, and as she had not even thought it all out clearly to herself, she did as she was bidden, and put on her hat and cape. Then they got into the little brougham, where Mr. Branscombe had placed a pile of cards already inclosed in envelopes and directed. Before they set off he drew up both windows, save for the space of an inch on his own side. Sitting so much in his close hot studio had spoiled his taste for fresh air, and he dreaded cold almost as much as if he had been a dormouse. Sherrardine was the first place to which they went. It was the farthest off, and Mr. Branscombe took it first, meaning to work round by Mrs. Morshead—from whom the interdict had been performed since poor Mrs. Branscombe's death—and then on to Derwent Lodge. The first two stood in the social column of disagreeable necessity, the last in that of unmixed pleasure. The gentle worship of pretty Hortensia Lyon was Finery Fred's present portion of delight in life. Twenty years ago it would have been receiving back in earnest the love made in jest; now he found it in mock genius and sincere praise, which did quite as well, and was slightly less dangerous.

All the Pennefathers were at home in the garden; so were all the dogs; so were the two Cowley boys. The noise and racket going on when the close-shut, black-painted brougham, with its mourning liveries and its coal-black horse, drove up, was something deafening. Every one was shouting at the top of his or her voice, and all were shouting at once. Some of the dogs were barking in concert; others were bounding about the lawn and crashing through the bushes in sympathy and participation. Here was the click of a croquet ball against the mallet, there the ping of a rifle fired at a mark. It was Babel and Bedlam, and Mr. Branscombe covered his ears with his gloved hands, as he slightly groaned and shuddered.

"Barbarians and savages," he muttered, then composed his handsome face to a melancholy smile, as one who would not sadden youthful mirth by the intrusion of his own sorrow, yet who could not quite forget the painful fact that his heart was bleeding, and that the merriment of ordinary men was not for him.

And with this melancholy smile, lingering like the touch of pale sunlight on his face, he went slowly toward that noisy, laughing, uproarious group gathered on the lawn.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Branscombe," cried Mr. Pennefather, coming forward in his frank, hearty way. "Ah, Stella, it is good to see you again."

"Dear Stella, this is nice," said Mrs. Pennefather, kissing her.

They were people who called all the young and even middle-aged of their acquaintance by their Christian names. Well for dignity if they did not hit on a diminutive or some queer nickname which might or might not be pleasant to the wearer.

Mrs. Pennefather, almost as young-looking as her daughters, was one of the standing wonders of maternity in the county. Forty years of age, and the mother of seven children, she had the step and figure of a girl, and a face to correspond. She wore neither stays nor cap, nor any sign of matronhood whatsoever, save the wedding ring which marked her state. Her tennis costume was as short and youthful as Gip and Pip's, her feet were as small and dainty, and she herself was as light and limber. It was not from her, however, that the children had inherited their beauty and strongly marked family likeness, but from the fa-

ther. She herself was fair, and only little Nora, the youngest, carried her impress. The rest were all "father's children," as has been said, inheriting from Mr. Pennefather their dark eyes and curly jet-black hair, their vivid color and bright, brisk, noisy ways; while from both parents, in equal proportions, came the good digestion, good temper, cleanly living, and kindness of heart which made youth perennial in the Pennefather household. They were people who would never grow old in one sense, because they would never grow indolent, self-indulgent, sour-tempered, nor envious.

The girls Gip and Pip dashed forward too, kissing Stella as soon as their mother had done with her, and greeting her as if she had been their dearest friend. They had this hospitable way to callers, seeming to wish to make their guests free of all that Sherrardine contained, themselves included.

"How are you, dear Stella?" they shouted, in their boatswain's voices. "So glad to see you! So jolly of you to come!"

"We thought you were never coming out of your shell again, you jolly little snail!" continued Gip, while Pip stood by and emphasized her sister's words by running bursts of laughter. "It is ages—heaps of ages—since we saw you! And how white you are! What have you been doing to yourself? You look as if you wanted buckets of salt-water and oceans of fresh air."

"Do I?" said Stella, rubbing her cheeks with a quivering little smile that was only the other side of tears.

"Do you? why, of course you do! Mater, did you ever see such a poor limp rag, such a ghost, as Stella Branscombe looks?" shouted Gip; while Jemmy, who was suspected of being hard hit in this direction, took quite a sentimental expression on his bronzed face, as he said:

"Yes, Miss Stella, you look as if you had been shut up in the dark for a twelvemonth. You ought to get out more, I am sure. A good long jolly cruise would do you no end of good."

"Well, now we've got you here, we won't let you go in a hurry," said Gip and Pip together. "So come and sit down under the veranda, and we'll have a jolly little talk together. Have you heard the news? Mr. Branscombe, have you heard the news?" shouted Pip, raising her voice.

"No," returned Mr. Branscombe, stiffly.

These Misses Pennefather were really extremely rude and objectionable young women, without manners, reverence, respect, or breeding. Though glad to show them the last fine product of his genius, and not too dainty to garner the coarse harvest of their praise, still he was out of place and ill at ease in this succor of Bedlam, and wished his visit was over.

"No! Why! You have not heard that Sandro Kemp is going to be married? Isn't that fun?" shouted Gip.

"Is it?" replied Mr. Branscombe, with cold disdain. "I confess I am unable to see either the interest or the fun of the announcement."

"Oh, I say!" cried Gip and Pip. "It is awful fun, Mr. Branscombe. Quite too good a joke!"

As ill luck would have it, at that moment Colonel Moneypenny appeared on the lawn.

"Isn't it fun, Colonel Moneypenny?" cried the twins, in a breath.

"What?" he asked.

"Old Sandro Kemp's marriage," they answered.

The colonel's keen, irritable face flushed from brow to chin.

"Fun that he has found any one simple enough to take him?" he answered, with contempt. "I hardly think it will prove fun for the woman, whoever she may be. Who is she?"

He spoke in an odd voice and with a strained manner, peevishly kicking one of the balls which lay at his feet.

"Well, we did think it was your old flame, Augusta Latrobe," said Gip—dense, pachydermatous, insensitive Gip, who would not have harmed a fly had she known what she was about, and who was now doing a friend whom she liked as much damage as it was possible for inconsiderateness and chatter to do. "But she swears it isn't, so we don't know what to think. We caught them on the road, however, playing at spoons, if ever any one did. But Augusta said no, it wasn't spoons at all, and that old Kemp had only been telling her a secret, and Augusta don't tell lies. Still, it all looked queer; and who else can it be? It can't be any one else, and the old fellow doesn't often go away. Colonel, who can it be?"

"How the deuce should I know? Do you think I am in the confidence of a fellow like that artist Kemp, or care a button whom he marries?" cried Colonel Moneypenny, savagely. As Gip said afterward, "The old bear snapped her nose off, and all for what, she would like to know?"

"Mr. Kemp's affairs do not interest me," he added, stiffly, recovering his dignity, if not his temper.

"Nor me," said Mr. Branscombe, also stiffly.

"Oh, they do us!" shouted the Pennefathers—about five or six of them in a body.

"Old Kemp is a jolly old boy when he is in good form; but he was as sour as vinegar and as cross as two sticks at our picnic. We thought at the time it was because you had taken off Augusta; but now we think it could not be that. Perhaps his lady-love had not written to him, or perhaps after all it is Augusta!" said Gip—this last in a meditative voice.

"Oh, Stella!" said Pip, taking up the lost thread, "I wish you could have been at our picnic. It was such awful fun—it was just awfully jolly all through. George and I changed hats and brooches, and even the Cowley boys did not find us out. It was such fun. And people came to me for Gip, and went to Gip for me, and made no end of mulls and mistakes."

And here they all laughed in chorus at the exquisite humor of the remembrance.

When the last echoes of their mirth had died away, Gip, who had a talent for blunders of this kind, said so that Mr. Branscombe could hear,

"Stella, they say that you are not going to be married just yet. Is it true? Poor Cyril! What a sell for him! I say, what a shame!"

Stella looked with a scared face to her elegant father, who had turned his to this unintentional mischief-maker, the very majesty of indignation impressed on every feature.

"We have our private reasons, Miss Pennefather," he said, bitterly; "reasons which perhaps you will be good enough to believe, even if you do not understand."

"Oh, reasons are rubbish," said that impudent little hussy, tossing her curly head. "It is a horrid sell and a shame for poor old Cyril all the same, and I was in hopes it was not true. But now you say it is, I am ten times more sorry. What with Sandro Kemp marrying, and not Augusta after all his spooning her so long, and poor old Cyril Ponsonby not marrying at all, people are very queer!"

"You are skating on thin ice, Gip," said Jemmy, in what he thought was a low and diplomatic voice. It was heard all over the lawn.

"Thin ice? no!" said Gip, in return, and in perfect good faith.

"I tell you you are," replied her brother; and Valentine Cowley, who had been watching the whole scene and taking it all in, said, quietly, to back up Jem:

"Shut up, Gip, while you can."

Stella saw by her father's face that he too, like Valentine, had been watching and taking it in. She turned pale and looked frightened.

"Oh, I see," said Gip, in answer to that involuntary tell-tale face. "Poor Stella; what a shame!"

"No," said Stella, heroically. "Papa knows best."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Gip, quite seriously. "I think if the Governor or Mater put their fingers in my pie, I should call out and tell them to mind their own business. But they wouldn't; they have too much sense; and if they or any one did, I don't think I would take it as quietly as you do."

"Shut up, Gip," again said Jemmy, who was the most enlightened of the group. The discipline of a man-of-war had done something for him, and his moony tenderness for Stella did something more. "Don't you see that you are making a mull of things, and that you are fouling the rope? I tell you you are skating on thin ice."

"Am I really? Well, I'm sure I don't want to," said Gip, in Pennefather syntax; and with that she dashed off into a tirade against Mrs. Morshead and her horrid temper, and how sweet Augusta Latrobe was, and how she, Georgie Pennefather, wished that some one would take pity on the poor darling and carry her clean away from that old dragon. Then turning sharp round to Colonel Moneypenny, she cried out:

"Why don't you, Colonel Moneypenny? You were always a kind of beau of hers, even before that queer old spiderly professor came on the field."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

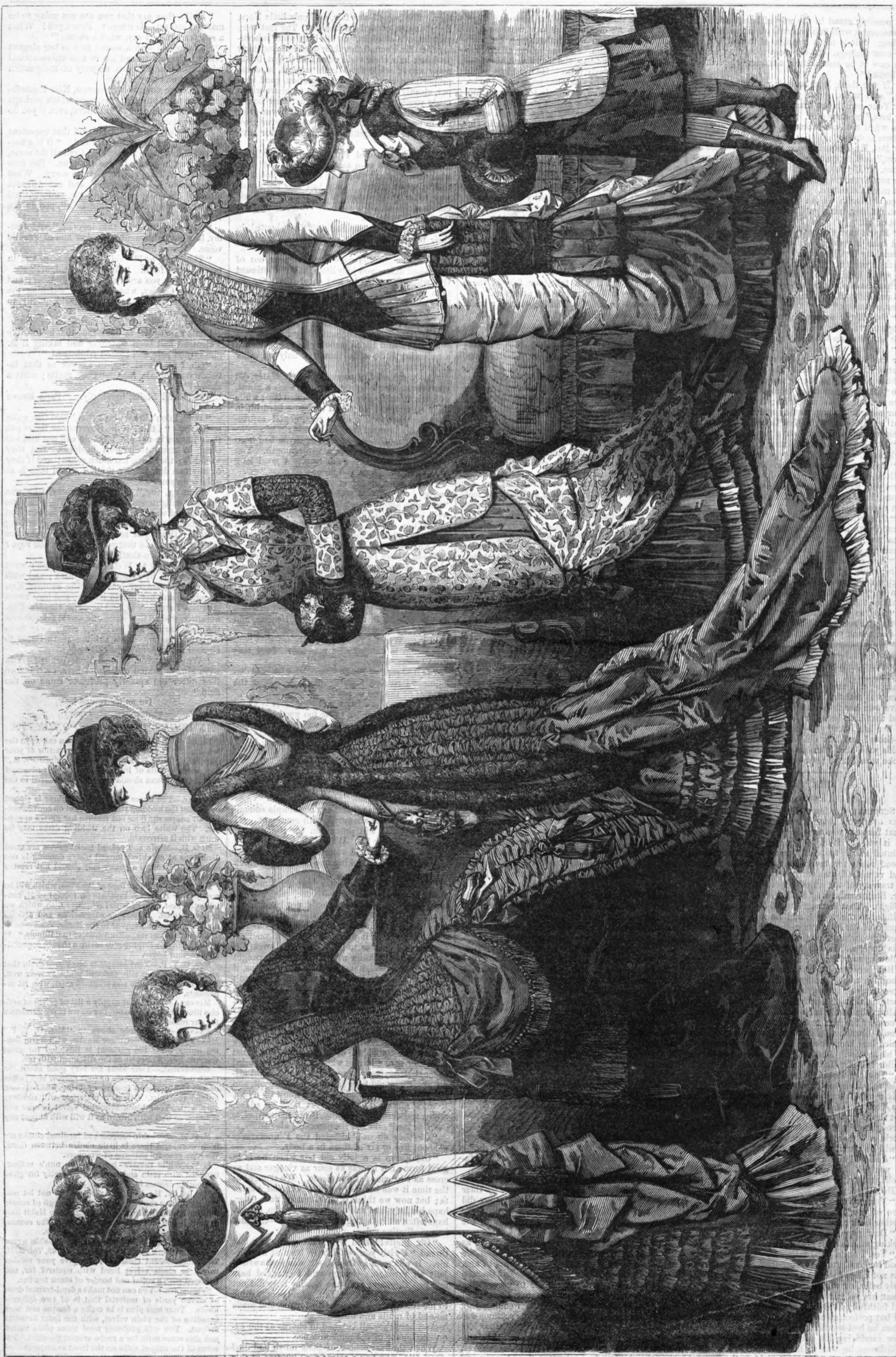
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELLIE.—You should receive gentlemen callers in the hotel parlor if you have not a private parlor at your disposal. "Miss B., allow me to introduce Mr. S.," is a good formula of introduction, it being observed that the gentleman should always be introduced to the lady.

NELLIE.—The finger of the bride's glove is ripped open, that the wedding ring may be put on conveniently. Of course she does not remove her gloves at supper. The white lace on the wedding dress may be worn with it afterward.

M. O. H.—Music and refined social games are good diversions at an entertainment where dancing is not allowed. Of course a young lady should not receive calls in a wrapper.

ILLINOIS.—The *Bazar Book of Decorum*, which will be sent you by Harper &



Figs. 1-6.—LADIES' AND GIRLS' WINTER STREET AND HOUSE DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 29.]

Chignon of Curls.

This bunch of curls, which is attached to a small tortoise-shell comb used to fasten it on, is held together by a ribbon tied in a bow.

Flower Garnitures, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This garniture is composed of pink roses, forget-me-nots, brownish leaves, and green grasses. The stems are wound with chenille.

The garniture Fig. 2 is made of olive green shaded plush and velvet leaves, and small flower clusters. The latter consist of small grelots covered with lilac spun silk, set in a green velvet calyx, and attached to flexible stems.

Comb and Braid, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE comb serves for fastening on braids or curls. The braid consists of a thick switch, braided in the middle, and twisted at each end.

Ladies' Coiffures, Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 1.—COIFFURE FOR ELDERLY LADY. The hair is first parted from ear to ear, then the back hair is divided into two parts, and the upper part is tied, separated into three strands, and braided. The front hair is arranged in five short curls on each side, after which the braid is

coiled and fastened down on the hair, and the rest of the back hair is combed upward and pinned to the knot. A black lace fichu is arranged as seen in the illustration, and fastened on the hair.

Fig. 2.—LADY'S COIFFURE. For this coiffure the hair is parted from ear to ear, and the back hair is tied. The front hair is divided into two parts on each side, the lower part is first combed back, and after it the waved upper hair, and the ends of both are fastened on the back hair. A braid is pinned around the back of

hair is tied. A thick switch is attached at the back, and braided in three strands with the natural hair, after which the braid is arranged in a loop falling low in the neck. The front hair is parted on one side, combed back over a crêpe, and fastened on the back hair, where it is arranged in a puff. A pin with a ball at each end is passed through the back hair as shown in the illustration, and the front hair is waved with a pair of curling tongs.



Fig. 1.—FLOWER GARNITURE.

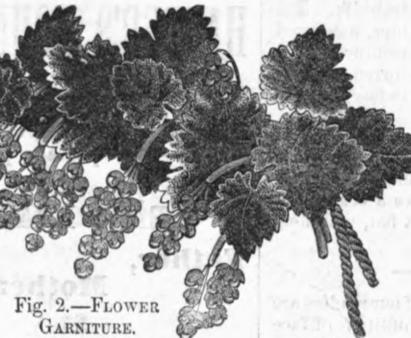


Fig. 2.—FLOWER GARNITURE.

CHIGNON OF CURLS.



Fig. 1.—COIFFURE FOR ELDERLY LADY.



Figs. 1 and 2.—COMB AND BRAID.



Fig. 2.—LADY'S COIFFURE.



Fig. 3.—COIFFURE FOR YOUNG GIRL.

the head, and the hair from the back and sides is arranged in puffs as seen in the illustration.

Figs. 3 and 4.—COIFFURES FOR YOUNG GIRLS. For the coiffure Fig. 3, the hair is parted from ear to ear, and the back hair is twisted in a knot. The front hair is parted on one side, a crêpe is fastened on the knot of hair, and the waved front hair is combed over it, the ends being pinned to the knot. The coiffure is completed by a bunch of curls, fastened on by a comb, which is passed through them. The short hair on the forehead and neck is curled.

For the coiffure Fig. 4, the hair is parted from side to side, and the back



Fig. 4.—COIFFURE FOR YOUNG GIRL.



Fig. 2.—CUFF FOR CLOAK, FIG. 1.

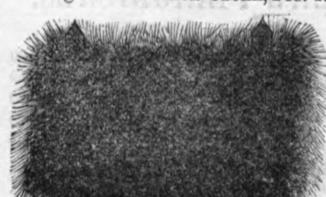


Fig. 3.—POCKET FLAP FOR CLOAK, FIG. 1.



faille, with an over-dress of India cashmere of the pinkish-gray shade called Aurora. The back is puffed lengthwise, and bordered with fur that passes over the shoulders and meets in front. A négligé hood is at the top of the back. The train springs from the puffs, and is edged with satin pleating. Two pleatings with puffed heading trim the front.

Fig. 4.—This visiting or carriage costume is of red and green satin brocade over dark cardinal plain satin. The polonaise is open from the dart down, and is similarly shaped behind. Caps and cuffs on the sleeves have puffed red satin in between. A hood trims the shoulders. The drapery below the polonaise displays the pleated satin skirt in front and conceals it behind.

Fig. 5.—This

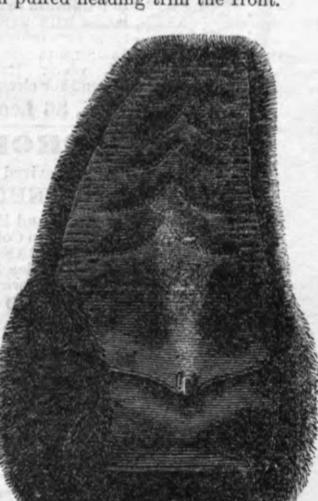


Fig. 4.—BACK OF MUFF FOR CLOAK, FIG. 1.

Plush Cloak with Black Fox Trimming, Figs. 1-4.

THIS cloak is closed with buttons and button-holes, and trimmed with cuffs, collar, and pocket flaps of black fox. The muff and the hat are made of similar fur; the latter is trimmed with fur pompon and mounted cocks' feathers. The pocket flaps, Fig. 3, and the cuffs, Fig. 2, are furnished with button-hole tabs, by means of which they are buttoned to the cloak; the latter are five inches and three-quarters deep, the former are five inches and three-quarters long and three inches and a half deep. The collar is lined with satin over thin wadding interlining, and is closed with hooks and eyes, and with buttons and cord loops on the outside. Two buttons, one on each side of the front, are fastened near the lower edge on the wrong side of the collar; to these the cords of the muff are attached when worn. The muff is lined with satin; the outer covering is arranged so as to unbutton on the side turned to the wearer, as shown in Fig. 4, disclosing a leather pocket.

Ladies' and Girls' Winter Street and House Dresses, Figs. 1-6.

See illustrations on page 28.

Fig. 1.—This visite cloak is of brown wool, trimmed with chenille fringe. The monk's hood is lined with red satin, and trimmed with a red and brown tassel as seen in the illustration.

Fig. 2.—This artistic dress for the house is of brown velvet combined with puffings of water green satin. The pointed velvet plastron, the mediaeval cuffs of velvet, the paniers and the corsage made entirely of puffs, are very becoming to slight figures. The bows are of green and bronze ribbon.

Fig. 3.—This toilette for the house or the carriage is of garnet

quaint house dress is of blue and drab silk. The corsage has pleats around the hips, a shirred plastron, and a mock Medicis ceinture. The skirt is held up on one side by a shirred plastron that supports a velvet pocket, and is finished with ribbon loops.

Fig. 6.—This pretty toilette for a girl is of green and rose-striped wool with bronze green velvet. The velvet dress is princesse shaped, with the striped goods put on like a coat. Fur collar, muff, and cuffs. Cabriolet hat, with long ostrich plume.

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FACETIA.

A boaster young fellow having joined, without invitation, a party of friends dining at a restaurant, and having indulged in his usual amount of brag, one of the party said to him, "You have told us enough of what you can do; now tell us something that you can't do."

"Faith," answered he, "that's easy enough; I can't pay my share of the bill."

A man bought an estate in Ireland the other day. He was of small stature, we are told, and very thin and wiry-looking. When he went down to see the place, the tenants turned out to inspect the new landlord, and after his departure began to discuss him.

"Well, Pat, what do you think of the new landlord?"

"Oh, begorra, not much. Why, that little gossoon would be as hard to shoot as a jack-snipe."

"Mourning friends, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I—
As I am now, so you must be;
Prepare to die and follow me."

That was a cautious and incredulous wag who once wrote in pencil underneath the above epitaph:

"To follow you I am not content,
Until I know which way you went."

A good story is told of the late Chief Justice Cockburn. He was once counsel for the plaintiff in a certain case, and a Mr. B— was for the defendant. Cockburn called a witness, and proceeded to examine him. "I understand," he said, "that you called on the plaintiff, Mr. Jones; is that so?"

"Yes," replied the man.

"What did he say?" demanded Cockburn.

Mr. B— promptly rose and objected. The conversation could not be admitted as evidence. But Cockburn persisted, and Mr. B— thereupon appealed to the judges, who after a time retired to consider the point. They were absent for nearly half an hour, and when they returned they announced that Mr. Cockburn might put his question.

"Well, what did he say?" asked counsel.

"Please, sir, he wasn't at home," replied the witness, without moving a muscle.

Nothing is wholly bad. Even a dark lantern has its bright side.

FAIRLY CAUGHT.

SCENE: One of the happy hunting grounds.

FIRST SPORTSMAN. "Hullo, old man, what luck have you had to-day?"

SECOND SPORTSMAN. "Oh, the best. I've been blazing away, doing great havoc. Just look into my bag."

FIRST SPORTSMAN (takes a look). "Why, what does this mean? It is nearly full of fish."

SECOND SPORTSMAN (greatly confused). "Well—well, I don't know. I have surely come out with the wrong bag this morning."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

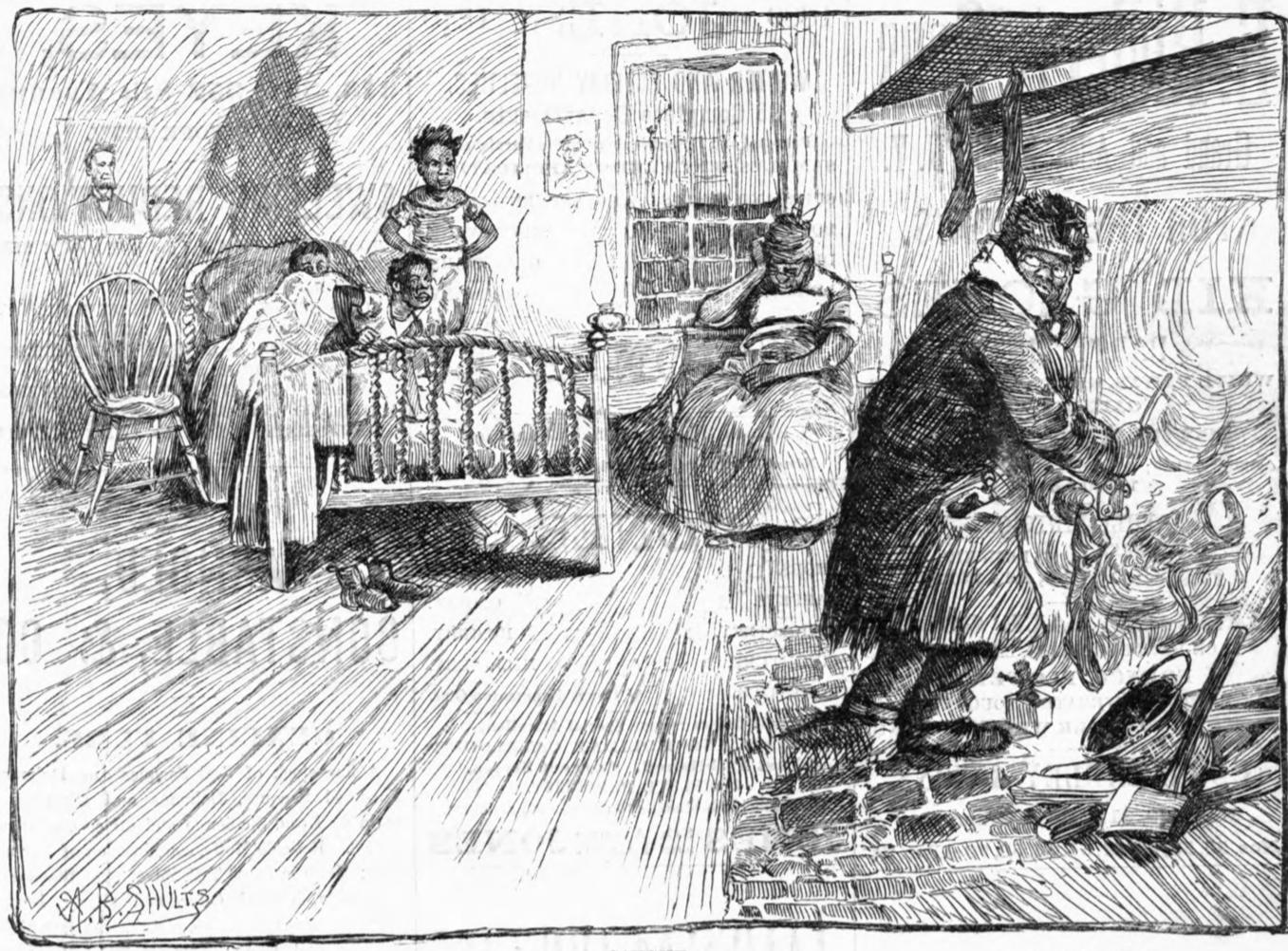
Bohemia's sweet forbidden joys
I've loved from even childhood's days;
While play contented other boys,
My youthful bosom pined for plays.
And though pit, stalls, and boxes I'd
Oft entered long before my teens,
One wish remained ungratified:
'Twas this—to peep behind the scenes.

That *terra incognita*, filled
With folks of every caste and kind,
What magic glamour seemed to gild
Its regions in my infant mind!
I vaguely wondered what became
Of heroes, villains, heroines,
And if they went on just the same
As on the stage—behind the scenes.

And Fate was kind: ere boyhood's bloom
Had fled, she listened to my prayer,
Led me through many a gay greenroom,
Mysel the only green thing there.
I've heard a clown's deep sigh of pain,
I've laughed at jokes of tragic queens,
Seen fairies foaming pewters drain,
Lent kings a crown—behind the scenes.

The player struts in borrowed plumes,
Feigns parts and passions not his own,
Frowns, smiles, and tears in turn assumes;
But does friend Thespis sin alone?
Do we in words our thoughts proclaim,
In face our feelings, style our means?
Are you, or am I, quite the same?
Before, as when behind, the scenes?

Old Will was wise—the world's a stage
Where each one plays a many parts,
And men and women seldom gauge
The depths of one another's hearts;
For who so true or bold would dare
Pluck off the borrowed mask that screens?
For me, I don't think I should care
To let the world behind the scenes.



CAUGHT.

"I specs dem Chilern tinks I'm Santa Claus."

TRUSTING TO CHANTS—Expecting to get to heaven by singing.

"Bridget, this dust upon the furniture is intolerable. What shall I do?"

"Do as I do, marm—pay no attention to it."

If an untruth is only a day old, it is called a lie; if it is a year old, it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old, it is called a legend.

"Marion," asked a big brother of his little sister—
"Marion, do you know the earth turns round?"

"Of tos does," answered Marion; "that's the reason I tumbles out of bed."

Mrs. Plaindame, after looking thoughtfully at a plaster cast of Shakspeare, remarked: "Poor man! How pale he was! He couldn't have been well when it was taken."

"No," replied Fogg; "he was dead."

"Ah, that accounts for it," replied Mrs. P., drawing a sympathetic breath.

Whiskey is about the only enemy man has succeeded in loving.

A GOOD SIDE SHOW—A pretty cheek.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE.—Put yourself unreservedly in the hands of an architect. Let him lavish all his art on the exterior of the house, producing an artistic effect for passers-by and the people over the way. Never object to light and air being shut out of rooms by columns, projections, or the want of windows.

HOW TO LET A HOUSE.—Lock it up, and put a bill in the window saying that the key is left at a certain agent's. Select an agent who lives as far away as possible from the premises. If you can get one who seldom answers letters, who is seldom at home, and who lives in a place that nobody ever heard of, so much the better. When the house is advertised, carefully exclude all information about rent, taxes, number of rooms, etc.

HOW TO BURN DOWN A HOUSE.—Stop the gas supply, and use candles in all the rooms. Have paper shades over the candles, and leave these shades to tremble into the wicks in the drawing-room, while you are having a prolonged dinner in the dining-room.

ANOTHER WAY.—Use kerosene oil in lamps that are placed upon tables easily upset.



CHRISTMAS-EVE DREAMS.

ANTICIPATION.



CHRISTMAS-NIGHT DREAMS.

AFTER HAVING CELEBRATED WITH CHRISTMAS DINNER, CANDY, BONBONS, ETC.



THE SHOP-GIRL'S HOLIDAY DREAM.

EVERYBODY. "My Parcel! my Change! Hurry, please."



FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

THE FIRST BALL OF THE SEASON WAS GIVEN YESTERDAY. MR. RUSTYFLINT GRACED THE AFFAIR WITH HIS GENIAL PRESENCE. WE CAN CANDIDLY ASSERT THAT HE WAS THE LIFE AND SOUL OF THE YOUNG FOLKS ON THIS OCCASION.

HARPER'S BAZAAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. XIV.—No. 7.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1881.

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Opera Toilettes, Figs. 1-3.

Fig. 1.—This dress for an elderly lady is of plain and plaid silk. The waist is of prune-colored silk, which is shirred over a plain lining in the manner shown in the illustration, the shirring extending around the shoulders and across the back. The turned-down collar, and cuffs, which project from under the sleeves, are of plaid silk. The ends of a loose folded belt of similar mate-

rial, which is held together in front by a bow, are fastened in the side seams of the waist. A prune-colored bow and a lace jabot complete the waist.

Fig. 2.—This dress is of maroon velvet and gros grain. The skirt, and the over-skirt, which is shirred around the hips as shown in the illustration, are of gros grain. The long peasant waist of maroon velvet is laced in the back, and worn over a blouse cut in heart shape at

the neck, with elbow sleeves, made of white India mull, Shirred in puffs, and trimmed with lace. Flowers at the left side of the waist and in the hair.

Fig. 3.—The basque-waist of this olive green silk rep dress is cut square at the neck, and finished with a revers collar of the material. The opening is partly filled in by a full chemisette of crêpe lisse and a lace ruching. The half-long sleeves are edged with similar lace.

Dinner Tolette.

See illustration on page 108.

This beautiful dress has a skirt and waistcoat of tea-rose satin de Lyon, with a Louis XVI. habit of moss green velvet. The satin de Lyon skirt has four flounces in front, each of which forms a puff at the top, caught below in a cluster of shirring, from which the fullness is laid in fine pleats. The train is lightly draped on a founda-



Figs. 1-3.—OPERA TOILETTES.

tion skirt, and edged with knife-pleatings that rest on a lace balayeuse. The waistcoat has embroidery representing roses and forget-me-nots, and is fastened by porcelain buttons painted in old Sèvres designs. The habit is similarly embroidered down the front, on the standing collar, up the back, and on the pockets, but not across the lower edge. This garment is attached to the front of the waistcoat as far as the pockets, and is open behind below the waist line. The coat sleeves have a deep cuff that is lightly embroidered.

NOVELTIES.

A SHAGGY hat, and a scarf of plush,
A touch of gold, and a dash of red,
The brim caught up with a fox's brush,

A tiger's claw, or an owl's head.

Brocaded caps of delicate shade,
With drooping, fluttering ostrich plumes,
And creamy laces, skillfully made

By foreign hands or domestic looms.

You may wear, for luck, a horse's shoe,

A crescent moon, or a clover leaf,
A heart with an arrow running through,
Or thistled crest of a Highland chief;

And amber spiders, with ruby eyes,
Abnormally venomous and big,

And bees, and beetles, and butterflies,
And, queerer than all, a gilded pig.

To fit the most fastidious feet

Are the hand-embroidered silken hose,
And never were handkerchiefs so complete

For Fashion's hypercritical nose.

The buttons are carved in arabesque,

The robes are embossed with pearls and jet;

But skeleton forms become grotesque,

Arrayed in the Jersey stockingette.

The ribboned sashes, and ties, and loops,
Are woven, with gold and silver thread,

In peacock's plumes, or in floral groups,

Or with Oriental palm leaves spread.

The leopard's and tiger's course is run,

The lion and lamb lie down together,

While tropical birds, whose song is done,

Enliven our gloomy winter weather.

Society's fancies wax and wane,

Become the spoils of the court's purlieu,

And the mind of man is taxed in vain

To fill the demand for something new;

So he models afresh, with cunning skill,

The wonders of sky, and earth, and sea,

And shapes them over to suit the will

And humor the whims of the powers that be.

night with a club beside it, mistress and maids crying, "Brüd has come, and Brüd is welcome"; and if the impression of the club was found in the ashes in the morning, a good crop and a prosperous year were to be expected.

The old Romans, too, at the other end of Europe, kept it by burning candles to the honor of Februa, the great feast of expiation. The early Christians, with their usual astuteness, took advantage of this as of other Roman customs, and made the day that of the Purification of the Virgin, being the fortieth from Christmas, pronouncing, also, the snow-drop sacred to the festival, calling it, as it bloomed at about that time, the Purification flower; and from this adoption of the candles of Februa arose one of the customs long maintained by mothers going to church for the first time after the birth of their children, of carrying a lighted candle in their hands.

Gradually the religious services of the day were held also as illustrative of the spiritual light of Christianity, and the remembrances of it were heightened by the visible blessing and kindling of these candles, with that idea, instead of the pagan one, as a reason for continuing the celebration with illuminations, and it is still observed in this fashion by the Pope in the chapel of the Quirinal; while as lately as toward the end of the eighteenth century lights were burned in Protestant churches on the anniversary of the day; and the trick of saying, when candles were brought in at night, "God send us the light of heaven!" was kept up as late as the years of the reign of CHARLES the Second.

It was natural that both from the old Roman habit, and from the processions of priests and people with lighted candles in the churches, many of the superstitions of the day should arise. The portion of the candle that was left unburned, after the procession, was supposed to have power against all evil and demoniac influences, as one of the old legends ran:

"A wondrous force and might
Doth in these candles lie, which, if
At any time they light,
They sure believe that neither storm
Nor tempest doth abide,
Nor thunder in the skies be heard,
Nor any devils spied,
Nor fearful sprites that walk by night."

And down to the present time there are those that have their candles and their wicks blessed on this day for the sake of scaring off evil spirits from the rooms of the sick and of the dead.

Our ancestors had a way of enforcing certain duties by coupling them with religious obligations, and one of these duties—a very slight and simple one, certainly—thus enforced, was the removal on Candlemas-day of all the dusty Christmas-greens, by that time pretty well withered, and the putting of fresh box in their place. Says HERRICK, regarding it:

"For, look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see."

The Scotch, who seem to love an opportunity for superstition, like most people of mountains and mists, have always held the day in some respect. They celebrate it still in places with a Candlemas Breeze, or bonfire, by a game of foot-ball between whole parishes, and by allowing the children to give the school-teacher on that morning a piece of money, the boy and girl who give the most being carried in triumph by the others on the "king's chair," as a seat made of the crossed hands of the stouter boys and girls was known.

But why talk of the customs and superstitions of other people and other ages, when we all have some of our own, and believe, or pretend to do so, in some measure, in the supernatural prognostication of the weather which the atmosphere of the day gives, and are all, when we come across it, a little pleased to find our faith fortified by Sir THOMAS BROWNE's pretty Latin distich—

"Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante"—
borrowing our translation of it in various ancient verse:

"If Candlemas-day be wet with rain,
Winter is gone, and will not come again;"

or in another, that takes the reverse of the shield:

"If Candlemas-day be bright and clear,
There'll be two winters in the year;"

or a third, from the Scotch, that settles the whole business:

"If Candlemas-day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come, and mair;
If Candlemas-day be wet and foul,
The half o' winter's game at Yule."

Do we not all hold it as a fact of natural history that if the hedgehog comes out of his hole, and sees his own shadow, on this charmed day, that he is so terrified by it that he straightway goes in again, to be lulled asleep by another six weeks' music of storms and snows? And do we not take

heed of the Germans' saying, that the shepherd would rather have the wolf in his fold than the sun on that magical morning?

Whether we note the day through superstitions and traditions or not, we all look upon it as the turning-point of the wintry embargo; and every farmer in our Northern country knows that less hay for stock, less fuel for fire, is needed after Candlemas than before, whether he calls it Candlemas or not, the earth being by that time as thoroughly cooled as she can be, and beginning to think of turning her cheek to the sun once more.

For our own part, we think it a pleasant thing, quite aside from any churchly celebration, to take heed of the natural anniversaries recurring in the seasons' course. For nothing brings us into such close observation of nature, such familiarity and friendship with the things of the earth and heavens; and we ourselves are always very particular about looking out for our own especial hedgehog on Candlemas-day.

THE FUNERAL OF GEORGE ELIOT.

By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

WHEN George Henry Lewes died, it was feared that George Eliot would hardly survive the shock. The most important parts of the lives of both of them had been passed in each other's society; Lewes was devoted to her, while she showed a deference to Lewes's opinion and a respect for his judgment which some who knew her great intellectual powers considered almost excessive. Those who were in the habit of being present at her evening receptions in The Priory, at North Bank, will remember how Lewes, in the midst of conversation with his friends, would suddenly break off and make a signal for silence: "Hush! hush! Mrs. Lewes is going to speak." And again, when the two happened to be discussing any question, and Lewes had expressed any views with which the great novelist did not entirely agree, she would never begin her answer without first saying, in her beautifully melodious and gentle voice, "Yes, yes; what you say is true: yes—but still, don't you think perhaps—" and so go on to state her side of the argument. They seemed to have become necessary to each other, and it was difficult to see how George Eliot could go on alone, after the companion of so many years had left her behind.

But a nature like hers possesses a depth and vigor which prevent it from being safely judged by the standard of persons less exceptionally endowed. For a season she remained in retirement, and little was heard of her outside the circle of her most intimate friends. It was rumored that she contemplated finishing some works which Lewes had left incomplete—a rumor which those who heard it were inclined to receive with some regret; since, however valuable Lewes's work might be in its own way, it could scarcely be held to take precedence of the original productions of her whose name was associated with his. Whether or not the rumor was true must now remain in doubt; at all events, the project was not destined to be carried out. Time passed on, and at length it began to be whispered that George Eliot was going to be married; and it was even asserted that her life-long friend, Herbert Spencer, was to be the bridegroom. Small credit was given to either of these reports, and, as regards the latter, there was probably no further warrant for it than the idle speculation of those who were desirous of creating a startling piece of news. But many writers in the newspapers went further than this, and persisted in giving the whole story a flat denial, maintaining that it was impossible for a woman of George Eliot's character to think of contracting, at her age, a second alliance; and some adhered to this view even for some time after the marriage had actually taken place. George Eliot, however, was possibly the best judge of what was fit and proper for her to do; and by-and-by it came to be known beyond peradventure that she was a wife, and that the name of her husband was Cross. Mr. Cross was a young man—too young to have attained any wide-spread or public fame, but those who had his acquaintance bore testimony to the worth and beauty of his character. He had from his boyhood enjoyed the tender regard of George Eliot, and his love and devotion toward her had grown with his growth, and exercised a profound influence upon his nature. But into the inner history of this attachment no one has a right to inquire; it must suffice that it was a true and hearty attachment on both sides, and that it gave promise of long and unclouded happiness. After their marriage in London, Mr. and Mrs. Cross went on the Continent, where they remained for several months. At this period the expectations of her numberless literary admirers were kindled by a statement to the effect that she was once more to make her appearance in fiction; and that instead of developing the vein which she had opened in *Theophrastus Such*, she was going back to the simple tales of love, humor, and pathos with which, in the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, she had begun her career. Possibly this statement was true; at any rate, it was received with unaffected pleasure by those who regretted the copious philosophic elements which had been allowed to find their way into her later work. But time was not given to carry the scheme—if such a scheme there were—into execution (unless, that is, it should turn out that she has left some finished writing behind her). A short while ago Mr. and Mrs. Cross returned to England, and settled down quietly to what bade fair to be a prolonged and delightful married life.

On the evening of Saturday, December 18, we

happened to attend the concert at St. James's Hall, Regent Street, at which George Eliot also was present. No one who saw her there would have imagined that within four days her life on earth would be over. She looked well and happy, and the music—especially the final overture from Beethoven's *Fidelio*—appeared to afford her especial pleasure. Music had always been a profound delight to her, and she had carried her musical studies far beyond the point at which most professed musicians are content to stop. The following day, Sunday, she received her friends at her house as usual—for she had just begun to resume this practice, intermittent since Mr. Lewes's death. On Monday she complained of a cold, but nothing serious was feared; and it was not until the illness had gone beyond the hope of cure that its true nature was perceived. George Eliot soon became insensible, and on Wednesday she died, still unconscious, and apparently without pain of any kind. The news was known in London the same night, and the next morning all the papers contained long notices of her career, the unexpected close of which brought sadness to many a Christmas fireside all over the civilized world.

A hope was widely expressed that George Eliot would find her final resting-place in Westminster Abbey, where most of the greatest names in English literature are inscribed, and it was not unknown that she herself had wished that such might be her destiny. Dean Stanley, whose breadth and liberality of mind are familiar to all, was said to have intimated his approval of the idea. But a few days before the funeral, Herbert Spencer, Robert Browning, and several other intimate friends of the great novelist met together at the Athenaeum Club, and there came to the conclusion that the request had better not be made. Neither George Eliot's life nor her expressed opinions had been in accord with the religious prejudices of the day, and it was thought best not to subject her memory to the criticisms which the consignment of her remains to England's famous cathedral would not fail to evoke. The decision was doubtless a wise one; yet we can not but regret that any such considerations should be allowed to interfere with what seemed so fitting a consummation of the career of the most renowned of Englishwomen. Be that as it may, the verdict of those who knew her best admitted of no appeal, and Kensal Green was fixed upon as the scene of the funeral. This was afterward changed to Highgate Cemetery, where the remains of Mr. Lewes are also interred; and the date announced was Wednesday, the 29th December, at half past twelve o'clock.

The day opened with a murky sky and a drizzling rain, and the streets were inches deep in greasy mud. The funeral procession arrived promptly at the little Nonconformist chapel connected with the cemetery, the plumed hearse being drawn by four black horses, and followed by a crowd of mourners, comprising many whose names are known, in literature and art, wherever the English language is spoken. But besides these, there was a multitude whose faces were strange to us, but to whom, doubtless, George Eliot had been a household word, and who had now assembled to pay their last respects to her remains. It was noticeable, too, that nearly or quite half the people present were women—women of all ages and of various ranks in life, but all alike in their affectionate reverence for this famous sister of theirs whose pen was laid aside forever. When we reached it, the chapel was already filled to overflowing, and hundreds of people were standing quietly and silently in the open space outside, heedless of the mud and the steadily descending rain. We made our way into the portico, whence a partial view of the interior could be obtained. The coffin lay at the upper end of the narrow chapel, and a clergyman of the Unitarian denomination was reading the service. Among the few words distinguishable where we stood were these: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" and in view of the somewhat sombre philosophy which underlies the bulk of George Eliot's writings, that sublime sentence seemed to bear a somewhat strange significance. Yet none but a narrow spirit will deny that this woman had done more real good in the world, and had fixed her heart on higher and nobler things, than many who go to church every Sabbath, and cry, "Lord! Lord!" night and morning. After rather a long service, the coffin was raised on the shoulders of the bearers, and carried slowly forth into the open air. As it passed the portal a breeze blew aside the pall, disclosing a fragrant mass of white flowers beneath. Immediately behind the coffin walked the young widower—a tall and handsome man, with a full red beard, and an eminently frank and pleasant cast of features, though now tremulous and overshadowed by his great sorrow. To our fancy, he was not unlike the image we had conceived of Will Ladislaw, in *Middlemarch*.

Not far from him we saw the clear and strong countenance of Robert Browning, with snow-white hair and beard, and broad, open gaze; as he passed, his face lighted up in recognition of a friend in the crowd, then fell into gravity again, as he lifted his sturdy shoulders in a heavy sigh. Huxley's keen and serious visage, with iron-gray locks and piercing eyes, followed behind him; then came the homely and nervous but kindly face of Herbert Spencer; the high features and tall ascetic figure of Leslie Stephen; the brilliant eyes and slender, subtle visage of Sir Garnet Wolseley; the peering, acute, good-humored countenance of the artist Du Maurier; handsome Hamilton Aide; sturdy Kegan Paul, the publisher and radical; Moncure D. Conway; James Sulley, the philosopher of music; Sir Charles Dilke, the rising radical statesman of the day; Professor Tyndall; Millais, the fashionable artist; and a host of others that I lack space to name.

Together we slowly climbed the hill, on the side of which, in the unconsecrated portion of

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 65 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued January 25, contains Chapter Six of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby meets with an accident, and the reader is introduced to "Mr. Stubbs"; "A Little Arab Girl's Mission," telling how many Arab children are bought and sold for a few pennies, illustrated; "Lucky Tom's Shadow," a story of the Life-saving Service, illustrated; "The Adventures of a Runaway King," a historical Sketch; "The New Scholar," a story by EMILY LELAND; Chapter Seven, and last, of "Mildred's Bargain"; THOMAS HOOD's ballad of "Faithless Sally Brown," with a full page of original illustrations by FROST; a full page of Wiggles, and a new wiggle, upon which young artists can exercise their ingenuity; poems, puzzles, and numerous other attractions.

A NEW SERIAL.

In No. 66 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued February 1, will be begun a new Illustrated Serial Story, entitled

"PHIL'S FAIRIES."

by MRS. W. J. HAYS, author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Our next Number will contain a Pattern Sheet with attractive and profuse full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Masquerade Costumes, Dominos, etc.; Ladies' Evening Dresses and Coiffures; Visiting and Home Toilettes; Walking Dresses; Matinees; Opera Hoods; Fichus and Collars; Crochet Capes and Hoods; Misses' Dresses; Fancy Brooches and Hair-Pins; Table Lambrequins; Tidies; Blotters, Embroidery Patterns, etc. The same Number will contain the continuation of the charming serials, "Sunrise" and "My Love," and numerous readable and useful essays, stories, poems, etc.; with a splendid double-page art illustration, and amusing humorous cuts.

CANDLEMAS-DAY.

FEW days in the year have more pretty and significant customs attached to them than Candlemas-day, which is the old name ecclesiastically attached to the 2d of February. Its observation is far more ancient than the Christian era, and probably first arose from the rude sense of the early weather-watchers that its period was a tide-mark in the course of the seasons and the year. The people of the Hebrides had, as long ago as they were first known, an odd little domestic way of keeping it by making an effigy from a sheaf of wheat wrapped in women's clothes, and putting it to sleep at

the cemetery, near the resting-place of Mr. Lewes, and amidst a cluster of other graves, George Eliot's last resting-place had been made. The crowd and press here were greater than ever; the grass round about was trodden into a slippery swamp, and the dismal rain fell with increased vehemence on the silent, bare-headed throng. It was indeed a melancholy spectacle. Standing close beside the grave, we saw the coffin lowered into it, until it rested at the bottom of the brick-lined cavity, fifteen feet below. Somehow those impenetrable brick walls seemed out of place: one does not like to think that the mortal part of George Eliot can never, for centuries perhaps to come, mingle with the earth to whose care it is committed. There lay the coffin, with its covering of snow-white flowers; and when the clergyman had flung in the first handful of earth, we turned away and left it there. Before us stretched the great panorama of murky London. The light of a great intellect had been put out, and the day was dark; but the darkness was to us, not to the heaven beyond.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MATERIALS FOR MOURNING DRESSES.

HENRIETTA cloth and imperial serge are the staple fabrics for the first dresses worn as deep mourning. One of these materials is chosen, no matter in what season of the year it is to be worn, and it has the advantage of being suitable for all stages of mourning, according to the trimming used; indeed, many ladies when dressing in colors prefer one of these cloth-like stuffs for black dresses. Henrietta cloth is finely twilled, and is of mixed silk and wool; it is double-fold, forty inches wide, and costs from \$1 to \$3 a yard. What the English call paramatta is similar to Henrietta cloth, but is a mixture of wool with cotton. Imperial serge has a heavy diagonal cord, and is made of silk and wool; this costs from \$1.50 to \$3 a yard, and is double-fold. A similar fabric, slightly figured, is called imperial armure, and is used for lighter mourning. There is a disposition to revive the heavy English bombazines this season, but these do not wear as well as the less closely woven cloths just mentioned. Pure wool armures and twills are used for winter dresses, and some of the favorite French suiting are woven in the lengthwise cords that are so easily cleaned by the brush; among these is the excellent Biarritz cloth of jet black cored wool, at \$1.50 a yard and upward; a lighter quality of corded stuffs for spring wear is \$2 or \$3 a yard; the Biarritz cloths are only three-fourths of a yard to one yard wide, but are usually folded double. Tamise cloth is still used, but Bayonne and other bunting-like goods are far more popular for wear during the summer and intermediate seasons. Cashmeres and loosely twilled camel's-hair with loose hairs on the outside are again very much used for dresses in all stages of mourning; the latter is shown in qualities as fine as those used for India shawls, and costs \$6 or \$7 a yard; squares of such camel's-hair are now used instead of Thibet cloth for old ladies' shawls. The most appropriate fabric for deep mourning dresses in the summer is nuns' veiling in the fine qualities that have always been imported for the convents, and which have only lately been used for dresses. This is very hard twisted wool, making a smooth surface that will never become rough and "furry" as the sleazily woven stuffs do that are often sold as nuns' veiling. The genuine fabric is thirty inches wide, and has selvedges nearly an inch broad; it costs \$2.50 a yard, and is just sufficiently opaque to conceal the lustre of the silk over which it is made. Modistes advise that all these wool dresses should be made up over cheap silks, as clinging wool skirts are not comfortable to wear, are very heavy, and do not hang so well as those of silk; the expense is no greater when the silks used are only \$1 a yard, and but four and half or five yards are required. This silk, however, must be entirely concealed by the wool fabrics in pleatings or a plain mounting across the foot, and in draperies above, for it is a rule this season, for colored as well as black wool dresses, that the dress must appear to be made entirely of wool. A favorite plan is to put plain wool stitched by machine over the silk foundation skirt from the knees down; then to drape the wool above this low enough to conceal the joining of the wool to the silk skirt.

Entire dresses of English crape made up over cheap silk are made for widows' first suits; but crape is such a perishable fabric that only women of wealth order dresses of it. Instead of this, the imperial serges are widely trimmed around the bottom with a band of crape—not with folds—and this band is lined with crinoline lawn. The basque is then entirely covered with the crape, and the sacque to be added for the street is also covered with crape. When ladies in deep mourning go to family dinners, or to other very quiet entertainments, they wear black Si-cilienne, armure, and heavy cored lustreless silks, trimmed with a border of crape on the flowing train, revers of crape on the side breadths, and the close basque is nearly covered with crape. When the mourning begins to be lightened, black satin de Lyon is the fabric chosen for trained dresses, and some heavy cut jet serves for the trimming. Young ladies in very deep mourning have dinner dresses of the silk grenadines, using often two kinds of grenadine in the dress, and having crape trimmings; the principal part of the dress will be of the close sewing-silk grenadine, with the square-meshed canvas grenadine for draperies, and English crape for bands and pleatings.

The wraps worn with the first mourning dresses are of the material of the suit, warmly lined, and trimmed with crape. They are in double-breasted sacque shape, or else long mantles. The great cloaks with bishops' sleeves, and the useful circulars with fur lining, are made of Henri-

etta cloth on the outside, or else of Thibet cloth, or the closely woven drap d'été. These are bordered with black fur, such as lynx, fox, or hare, and are worn for extra wraps in the deepest mourning, and are also made to serve for lighter mourning and in colors as well. Radzimir Si-cilienne is an excellent fabric far such cloaks and for dresses, as it has a wool foundation of great warmth, with silken surface, and is soft like Si-cilienne, so that it drapes beautifully; this is very wide, comes in rolls without a fold in the middle, and costs \$8 a yard. A new satin fabric that is wool on the wrong side is imported woven in pleats like fine pleating, and is sometimes used for the bottom flounce of a dress. The most distinguished-looking silk dresses for mourning are made of the heavy Surahs with thick diagonal cords like wool serge; these cost from \$8 to \$5 a yard, and are to be trimmed with crape or, later on, with jet. For spring suits lighter qualities of the twilled Surah will be used for slight mourning; these cost from \$1.50 a yard upward; fourteen yards will make a graceful dress, with two deep pleatings on the front of the skirt—partly Shirred and partly pleated—over a cheap silk foundation; above these pleatings the Surah is crossed in draperies, and the back breadths hang plainly, or may be as bouffant as the wearer desires. For still lighter mourning, spring and summer dresses will be made of the printed Surahs that have small white figures—dots or diamonds—on black twilled surfaces. These silks wear better than the plain foulards, and have taken the place of the checked and striped summer silks formerly used for light mourning.

The taffeta, or sewing-silk grenadine, which is very closely woven transparent silk, is the first choice for summer mourning dresses. Next this is the new serge grenadine woven diagonally. Then come the well-known canvas grenadines of mixed silk and wool with open meshes, the square-figured basket patterns, the armure grenadines, and finally the gros grain grenadine, which is very sheer, and woven of round threads straight across like reps of gros grain. The spun silk grenadines without lustre are beautiful fabrics, and these are specially used for mourning dresses. For house dresses for the summer are various cotton fabrics—Cheviots, soft-finished percales, and the excellent Scotch ginghams with bars or stripes of black on white.

STYLES OF MAKING MOURNING DRESSES.

Mourning dresses are made in simple and severe styles, yet with reference to the designs that prevail for colored dresses. The heavy English fashions that were formerly adopted have been superseded by lighter French styles, and the custom now is to wear the simple nun-like dress of deep mourning for a shorter period than was formerly done, especially in large families, and by those who put on black for even the most distant relatives. The simply shaped corsage, very high at the throat, with closely fitted sleeves, is imperative, and the full round skirts without overskirts but with hanging sashes, front drapery, and revers are very appropriate for mourning attire. But the double folds of crape formerly seen on such dress skirts, and the black crape collars and cuffs of the waist, are now abolished. The folds have given place to bands, or a single layer of crape, cut always on the bias, yet giving the appearance of being straight, because this makes the crinkles of the crape perpendicular; the heavy collars are no longer kept in the shops, being only made to order for those who will not relinquish them. In their stead are fluted or pleated frills of English crape, or of crêpe lisette, or of the more dressy Brussels net. In many instances this black trimming for the neck is not used at all after the funeral, as it is unwholesome. White lisette pleatings or crimped frills, and sheer organdy collars and cuffs with wide hems, are then adopted, and worn until linen is put on.

One of the simple styles for making skirts of black wool dresses, such as Henrietta cloth or serge, has the back very full indeed, and without even the narrowest pleating at the foot. In front are two bands of crape set on narrow gores of the wool goods and lapped at the waist in front, spreading open obliquely toward the foot, where they disappear under crape pleatings. In other dresses the bands pass straight down the front without quite touching, are turned squarely at the foot, and passed back like a border to meet the full breadths of the back. When crape is not used, the front breadths of wool are sometimes laid in pleats their whole length, three deep pleats being turned toward the front to meet three coming from the opposite side; these are stitched in rows at the end, and made to fall over a narrow pleating at the foot. On each side there is sewed in with the belt a sash end, quite long, three-eighths or it may be half a yard wide, narrowly hemmed on each side, and gathered into a crape tassel at the foot. In all these skirts the back must be very full, straight, and without any trimming at the bottom, unless rows of stitching are used. For those who like more trimming, the back breadths are formed of two side-pleatings, the upper one sewed in with the belt, and the other attached to the foundation skirt half way between the belt and the foot. The front and side breadths are covered by a long square-cornered apron, edged by a band of crape that trims it up each side and across the bottom; this apron discloses a very narrow pleating of crape edging the front of the skirt. Some slender young ladies have a full round skirt without any drapery in front, and merely a wide band of crape at the foot, with perhaps a tiny balayeu pleating below it. A short basque sloped open in front from the waist line, and as simply shaped as a habit waist in the back, is made of the dress goods for skirts like those just described, or else it is entirely covered with crape. A round waist with a soft wool sash instead of a belt is worn with such dresses in the house. The double-breasted round basques open below the waist behind are used

for the black cloth dresses that many ladies now wear in complimentary mourning; these may be simply stitched on the edges, but often have a wide band of fur for collar, cuffs, and pockets, while the skirt has a still wider border of fur at the foot and straight down the middle of the front. The black pressed flannel dresses worn in the morning at home and for shopping have three or four deep tucks in the full skirt, and the waist is made in the shooting-jacket style, with two broad box pleats in the double-breasted front, one pleat down the back, a Byron collar, and a wide belt of the material; two rows of small black ivory buttons with eyes in the centre pass down the front between the box pleats. Ginghams, percales, and simple white muslin dresses will be made in the same manner for summer wear. Fine tucks in the ruffles and the revers work, like rows of hem-stitching, are the only trimming used on white muslin dresses when worn by ladies in mourning.

BONNETS, VEILS, ETC.

English crape doubled over silk is the material made up for deep mourning bonnets in the winter, and without the interlining of silk in the summer. These follow the small shape that prevails for colored bonnets, and have four or five large folds across the top for their only trimming. The broad, smooth crown sometimes has narrow folds in the lower edge, but a stiff curtain band is more used; the strings are of lustreless gros grain ribbon. Sometimes there is no trimming of folds placed on the bonnet when first made, as it is concealed by the veil; but the long crape veil is only worn a short time over the face, and is afterward draped to fall back from the top of the crown; a face veil of Brussels net is then used. A black crape band is placed inside the front of all bonnets except those for widows, who wear the narrow ruche or puff of white crimped tarlatan. The long crape veil has a hem half a yard deep in one end, reaches nearly to the foot of the wearer, has a narrow hem on the upper part, and is fastened on the bonnet by two long slender brooches that are covered with crape. For light mourning bonnets, very heavily repped silk or else uncut velvet is used. The brim of such bonnets is edged with black pearl, or dull jet beads of large size, either round, oval, or in pear shapes. Black breast feathers are sometimes put across the entire front of silk bonnets, while others have merely one side covered by the feathers.

Widows' caps for elderly ladies have large crowns of white tarlatan, with an inner crown of black net. The fronts are made of two puffs of crimped tarlatan. Young widows wear the Fan-chon-shaped cap without a crown, and with or without strings of tarlatan that lie underneath the back hair.

For very light mourning there are turned-over pleated collars of white mull, edged with wide footing, also pleated, and worn with a wide mull bow tied at the throat. There are also square neckerchiefs of mull with a deep hem that is hem-stitched, and with clusters of blocks hem-stitched in each corner. Cravat bows are of very finely folded white muslin or lisette, edged with footing. Large collars of doubled white organdy are made square across the back, and end in a slight point at the throat; some of these have the pleated footing on the edge, while others have merely a hem stitched on by machine. Fichus of organdy and of black Brussels net are shown for dressy mourning.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNELLY; Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ATKIN, SON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. GARFIELD is a graceful and slender woman, with brown eyes, brown hair dressed stylishly, a clear skin, and delicate features. She has a good deal of personal dignity, but no obtrusive self-assertion. She is something of an artist herself, and very fond of pictures. In her little sitting-room at home a bright fire glows under a Queen Anne mantel; a dark carpet and a Smyrna rug cover the floor; easy-chairs and lounges give an air of comfort; on the centre table are piled the latest books and a work-basket; a fine water-color hangs over an upright piano; and the house down stairs seems to be almost everywhere lined with books.

The average of human life really seems to be lengthening under the conditions of modern civilization. At the late election, WILLIAM MATTERS, of New Hampshire, voted at the age of one hundred and ten; Mrs. MERCY STUDLEY died last month, in Maine, at the age of one hundred and six; THOMAS EVELYN, in Connecticut, closed his accounts at the age of one hundred and four; and there are various other instances to be had. Professor HUFELAND, of the University of Jena, wrote, a century since, a treatise in which he set the possible limit of human life at two hundred years.

The present theatrical fancy in Paris is PASCA, who is already pronounced to be the successor of RACHEL and BERNHARDT. She is severely virtuous, and has great social influence. She is a favorite at St. Petersburg, and is the pupil of DELSARTE and REGNIER.

Mr. MOODY has declared it his opinion that in the long-run church fairs and suppers hurt rather than help the finances of the church.

Mr. BLAINE, a recent writer says, believes in his country with a youthful flame; and he is, in his intellect, temperament, and mood, more a representative American than most of our public men.

Dr. PUSEY is now eighty years old, and is just opening a course of lectures on the Prophetic Psalms, at his college.

MODJESKA's handwriting is sharp, fine, and of peculiar elegance, and her written English quite perfect.

Mr. HERBERT SPENCER is about to begin his autobiography.

In Christmas week the brewers BASS gave to their employés some twenty thousand pounds of beef, and the ALLSOPPS gave over thirteen thousand, together with large quantities of

poultry and game. Some anomaly has been discovered by the English papers in Sir WILLIAM HAROURT's eulogy of coffee palaces, and denunciation of dram-drinking, when he had just come from Rangmore, the seat of Mr. Bass, who would have no beef to give employés if all the world joined in the denunciation.

Mrs. HAYES invited Sir THOMAS and Lady HESKETH to make a visit at the White House before sailing for Europe.

George Eliot was proficient in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, in German, French, Italian, and Spanish. "One great in Israel" wrote to her, after the publication of *Daniel Deronda*, expressing wonder at her acquaintance with Jewish peculiarities and customs. Her face is said to have borne a strong resemblance to the pictures of SAVONAROLA.

Judge LORING, of the Court of Claims, in Washington, celebrated with his wife their golden wedding lately. As they are much beloved in the city, everybody sent flowers and souvenirs. Mrs. LORING is a sister of Mr. BOOTH, the composer of many charming ballads.

Colonel FAIR, the new Senator, is assessed, in California alone, for forty-two million dollars.

Miss GENEVIEVE WARD's friends say that she paints as well as Miss BERNHARDT, does something in sculpture, and speaks half a dozen languages, but does not advertise the fact, because it has nothing to do with her playing.

ROBERT RATLIFF, who is supposed to be the last survivor of those who accompanied NAPOLEON to St. Helena, is still living, in Nantucket, in his eighty-seventh year, totally blind and partially deaf.

XAVIER AUBREY, a French writer, who lately died of decay of the spinal marrow, became stone-blind before his death. Desiring to publish his masterpiece, on which he had expended the labor of his life, he had it given to his secretary, when it was found that his disease had made only an illegible scribble of his handwriting, which he alone could read, and he was blind.

The late Duchess of Westminster had enough splendor in her life, and refused to be buried in the family vault of dead and gone grandees, but requested that she should have a grave in the church-yard on which the grass could grow. The interior of the grave was banked with flowers. She was a good woman, and in some respects a great one.

The Boston Institute of Technology gives series of lectures to instruct teachers in the use of the limited means usually at their command. Those given by Professor CROSS, a man of growing reputation, are so valuable and popular that they have to be given twice on Saturdays.

Mrs. JAMES T. FIELD recently read a paper before the Associated Charities in which she said that personal visits to the poor, if doing no other good, helped to the acquisition of influence over the children tumbling on the floor, in order to save them from a life of degradation, and that true refinement is not blind to the evils of the world, but grapples with them to overcome and destroy them.

Mr. EDWARD E. RICE and Mr. D'OLY CARTH are to bring out, it is said, the new nautical drama of *Bilée Taylor*, the rival of *Pinafore*, without *Pinafore's* satire.

Not all the *jeunesse dorée* of Europe are given over to frivolity. Prince GIOVANNI BORGHESE is the third of the Italian nobles who have joined scientific expeditions to Africa. Count BRAZZA leads the French expedition, and Count ANTONELLI, the cardinal's nephew, is upon another.

Mark Twain is above the medium height, of good muscular development, with brown hair curling over a high white forehead; he looks much younger than he is. His home is all that wealth and taste can make it, and in it he has a lovely wife and three healthy children.

Colonel HIGGINSON's new house in Cambridge is tiled, instead of being clap-boarded or shingled. Its principal feature is the hall, which occupies as much space as any of the rooms, has a fireplace in it, and a staircase, all one side of which is illuminated by windows of various shapes and sizes. It is very quaint and picturesque.

The first fencing-master in Europe is the Marquis of San Malato, a Sicilian, who ran through his patrimony, and carries the scars of twenty-two wounds received in forty duels. His fees now are ten dollars a lesson.

Captain SALDANHA DE GAMA, a lineal descendant of the great captain VASCO DE GAMA, is now visiting in this country from Brazil.

Mr. FROUDE is a regularly ordained deacon in the Established Church.

It is said that Lord BEACONFIELD intends to leave an autobiography, to be published under Lord ROWTON's supervision. It would be vastly interesting reading if he should.

The Duchess of Hamilton recently entered her rapidly burning stables, and led out her favorite horse, that would go with no one but herself.

Both George Eliot and THACKERAY died within two days of Christmas.

The Sultan has just presented to King OSCAR of Sweden the Order of Osmanli, set in diamonds.

Mile. DOSNE, in deference to the wish of Madame THIERS, has just distributed five thousand dollars among the Parisian poor.

There is revolution in the tiny republic of Andorra, which occupies one small valley, because the authorities refuse to allow a public gaming table there.

Admiral JOHNSON, who was on board the *Victory* with NELSON, and fought at Trafalgar at the age of fifteen, has just died. He had never seen the ocean for forty years. Five officers who were at Trafalgar are still surviving.

The Czar so dislikes the ghastly pallor of the electric light that he will not have it used to illuminate the Winter Palace.

The marriage of Miss PERUGIA and the Baron LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, which has just taken place, is an affair quite after Lord BEACONFIELD's heart and descriptive powers. A photograph of Miss PERUGIA's sister was accidentally by Mr. ARTHUR SASOON, who was struck by it that he went to Vienna the original, and married her. At his London—*or* palace, rather—the young Baron PERUGIA, and the acquaintance speedily ripened into an engagement. The marriage forms an interesting link between the ROTHSCHILDS, the bankers of the kings of the West, and a house connected with all the commerce of the East; for the name of SASOON, from one end of Asia to the other, is a name to conjure with, and prayers for the marriage will be said in one language, but in all climates.

Child's Collar.—Woven Braid and Crochet.—Figs. 1 and 2.

THE collar is worked on a foundation of narrow open-work braid with cotton of medium fineness, as follows: 1st round.—Work on one side of an end of braid 1 sc. (single crochet) in the following 3d loop, * 15 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. in the following 4th loop, 14 ch., connecting the 6th of them to the 9th of the previous 15 ch., catch together with 1 sc. the following 4th and 7th loops, 14 ch., connecting the 8th of them to the 6th of the preceding 14 ch., 1 sc. in the following 4th loop, 15 ch., connecting the 6th of them to the 8th of the preceding 14 ch., 1 sc. in the following 4th loop, fold the braid to form a right angle, 2 ch., 1 sc. in the loop opposite to the one last used; repeat 12 times from *, but at the 4th and



Fig. 1.—MONOGRAM.

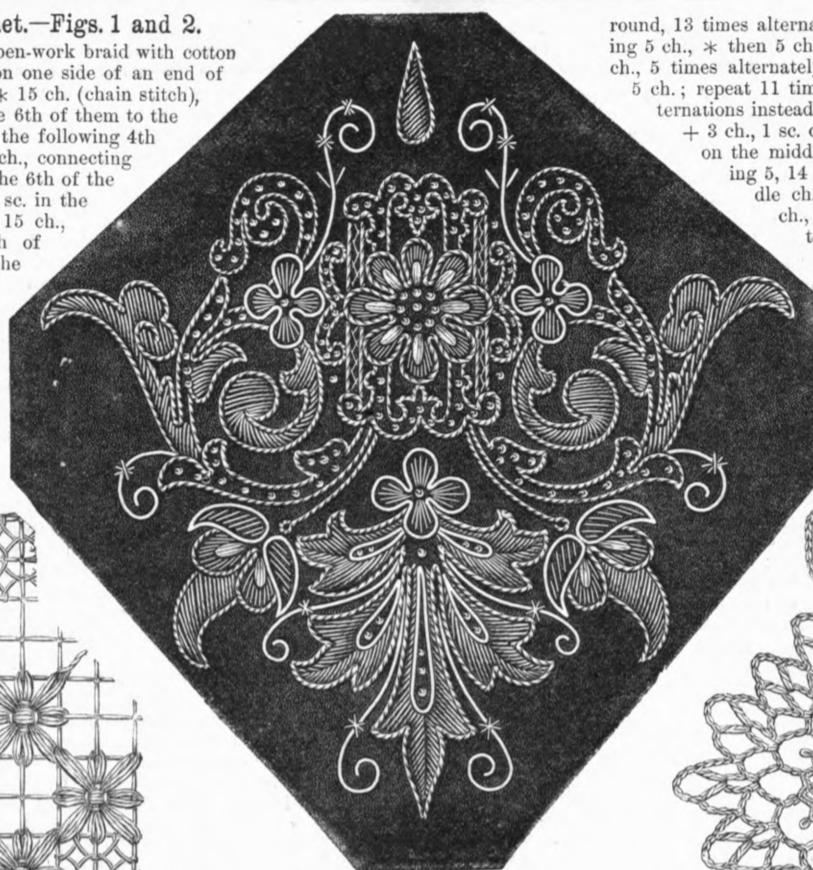
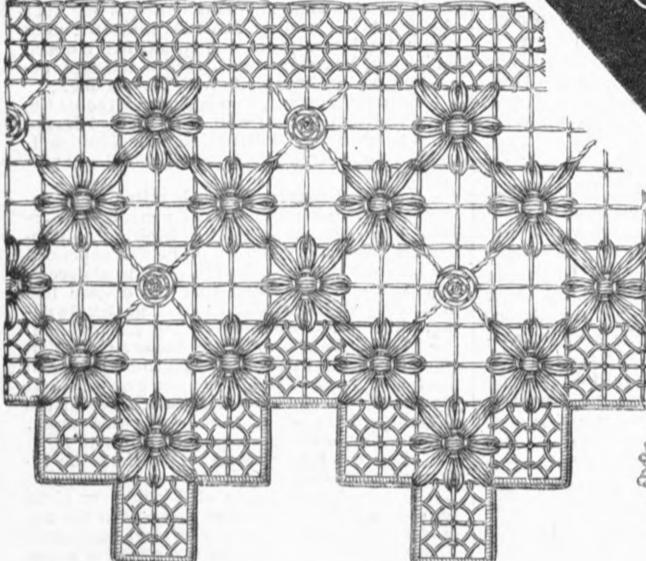


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR FRONT OF SLIPPER, FIG. 1.—SATIN STITCH AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.



NETTED GUIPURE BORDER FOR TIDY.

8th repetitions, to form the corner squares, repeat the 2d and 3d ch. scallops before working the last 15 ch., and at the 12th repetition, instead of the 2 sc. separated by 2 ch. over a fold, catch together with 1 sc. the following 4th and 7th loops. 2d round.—Work on without interruption as in the 1st round, along the same side of the braid, omitting the first sc., and connecting, as shown in Fig. 2, the 9th of the first 15 ch., the 6th of the last 15 ch., and the sc. on each side of the fold, to the corresponding st. (stitch) in the 1st round; omit also the two 14 ch. from both corner figures in the back. At the close of this round cut and fasten the working thread, and join the ends of the braid. 3d round.—Work at the other side of the braid, beginning in the 2d of the middle 2 loops on the 4th point, and crochet 4 pattern figures as in the 1st round, working the first and last of them like the corner figures below. 4th round.

—Without cutting the thread, take up a

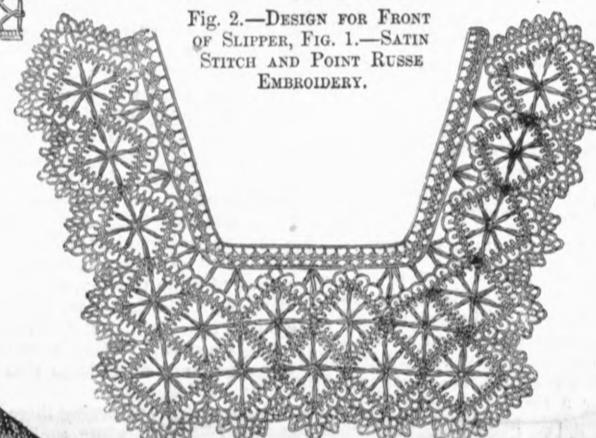


Fig. 1.—CHILD'S COLLAR.—WOVEN BRAID AND CROCHET.—[See Fig. 2.]

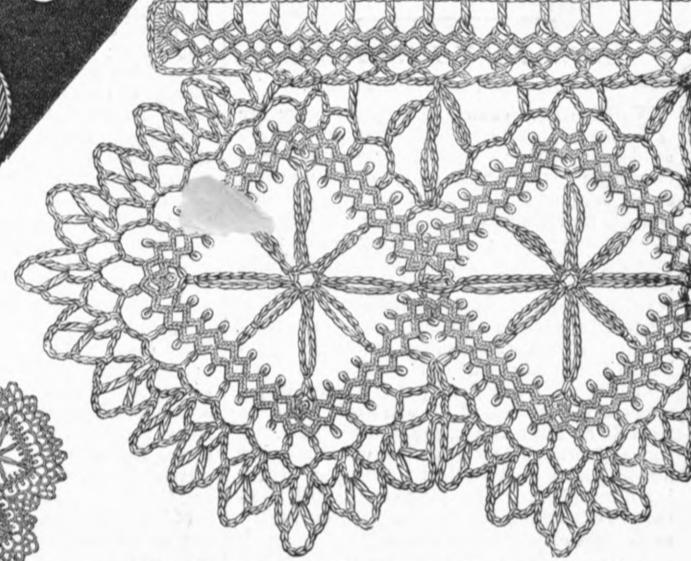
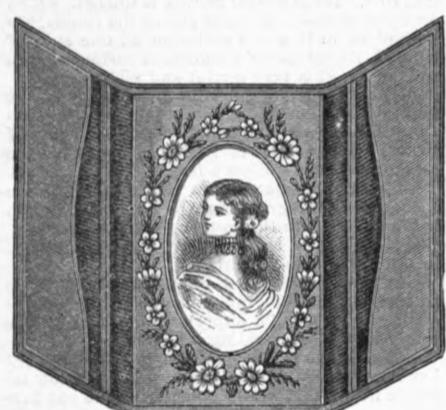


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CHILD'S COLLAR, FIG. 1.—WOVEN BRAID AND CROCHET.

—Work on the 2d of the middle 2 loops on the 4th point, and crochet 4 pattern figures as in the 1st round, working the first and last of them like the corner figures below. 4th round.

—Without cutting the thread, take up a



CARD CASE.

2d round. Fasten the ends of this braid on the braid in the 2d round. Hereupon work entirely around the outer edge for the 5th round.—Begin at the point formed by the 1st pattern figure in the 2d round, and work 1 sc. in the 2d of the middle 2 loops on it, 15 times alternately 5 ch., and 1 sc. in the following 2d loop, omitting the intervening loop under the 6th and 12th 5 ch., * then passing by 4 loops in the hollow between this and the next point, 1 sc. in the following loop, 7 times alternately 5 ch., and 1 sc. in the following 2d loop, omitting the intervening

under the 4th 7 ch.; repeat 20 times from *, but at the 3d and 7th repetitions, the corner figures, work 13 ch. scallops instead of 7, omitting the intervening

under the 4th and 10th; at the 12th repetition, which comes at the front edge of the collar, omit passing by 4 loops, and work 12 ch. scallops instead of 7, omitting

the intervening

under the 1 and 9th of them; at the 15th and 18th repetitions omit the middle ch. scallop; pass by 4 loops in the last hollow, work 4 ch. scallops as previously, and finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. in the round. 6th round.—3 sl. on

the next 3 st. in the preceding

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under the 1 and 9th of them; at the 15th and 18th repetitions omit the middle ch. scallop; pass by 4 loops in the last hollow, work 4 ch. scallops as previously, and finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. in the round. 6th round.—3 sl. on

the next 3 st. in the preceding

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the next 3 st. in the preceding

under the 4th and 10th; at the 12th repetition, which comes at

border, the corners are taken up first; for the bars that form the two inner sides of a square, six of the loose threads on each side are darned in point de reprise; the two remaining sides are secured in button-hole stitch, after which the connecting bars and the wheel at the centre are worked. Beginning next to the corner at the inner edge of the border, four threads are darned two-thirds of the distance across; the working thread is then carried to the opposite edge, and eight threads, the previous four together with the following four, are darned one-third of the distance to the opposite edge; after this are alternate bars of four threads and bars of eight, each worked over one-third the distance. Finally, the bars of four threads are caught together with drawn-work knots in the manner shown in the illustration.

BAMBOO DESIGN FOR PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

THE design for the photograph frame illustrated here is from the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work, London, and is something of a novelty in the way of embroidered trifles. The ground is olive green velvet, satin, or plush, and the outline pattern is done in couching stitch in gold thread. A couching stitch—as has already been described—is the laying of gold thread or heavy threads of silk or crewel on the outline of the figure, and sewing it over, at regular intervals, either with silk of the same or nicely contrasting shade. In the present instance the bamboo pattern is done in gold thread, sewed down with gold silk. The bamboo is so delicate a design that any heavier couching line than gold thread would destroy its effect. The gold thread only passes through the surface at the ends of the needlefuls, and then it must pass through tiny punctures made by the pricker, in order to finish it neatly. In doing such work as this, it should always be remembered that plush flattens down under fingering more quickly than the closer-piled velvet, and therefore it is safer for inexperienced needle-women to use velvet or satin for a ground-work.

CHRYSANTHEMUM DESIGN FOR CURTAIN BORDER, ETC.

THE pretty, running chrysanthemum pattern illustrated below is another of the designs from the South Kensington School. If it were to be done on canvas, it would be worked in what is known as tent stitch—that is, a slanting stitch—taking up only a single thread of the canvas. On a plain material, the stitch is very like crewel stitch, only it is shorter, rather more slanting, and the stitches lap each other more, presenting what might be called a more rosy effect.

The pattern subjoined is wrought on gray linen in crewels; but it is perfectly suited to other materials, such as may be more desirable for table-covers, curtains, lambrequins, portières, etc. On the gray linen the flowers are worked in white and light green, with the petals tipped, as they



BAMBOO DESIGN FOR PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.—FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

often are in nature, with a little delicate red. The calyxes are wrought in a soft yellow, and the stems in shades of olive green.

The hardness of the outlines in the pattern indicates that it is done with double threads of crewel; and it should be remarked that, whenever it is desirable to use two threads, they must always be cut of equal lengths, and threaded together through a very coarse needle. Never thread a needle with crewel, and pull it through to make a double thread. It is certain to cut the thread; it always frays the worsted badly, because the needle is not large enough to make a proper hole for it to pass through, and the whole result is unsatisfactory. Needlefuls of

double crewel should be shorter than of single crewel, because they are likely to be tangled, especially in untrained fingers. The greatest care should be used in working with double crewel, to have the threads come through the material with perfect evenness every time; and working in a frame will be found a great assistance in this.

White Satin Slipper.

See illustration on page 100.

The front of this white satin slipper is trimmed with a spray simulating a flower and leaves. The flower consists of a rosette made of folded points of white satin ribbon; the centre is beaded. The

leaves are cut of white stiff net, sewn with small white satin beads, and edged with larger beads, and with button-hole stitches of gold thread over flower wire. The veins are worked in stem stitch with gold thread.

Monograms, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 100.

THESE monograms are worked on batiste or linen with fine embroidery cotton in satin and knotted stitch.

Netted Guipure Border for Tidy.

See illustration on page 100.

THIS border is worked on a foundation of straight netting, in the design which is clearly shown by the illustration. The details of the several stitches used were given in *Harper's Bazaar* No. 35, Vol. XIII. The lower edge is secured with close, firm button-hole stitches, after which the surplus netting is cut away.

Card Case.

See illustration on page 100.

THE card case is of gray leather, lined with gray moiré antique. On the inside are two compartments for holding cards, made to fold over a surface covered with gray leather, which frames an oval space at the centre, which is arranged to hold a photograph. The leather is embroidered in chain, satin stitch, and point Russe, with white, light blue, and gray filoselle silk.

Blotting-Book.

See illustration on page 100.

THE convenient blotting-book rests on a frame-work of polished brass rods. The covers, which hold stationery, are faced with old gold plush, and lined with satin in the same shade. The lower part of the upper one is ornamented with a monogram, worked in satin and stem stitch with gold thread and fine bullion. A pencil is held by loops on the right side.

Embroidered Morning Slipper, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 100.

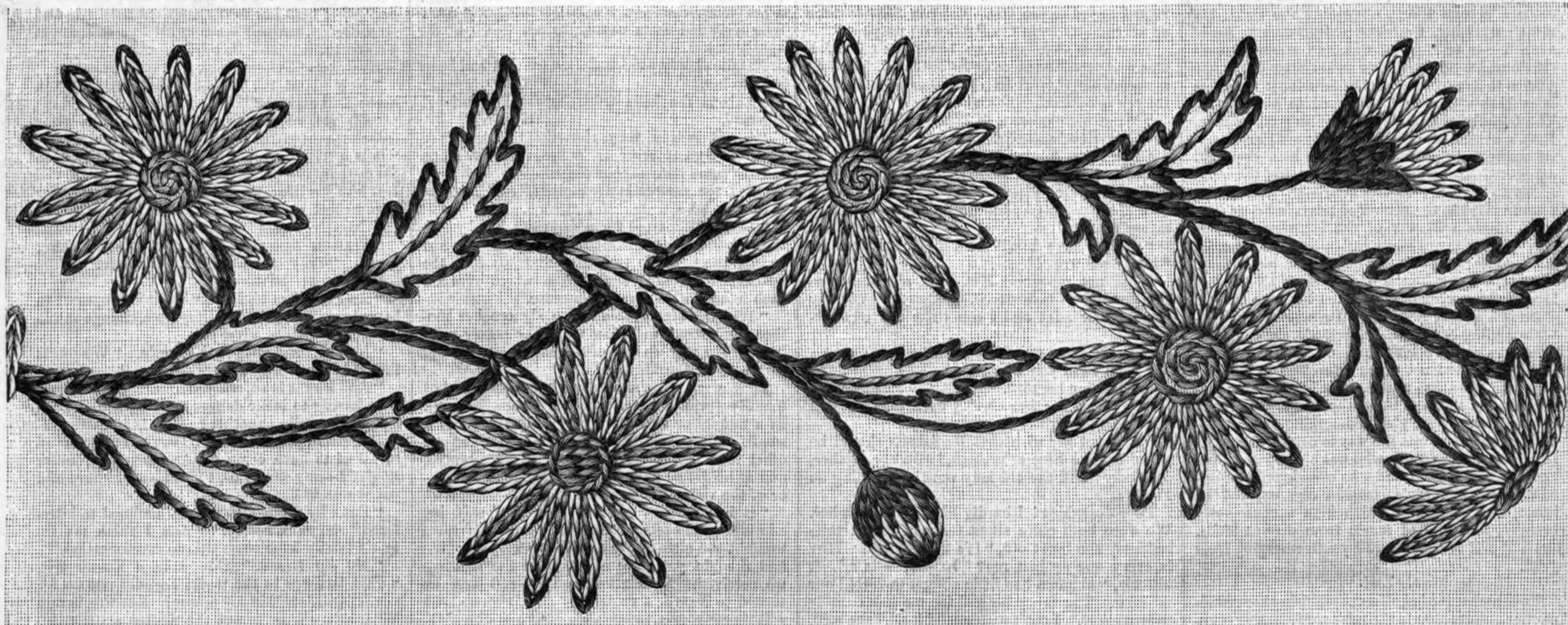
This black satin slipper is lined with quilted yellow satin, and bound around the top with black silk ribbon, which is bordered on the inside of the slipper with a cross seam in yellow silk. The outside is edged with a box-pleated ruching of satin ribbon, sewn down along the middle under heavy gold cord. Fig. 2 gives the design for the embroidery on the front of the slipper, and Fig. 3

that of the heel. After the outlines of the design have been transferred to the satin, they are defined with gold or silver cord, sewn down with similar silk, and the work within them is executed in satin and knotted stitch and in point Russe with gold or silver thread.

Work-Basket.

See illustration on page 100.

THE basket is of willow-ware, varnished light brown. The outside is trimmed with lambrequin points of peacock blue velvet, ornamented with outline-work in chain stitch of maize silk. The points are edged with olive wooler fringe three-quarters of an inch in width, set on under two



CHRYSANTHEMUM DESIGN FOR CURTAIN BORDER, ETC.—FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

threads of double zephyr wool, one blue and the other olive, which are sewn down with overcast stitches of yellow silk. Similar fringe turned upward conceals the stitches made by fastening the points to the basket. The bottom of the basket is lined with peacock blue satin over thin wadding interlining, while the sides are lined with similar satin Shirred, and fastened at the top under narrow fringe. On one side of the basket is fastened an oval piece of pasteboard, covered with peacock blue satin, and furnished with loops of similar material for holding sewing utensils. The ends of the basket are provided with pockets trimmed with narrow fringe, for each of which a piece of satin eight inches long and six inches wide is required; the material is turned down an inch and a quarter at one side, and Shirred so as to form a heading. Balls of blue, olive, and yellow wool are fastened between the points on the outside, and the handles are wound with threads of similar wool.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 50, Vol. XIII.]

FINA'S AUNT.

By MISS THACKERAY.

AUTHOR OF "OLD KENSINGTON," "MISS ANGEL," ETC.

A FEW PASSAGES FROM MISS WILLIAMSON'S DIARY.

XII.—(Continued.)

The old house in the Square seemed wonderfully warmed and brightened by the presence of this one little new inmate. Fina seemed to have come to awaken, not a sleeping princess, but a drowsy old grandmamma. Burroughes himself had begun to rub up the plate with fresh spirit; the coachman seemed to whip up his horses; the little pug-dog, instead of dozing whole days by the fire, was actually to be seen trotting round the garden at Fina's heels. Fina used also to take her grandmother out on sunny mornings; I used often to see them, strolling side by side, or sitting on the bench in the Square garden. One day an organ came up behind the railing, grinding out some air of Schumann which had found its way into its barrel, and at a certain note Fina suddenly began to cry, remembering all with a sharp and cruel pang.

Her grandmother could not understand what she meant at first, till the child explained.

"It was something papa used to like;" and then, before she could say any more, the faint camphor-fragrance of the old lady's Indian shawls seemed all about her, and the kind old arms were round her.

"Don't, don't cry; don't grieve, my child. Parents want their children to be happy. Oh, Fina, if you knew how they long for it—how I long for my children to be happy after I am gone! I have often thought of this since your father died. Fina, I never did him justice. I have often wanted to tell you so. I am afraid I was very hard to him."

"Yes, darling grandmamma," said Fina, touched to the heart, and clinging closer still to the gentle old lady.

From that day there was a tacit understanding between the two, a difference in little Fina, a look of repose and comfort which had been wanting before. The Doctor came one day to see his little patient.

"You are looking well," he said; "I see they are kind to you."

He only staid some five minutes, talking to Fina in the garden-room, as we used to call the room on the ground-floor, which used to be the school-room. Mrs. Ellis seemed displeased when she came down stairs and heard that he had been.

"Did not the gentleman ask for me or for Miss Josephine?" said the old lady.

"No, ma'am," said Burroughes, with dignity and emphasis.

The Doctor would have gained nothing if he had asked for Miss Josephine. She was at Cradleybury. She had been mysteriously summoned by her sister-in-law, who wrote on pink paper, all over roses and R's. Josephine was to come at once, she said. No excuse whatever would be taken. Mrs. Ellis was to prepare herself for some most interesting news; and by the very next post came a second letter, containing the news, the most surprising, the most extraordinary, the—shall I say so?—most welcome announcement (Madame de Sévigné's pen could alone have done justice to our feelings on the occasion): the great Miss Ellis was actually engaged to be married. The Captain, the Colonel's travelling companion, Rosa's cousin, Mrs. Blower's only son, boots, settements, faultless whiskers, the arm that had supported Miss Bessie's faltering steps, the hand about to lead her to the altar—all were to be found united in the person of Bessie's future husband, Captain Blower of the Heavies. "Some people think my cousin a little prosy," the candid Rosa wrote; "but Bessie delights in his society. They talk about horses and servants all the day long, and are evidently intended for each other."

Josephine half laughed, half sympathized. Notwithstanding her evident reluctance, she could not refuse to go. Poor Josephine! She was sorry to be away, and not much interested in Blower. Fina was left alone to the care of Mrs. Ellis. Indeed, it was the best thing that could have been desired for the little girl. Something to do, somebody to want her, was the way to comfort the poor little heart. Mrs. Ellis, who was a companionable and cheerful person, and who occasionally suffered from her children's excessive care, enjoyed the liberty and brightness which Fina unconsciously brought, the echo of music from distant lands, the outburst of irrepressible youth emerging from grief.

XIII.

I was amused to hear Fina catechising her grandmother one evening in the most unhesitating manner. "Grandmamma," she said, "do you suppose Aunt Bessie is in love?"

"I suppose so, my dear," said her grandmother. "We shall hear all about her from Josephine."

"Most people fall in love, don't they?" said Fina. "When I do, I shall fall in love with a doctor. Oh, grandmamma! do you think perhaps some day it could ever happen that my dear Doctor could marry Aunt Josie?"

"Has Josephine been talking to you?" said Mrs. Ellis.

"Aunt Josie never talks," said Fina, seriously. "The Doctor told me he had thought a great deal about her, but that she didn't care for him. But, grandmamma, I think—don't you think he is mistaken?"

"My darling child, I don't want to think about such things," cried grandmamma; "they are not for little girls or old ladies, and the less Aunt Josie troubles herself about such things the better."

"But who, then, should think about such things?" Fina was beginning; but Mrs. Ellis desired her to ring the bell, quite crossly, and so the conversation came to an end.

One peculiarity about old people is that once they have made up their minds, they act very quickly. The day before Josephine was expected home, I found a note from Mrs. Ellis, saying she had something about which she wished to consult me, and would I come over to tea?

I found the old lady alone; she looked up as Burroughes ushered me into the room. "Come here," said she. "What do you think of this?"

She was sitting at her old-fashioned desk, on which lay a sheet of paper, inscribed in her pretty handwriting. "Is it about the wedding?" I asked. "Have you been writing to your future son-in-law?"

"That depends," said she. "Read what I have said." And she fixed her bright brown eyes upon my face.

The letter took me completely by surprise. It was not intended for Captain Blower.

"87 OLD PALACE SQUARE, October 10, 1880.

"DEAR SIR,—Not very long ago you honored my daughter with a proposal, which was not, I fear, received as it might have been by me and my family. I did not then know how deeply my own child's feelings were engaged in a matter which took me by surprise, and in which, I regret to think, I acted hastily, and with little consideration for any one but myself, and my natural dislike to parting with one so dear to me as she is. I am not too old yet to own myself wrong. My children's happiness is the one care that remains to me in this world, and I should not like to pass away with the thought of an injustice unrepaired which it is in my power to acknowledge, although perhaps too late to remedy. If you have not formed other interests, if your mind is unchanged, I should feel grateful if you would answer this letter yourself in person. I have not told my child that I have written to you, nor shall I do so without your authority. From what little I saw of you, I feel I may trust you to keep my confidence, if it comes, as so many things do come, to date. Yours very faithfully, J. M. ELLIS."

"There," she said, emphatically, "put it in your pocket; post it as you go home, with your own hands, and never speak of it again unless I give you leave."

I could only kiss the dear old hand which she held out to me. There was nothing to be said, but something—very much—to hope.

As the hour approached for Josephine's return, Mrs. Ellis grew more and more uneasy. No answer had come from the Doctor. It was almost more than the poor lady could bear.

Josephine came home, longing to be back on her own account. Full of anxiety about them both, she found, with an odd heart-ache, how well the two could get on alone.

One of the first things Mrs. Ellis said to Josephine was, "We have had a visit from your friend the Doctor since you left."

"And what did he say, mamma?" Josephine asked.

"You must ask Fina, my dear. He did not care to see an old woman like me, and went away almost immediately."

"He was shy, mamma. You know every one must be glad to see you. Captain Blower came all the way from Cradleybury on purpose."

Then Josephine went on, blushing: "Dr. Adams was very kind to us in Switzerland. I think it seems ungrateful to show him no attention. Do you mind asking him to dinner?"

"What should we ask him to dinner for?" said Mrs. Ellis, uneasily.

"Don't you think he might—he might like to meet Bessie and the Captain?" faltered Josephine.

The old lady laughed maliciously. "If he is such a shy person, I should think he would much rather not."

"Oh, do have him!" said Fina, bursting in. "Do let me write!"

I did not recognize Mrs. Ellis, she spoke so sharply and so beflustered. "Certainly not, my dear. Your aunt and I can write our own letters."

Fina sat down quite crushed.

"Then shall you write, or shall I?" said Josephine, holding her own. But it was a great effort for her to do so; her cheeks were burning, and her eyes were full of tears.

"It is not my wish that Dr. Adams should be asked to dine here at present," said her mother, decidedly; and the old lady went off, leaning on Fina's arm.

Poor Josephine! I hardly liked to look at her. We were both quite silent for a moment; then suddenly she burst out, "It's too unkind! Why is every one against me? Indeed," she added, bitterly, "mamma has little reason to forbid our meeting. The fancy he had for me has entirely passed away. I can't understand it all," she said, passionately. "Sometimes it has even seemed to me that only one other soul, only one, could in-

terpret my own soul to me. I did not know until I sent him from me how I depended upon him, not only for affection, but for a sort of very existence. It seemed so wicked at the time, one feeling, and one only, and all the rest left behind. And now—now it seems wicked to have turned from it." She hid her face in her hands as she spoke.

"You could not really care even for one person," said I, "if you did not bring the power of affection which has grown with lifetime. When you marry, you will love your husband all the more, because you have not thought of him only."

"Marry!" she said, starting up; "do you suppose I could ever marry any one else?" And I remember her face lighted as she spoke. "I should like to see him again, if only once; just—just to see him, and to know how he is, and to hear what he is doing. Bessie has had no difficulties in her way." She spoke in her pathetic voice, with that strange openness of reserved nature.

"Your mother has her reasons," I began—

"I know her reasons," said Josephine, bitterly; and she began to walk up and down the room.

"Come out," said I. "The fresh air will do you good. Will you come to Silver Street with me? I have a pupil waiting."

She put on her bonnet without a word, and came with me. It was like walking with some one in a dream, so little did she seem to notice my presence. We went up Old Street, and came out into the highway with its many carriages. I took her arm, and looked right and left as we went along. We reached the opposite pavement at last, escaping the jolting dangers of the crossing. It reminded me of the day I had passed her long ago in the east wind, for at this moment the bells set off ringing overhead.

They were lowering a barrel at the public-house, and she hurried forward to avoid it. I was delayed for a moment, and as I stood waiting I saw her run up against a shabby gentleman in a strange abrupt fashion. He looked down with a quick bright flash, and exclaimed—and I could see his face, though hers was turned away. It would be impossible if it were not true, but this is true; and of all the people in this vast city, of all the millions and thousands and hundreds of people, this was the only one; the one person whom half a minute before she had been wanting with the least hope of ever meeting. "You!" I heard her cry—not for the first time.

"You!" he said. "I was coming to see you." And then and there in that miry thoroughfare, with all the cabs and carts jolting by, and all the shop fronts staring at them, he took her hand and pulled it through his arm.

"Well, what does this mean?" said the Doctor to her, smiling, as they passed without seeing me.

THE END.

Monograms, Figs. 1-4.

See Illustrations on page 109.

These monograms are worked on linen with fine embroidery cotton in a single color or in contrasting colors. Figs. 1 and 3 are worked in satin stitch, and Figs. 2 and 4 in satin and knotted stitch.

Long Cloak, Figs. 1 and 2.

See Illustration on page 109.

This black camel's-hair cloth cloak is shirred around the neck, as shown in the illustration, over a plain lining of quilted red Surah. The trimming consists of fringe, bands of fur, and bows of gros grain ribbon.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 18, Vol. XIII.]

SUNRISE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHANTOM," "MACLEOD OF DARE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.—(Continued.)

AT PORTCI.

This great plain building, which might have been called a palazzo rather than a villa, seemed, on the side fronting the street, to be entirely closed, all the casements of the windows being shut. But when they crossed to the gate, and pulled the big iron handle that set a bell ringing, a porter appeared—a big, indolent-looking man, who regarded them calmly, to see which would speak first.

Natalie simply produced the card that had been sent to her.

"This is the Villa Odelschalchi, I perceive," she said.

"Oh, it is you, then, signorina?" the porter said, with great respect. "Yes, there was one lady to come here at four o'clock—"

"But the signora is my mother," said Natalie, perhaps with a trifle of impatience.

The man hesitated for a moment; but by this time Natalie, accompanied by her mother, had passed through the cool gray archway into the spacious tessellated court, from which rose on each hand a wide marble staircase.

"Will the signorina and the signora her mother condescend to follow me?" the porter said, leading the way up one of the staircases, the big iron keys still in his hand.

They were shown into an antechamber but scantily furnished, and the porter disappeared. In a minute or two there came into the room a small, sallow-complexioned man—who was no other than the Secretary Granaglia. He bowed, and as he did so glanced from the one to the other of the visitors with scrutiny.

"It is no doubt correct, signorina," said he, addressing himself to Natalie, "that you have brought the signora your mother with you. We

had thought you were alone, from the message we received. No matter; only"—and here he turned to Natalie's mother—"only, signora, you will renew your acquaintance with one who wishes to be known by the name of Von Zoesch. I have no doubt the signora understands."

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly," said the elder woman; she had been familiar with these prudent changes of name all her life.

The Secretary Granaglia bowed and retired.

"It is some one who knows you, mother?" Natalie said, breathlessly.

"Oh, I hope so," the other answered. She was a little pale, and her fingers were tightly clasped.

Then a heavier step was heard in the empty corridors outside. The door was opened; there appeared a tall and soldierly-looking man, about six feet three in height, and perfectly erect, with closely cropped white hair, a long white mustache, a reddish face, and clear, piercing, light blue eyes. The moment the elder woman saw him, she uttered a slight cry—of joy, it seemed, and surprise—and sprang to her feet.

"Stefan!"

"Natalie!" he exclaimed in turn, with an almost boyish laugh of pleasure; and he came forward to her, with both hands outstretched, and took hers. "Why, what good wind has brought you to this country? But I beg a thousand pardons—"

He turned and glanced at Natalie.

"My child," she said, "let me present you to my old friend, General—"

"Von Zoesch," he interrupted, and he took Natalie's hand at the same time. "What! you are the young lady, then, who bearded the lion in his den this morning? And you were not afraid? No; I can see you are a Berezolyi: if you were a man, you would be forever getting yourself and your friends into scrapes, and risking your neck to get them out again. A Berezolyi, truly. The more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother; but the little scamp knew his insulting iambics were only fit to be thrown into the fire when he made that unjust comparison. Ah! you young people have fresh complexions and bright eyes on your side; but we old people prefer our old friends."

"I hope so, sir," said Natalie, with her eyes bent down.

"And had your father no other messenger, that he must employ you?" said this erect, white-haired giant, who regarded her in a kindly way. "Or is it that feather-brained fellow Calabressa who has got you to intercede for him? Rest assured. Calabressa will soon be in imminent peril of being laid by the heels; and he is therefore supremely happy."

Before the girl could speak, he had turned to the mother.

"Come, my old friend, shall we go out into the garden? I am sorry the reception-rooms in the villa are all dismantled; in truth, we are only temporary lodgers. And I have a great many questions to ask you about old friends—particularly your father."

heard a slight sigh; she turned instantly, and saw her daughter, as white as death, about to fall. She caught her in her arms, with a slight cry of alarm.

"Here, Stefan! Take my handkerchief—dip it in the water—quick!"

The huge bullet-headed man strode across the lawn to the fountain. As he returned, and saw before him the white-lipped, unconscious girl who was supported in her mother's arms, he said to himself, "Now I understand."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AN APPEAL.

This sudden and involuntary confession of alarm and despair no doubt told her story more clearly than anything else could have done. General Von Zoesch, as he chose to call himself, was excessively concerned; he held her hand till he saw the life returning to the pale, beautiful face; he was profuse and earnest in his apologies.

"My dear young lady, I beg a thousand pardons!—I had no idea of alarming you; I had no idea you were so deeply interested; come, take my arm, and we will walk down into the open, where the sea-air is cool. I beg a thousand pardons!"

She had pulled herself together with a desperate effort of will.

"You spoke abruptly, signore. You used the word *impossible*. I had imagined it was unknown to you."

Her lips were rather pale; but there was a flush of color returning to her face; and her voice had something of the old proud and pathetic ring in it.

"Yes," she continued, standing before him, with her eyes downcast, "I was told that when great trouble came upon me or mine, I was to come here—to Naples—and I should find myself under the protection of the greatest power in Europe. My name—my mother's name—was to be enough. And this is the result—that a brave man, who is our friend and dear to us, is threatened with a dishonorable death; and the very power that imposed it on him—the power that was said to be invincible, and wise, and generous—is unable, or unwilling, to stir hand or foot!"

"A dishonorable death, signorina—"

"Oh, signore," she said, with a proud indignation, "do not speak to me as if I were a child! Can not one see what is behind all this secrecy? Can not one see that you know well what has been done in England by your friends and colleagues? You put this man, who is too proud, too noble, to withdraw from his word, on a service that involves the certain sacrifice of his life. And there is no honor attached to this sacrifice—so he himself has admitted. What does that mean? What can it mean but assassination?"

He drew back his head a little bit, as if startled, and stared at her.

"My dear young lady—"

But her courage had not returned to her for nothing. She raised the beautiful, dark, pathetic eyes, and regarded him with an indignant fearlessness.

"That is what any one might guess," she said. "But there is more. Signore, you and your friends meditate the assassination of the King of Italy. And you call on an Englishman—an Englishman who has no love of secret and blood-stained ways—"

"Stefan!" the mother cried, quickly, and she placed her hand on the General's arm. "Do not be angry. Do not heed her—she is a child—she is quick to speak. Believe me, there are other reasons for our coming to you."

"Yes, yes, my friend Natalie; all in good time. But I am most anxious to put myself right with the signorina your daughter first of all. Now, my dear young lady," he said, taking her hand, and putting it on his arm, and gently compelling her to walk with him toward the open space where the sea-air was cool, "I again apologize to you for having spoken unwittingly—"

"Oh, signore, do not trouble about that! It is not a matter of courtesy or politeness that is in the question: it is the life of one of our dearest friends. There are other times for politeness."

"Stefan!" the mother interposed, anxiously, "do not heed her—she is agitated."

"My dear Natalie," said the General, smiling, "I admire a brave woman as I admire a brave man. Do not I recognize another of you Berezolys: the moment you think one of your friends is being wronged, fire and water won't prevent you from speaking out. No, no, my dear young lady," he said, turning to the daughter, "you can not offend me by being loyal and outspoken."

He patted her hand, just as Calabressa had done.

"But I must ask you to listen for a moment, to remove one or two misconceptions. It is true I know something of the service which your English friend has undertaken to perform. Believe me, it has nothing to do with the assassination of the King of Italy—nothing in the world."

She lifted her dark eyes for a second, and regarded him steadily.

"I perceive," said he, "that you pay me the compliment of asking me if I lie. I do not. Re-assure yourself; there are no people in this country more loyal to the present dynasty than my friends and myself. We have no time for wild Republican projects."

She looked somewhat bewildered. This speculation as to the possible nature of the service demanded of George Brand had been the outcome of many a night's anxious self-communing; and she had indulged in the wild hope that this man, when abruptly challenged, might have been startled into some avowal. For then, would not her course have been clear enough? But now she was thrown back on her former perplexity, with only the one certainty present to her mind—the certainty of the danger that confronted her lover.

"My dear young lady," he said, "it is useless for you to ask what that service is; for I shall refuse to answer you. But I assure you that you have my deepest sympathy; and I have seen a good deal of suffering from similar causes. I do not seek to break into your confidence; but I think I understand your position; you will believe me that it is with no light heart that I must repeat the word *impossible*. Need I reason with you? Need I point out to you that there is scarcely any one in the world whom we might select for a dangerous duty who would not have some one who would suffer on his account? Who is without some tie of affection, that must be cut asunder—no matter with what pain—when the necessity for the sacrifice arises? You are one of the unhappy ones: you must be brave: you must try to forget your suffering, as thousands of wives and sweethearts and daughters have had to forget, in thinking that their relatives and friends died in a good cause."

Her heart was proud and indignant no longer. It had grown numb. The air from the sea felt cold.

"I am helpless, signore," she murmured. "I do not know what that cause is. I do not know what justification you have for taking this man's life."

He did not answer that. He said:

"Perhaps, indeed, it is not those who are called on to sacrifice their life for the general good who suffer most. They can console themselves with thinking of the results. It is their friends—those dearest to them, who suffer, and who many a time would no doubt be glad to become their substitutes. It is true that we—that is, that many associations—recognize the principle of the vicarious performance of duties and punishments; but not any one yet has permitted a woman to become substitute for a man."

"What made you think of that, signore?" she asked, regarding him.

"I have known some cases," he said, evasively, "where such an offer, I think, would have been made."

"It could not be accepted?"

"Oh no!"

"Not even by the power that is the greatest in Europe?" she said, bitterly—"that is invincible, and all-powerful? Oh, signore, you are too modest in your pretensions! And the Berezolys—they have done nothing, then, in former days to entitle them to consideration; they are but as anybody in the crowd, who might come forward and intercede for a friend; they have no old associates, then, and companions in this Society, that they can not have this one thing granted them—that they can not get this one man's life spared to him! Signore, your representatives mistake your powers; more than that, they mistake the strength of your memory, and your friendship."

The red face of the bullet-headed General grew redder still; but not with anger.

"Signorina," he said, evidently greatly embarrassed, "you humiliate me. You—you do not know what you ask—"

He had led her back to the garden seat; they had both sat down; he did not notice how her bosom was struggling with emotion.

"You ask me to interfere—to commit an act of injustice—"

"Oh, signore, signore, this is what I ask!" she cried, quite overcome; and she fell at his feet and put her clasped hands on his knees, and broke into a wild fit of crying. "This is what I ask of you, signore—this is what I beg from you on my knees—I ask you to give to me the life of—of my betrothed!"

She buried her face in her hands; her frame was shaken with her sobs.

"Little daughter," said he, greatly agitated. "Rise. Come, remain here for a few moments. I wish to speak to your mother—alone. Natalie!"

The elder woman accompanied him a short distance across the lawn; they stood by the fountain.

"By Heaven! I would do anything for the child," he said, rapidly. "But you see, dear friend, how it is impossible. Look at the injustice of it. If we transferred this duty to another person, what possible excuse could we make to him whom we might choose?"

He was looking back at the girl.

"It will kill her, Stefan," the mother said.

"Others have suffered also."

The elder woman seemed to collect herself a little.

"But I told you we had not said everything to you. The poor child is in despair; she has not thought of all the reasons that induced us to come to you. Stefan, you remember my cousin Konrad?"

"Oh yes, I remember Konrad well enough," said the General, absently, for he was still regarding the younger Natalie, who sat on the bench, her hands clasped, her head bent down. "Poor fellow, he came to a sad end at last. But he always carried his life in his hands, and with a gay heart too."

"But you remember, do you not, something before that?" the mother said, with some color coming into her face. "You remember how my husband had him chosen—and I myself appealed—and you, Stefan, you were among the first to say that the Society must inquire—"

"Ah, but that was different, Natalie. You know why it was that that commission had to be reversed."

"Do I know? Yes. What else have I had to think about these sixteen or seventeen years since my child was separated from me?" she said, sadly. "And perhaps I have grown suspicious. Perhaps I have grown mad, to think that what has happened once might happen again."

"What?" he said, turning his clear blue eyes suddenly on her.

She did not flinch.

"Consider the circumstances, Stefan, and say whether one has no reason to suspect. The Eng-

lishman, this Mr. Brand, loves Natalie; she loves him in return; my husband refuses his consent to the marriage; and yet they meet in opposition to his wishes. Then there is another thing that I can not so well explain; but it is something about a request on my husband's part that Mr. Brand, who is a man of wealth, should accept a certain office, and give over his property to the funds of the Society."

"I understand perfectly," her companion said, calmly. "Well?"

"Well, Mr. Brand, thinking of Natalie's future, refuses. But consider this, Stefan, that it had been hinted to him before that, in case of his refusal, he might be sent to America to remain there for life."

"I perceive, my old friend, that you are reading your own interpretations into an ordinary matter of business. However."

"But his refusal was immediately followed by that arrangement. He was ordered to go to America. My husband no doubt considered that that would effectually separate him and Natalie."

"Again you are putting in your own interpretation."

"One moment, Stefan. My child is brave. She thought an injustice was being done. She thought it was for her sake that her lover was being sent away; and then she spoke frankly: she said she would go with him."

"Yes." He was now listening with more interest.

"You perceive, then, my dear friend? My husband was thwarted in every way. Then it was, and quite suddenly, that he reversed this arrangement about America; and there fell on Mr. Brand this terrible thing. Knowing what I know, do you not think I had fair cause for suspicion? And when Natalie said, 'Oh, there are those abroad who will remove this great trouble from us,' then I said to myself, 'At all events, the Society does not countenance injustice. It will see that right has been done.'"

The face of this man had grown very grave; and for some time he did not speak.

"I see what you suggest, Natalie," he said at length. "It is a serious matter. I should have said your suspicions were idle—that the thing was impossible—but for the fact that it has occurred before. Strange, now, if old —, whose wisdom and foresight the world is beginning to recognize now, should be proved to be wise on this point too, as on so many others. He used always to say to us: 'When once you find a man unfaithful, never trust him after. When once a man has allowed himself to put his personal advantage before his duty to such a Society as yours, it shows that somewhere or other there is in him the leaven of a self-seeker, which is fatal to all Societies. Impose the heaviest penalties on such an offense; cast him out when you have the opportunity.' It would be strange indeed; it would be like fate; it would appear as though the thing were in the blood, and must come out, no matter what warning the man may have had before. You know, Natalie, what your husband had to endure for his former lapse?"

She nodded her head.

For some time he was again silent; and there was a deeper air of reflection on his face than almost seemed natural to it; for he looked more of a soldier than a thinker.

"If there were any informality," he said, almost to himself, "in the proceedings, one might have just cause to intervene. But your husband, my Natalie," he continued, addressing her directly, "is well trusted by us. He has done us long and faithful service. We should be slow to put any slight on him, especially that of suspicion."

"That, Stefan," said Natalie's mother, with courage, "is a small matter, surely, compared with the possibility of your letting this man go to his death unjustly. You would countenance, then, an act of private revenge? That is the use you would let the powers of your Society be put to? That is not what Janecki, what Rausch, what Falevitch, looked forward to."

The taunt was quite lost on him; he was calm regarding Natalie. She had not stirred. After that one outburst of despairing appeal, there was no more for her to say or to do. She could wait mutely, and hear what the fate of her lover was to be.

"Unfortunately," said the General, turning and looking up at the vast pink frontage of the villa, "there are no papers here that one can appeal to. I only secured the temporary use of the villa, as being a more fitting place than some to receive the signorina your daughter. But it is possible the Secretary may remember something; he has a good memory. Will you excuse me, Natalie, for a few moments?"

He strode away toward the house. The mother went over to her daughter, and put a hand on her shoulder.

"Courage, Natalie. You must not despair yet. Ah, my old friend Stefan has a kind heart; there were tears in his eyes when he turned away from your appeal to him. He does not forget old associates."

Von Zoesch almost immediately returned, still looking preoccupied. He drew Natalie's mother aside a few steps, and said:

"This much I may tell you, Natalie; in the proceedings four were concerned—your husband, Mr. Brand, Beratinsky, Reitzei. What do you know of these last two?"

"I? Alas, Stefan, I know nothing of them."

"And we here little. They are of your husband's appointment. I may also tell you, Natalie, that the Secretary is also of my opinion, that it is very unlikely your husband would be so audacious as to repeat his offense of former years, by conspiring to fix this duty on this man to serve his own interests. It would be too audacious—unless his temper had outrun his reason altogether."

"But you must remember, Stefan," she said,

eagerly, "that there was no one in England who knew that former story. He could not imagine that I was to be, unhappily, set free to go to my daughter—that I should be at her side when this trouble fell on her—"

"Nevertheless," said he, gently interrupting her, "you have appealed to us; we will inquire. It will be a delicate affair. If there has been any complicity, any unfairness, to summon these men hither would be to make firmer confederates of them than ever. If one could get at them separately, individually—"

He kept pressing his white mustache into his teeth with his forefinger.

"If Calabressa were not such a talker," he said, absently. "But he has ingenuity, the feather-brained devil."

"Stefan, I could trust everything to Calabressa," she said.

"In the mean time," he said, "I will not detain you. If you remain at the same hotel, we shall be able to communicate with you. I presume your carriage is outside?"

"It is waiting for us a little way off."

He accompanied them into the tessellated courtyard; but not to the gate. He bade good-by to his elder friend; then he took the younger lady's hand, and held it and regarded her.

"Figliuoli mia," he said, with a kindly glance, "I pity you if you have to suffer. We will hope for better things; if it is impossible, you have a brave heart."

When they had left, he went up the marble staircase and along the empty corridor until he reached a certain room.

"Granaglia, can you tell me where our friend Calabressa may happen to be at this precise moment?"

"At Brindisi, I believe, Excellenza."

"At Brindisi still. The devil of a fellow is not so impatient as I had expected. Ah, well. Have the goodness to send for him, friend Granaglia; and bid him come with speed."

"Most willingly, Excellenza."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

USEFUL RECIPES.

Farina Jelly.—Boil one quart of new milk; whilst boiling, sprinkle in slowly a quarter of a pound of farina. Continue the boiling from half an hour to a whole hour. Season with five ounces of sugar and a tea-spoonful of vanilla. When done, turn into a mould, and place it on ice to stiffen. Serve it with whipped cream.

A nice way to preserve Apples.—Peel the apples (let them be fine pippins) the evening before they are to be preserved. Weigh apples and sugar, allowing three-quarters of a pound of the latter to one of the former. Sprinkle the sugar over a layer of the apples in the bottom of a deep bowl, add another layer of apples, and then one of sugar, until all are disposed of. Cover them up carefully, and leave them until they have formed syrup. It may be convenient to leave them from one day till the next. If so, in the morning drain the syrup from the apples, put it on the fire, and let it come to a boil. Then drop the apples in, and let them cook, a few at a time, until they are all clear, but have not dropped to pieces. Let some be cooling on dishes while the others are boiling gently. Continue so to do, with the help of a preserving



1. Lodge Gate of Arbury Park ("Cheverel Manor"). 2. Griff House, where George Eliot was born. 3. Arbury Hall ("Cheverel Manor") ("...the castellated house of gray-tinted stone, with the flickering sunbeams sending dashes of golden light across the many-shaped panes in the mullioned windows."—*Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, Chap. II.*) 4. Interior of School-room, the Elms, Nuneaton, where George Eliot was (partly) educated. 5. Astley Church, "The Lanthorn of Arden," interior view ("Knebley...a wonderful little church, with a chequered pavement, with coats of arms in clusters on the lofty roof, marble warriors and their wives without noses occupying a large proportion of the area, and the Twelve Apostles, with their heads very much on one side, holding didactic ribbons painted in fresco on the walls."—*Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, Chap. I.*)

REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE ELIOT.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF GEORGE ELIOT.

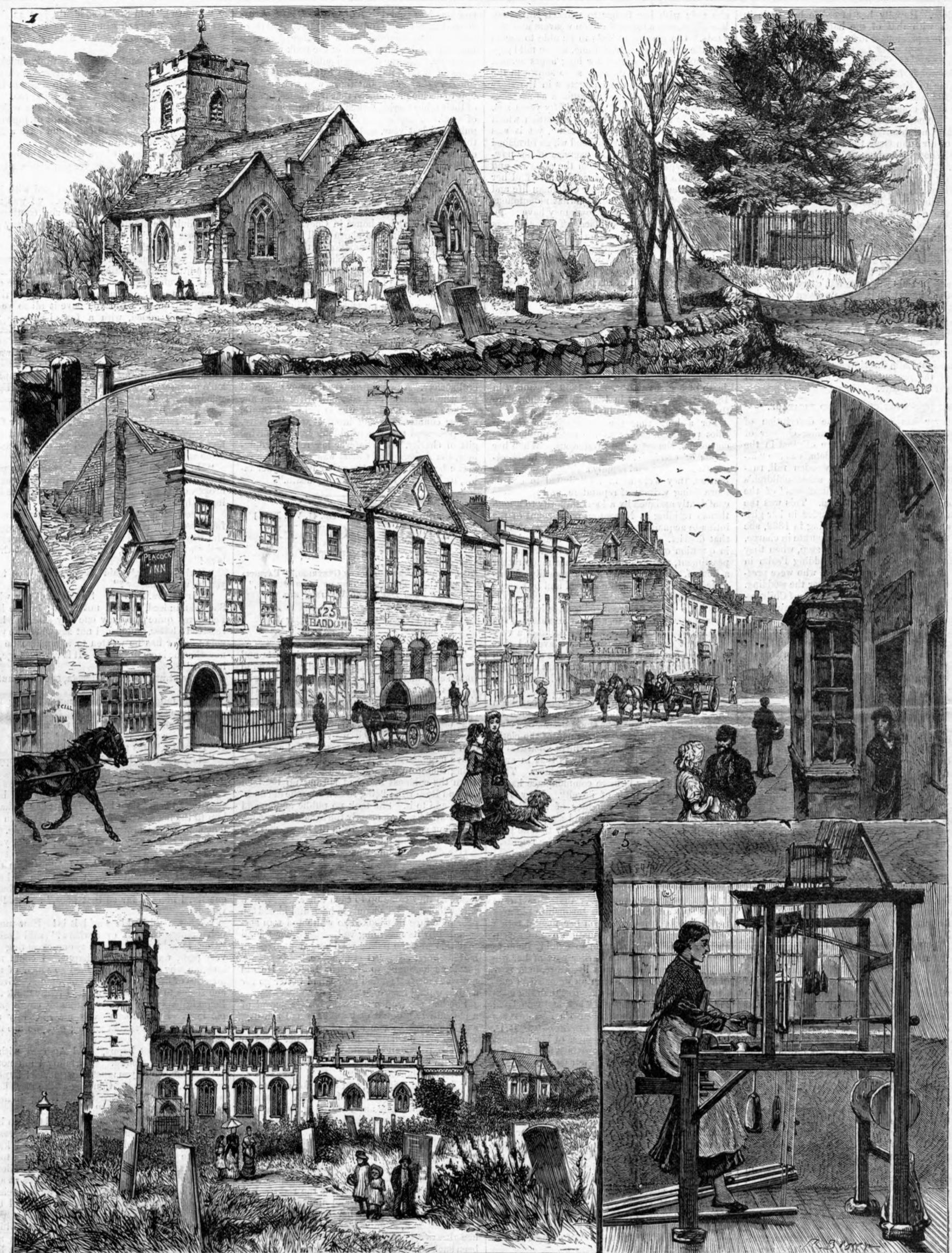
MARY ANN EVANS, whom the world has learned to know best as George Eliot, was born at Chilvers-Coton, near Nuneaton, Warwickshire, November 22, 1820. In that year her father, Mr. Robert Evans, came to reside at Griff, which is a hamlet of Coton. Griff House, the pleasant home where George Eliot's childhood was passed, stands midway between the manufacturing town of Nuneaton and the large mining

village of Bedworth. Approaching from Nuneaton, the road descends between high banks of shaly rock into Griff Hollows, a romantic little valley, "broken into capricious mounds and hollows by the workings of an exhausted stone quarry," not unlike the "Red Deepes" in *The Mill on the Floss*. A very short distance beyond the Hollows, Griff House stands on the right, divided from the highway by pleasant lawn and shrubbery, and with well-stored rick-yard and substantial farm buildings at the rear.

Mr. Robert Evans, who was one of a race of peasant craftsmen, came from Wirksworth, Der-

byshire, where in the Wesleyan chapel is a tablet to the memory of his cousin Elizabeth Evans, the prototype of Dinah Morris. His early career was not unlike that of William Bede, and his physique, tall, broad-shouldered, with massive, strongly marked features, can hardly be described without recalling the figure of the stalwart young carpenter. Like Adam, he was, perhaps, "a little lifted up and peppery," but like Caleb Garth he took an honorable pride in "the chance of getting a bit of the country into good fettle." In early life he won the confidence of the late Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart., and from being intrusted with the

supervision of the woods at Arbury, eventually became steward of the estate, and of the estates of other large landed proprietors in the county. Mrs. Evans is spoken of by some who remember her as a pleasant, comely woman, and a notable housewife. They had several children besides George Eliot, and on the marriage of the son, Mr. Isaac Evans, Griff House was given up to him, Mr. Robert Evans, with the rest of his family, removing to Foleshill, near Coventry. Mr. Isaac Evans still resides at Griff House, and carries on his father's profession. One of his sons, who is associated with him in the business, lives at Cald-



1. Chilvers-Coton Church and Vicarage ("Shepperton Church as it was in the old days, with its outer coat of rough stucco, its red-tiled roof, its heterogeneous windows patched with desultory bits of painted glass, and its little flight of steps, with their wooden rail running up the outer wall, and leading to the school-children's gallery."—*Amos Barton, Chap. I.*) 2. "Milly's Grave," Chilvers-Coton Church-yard. 3. Market Place, Nuneaton ("Milby... was a dingy-looking town, with a strong smell of tanning up one street, and a great shaking of hand-looms up another, and even in that focus of Aristocracy, Friar's Gate, the houses would not have seemed very imposing."—*Janet's Repentance, Chap. II.*) 4. Nuneaton Church and Vicarage ("Milby" "Old Mr. Crewe, the curate, in a brown Brutus wig, delivered inaudible sermons on a Sunday, and on a week-day imparted the education of a gentleman to three pupils in the Upper Grammar School."—*Janet's Repentance, Chap. II.*) 5. Ribbon Weaver, single Hand-loom ("Every other cottage had a loom at its window, where you might see a pale, sickly-looking man or woman pressing a narrow chest against a board, and doing a sort of tread-mill work with legs and arms."—*Amos Barton, Chap. II.*)

REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE ELIOT.

well, Nuneaton, and is the genial and popular captain of the Nuneaton Rifle Volunteers. Another of George Eliot's nephews is rector of Bedworth, where, among a class of men as rough as the "Spoxton miners," he has established one of the best workmen's clubs in the Midlands.

ARBURY HALL ("CHEVEREL MANOR").

Beside Griff House a lane with a broad margin of green on either hand, and overshadowed by fine trees, leads to the lodge gate which gives entrance to Arbury park. The Park, a tract of the ancient Arden, is girdled by thick woods, now

knee-deep with withered ferns. Gnarled oak and branching elm, scions of the denizens of the primeval forest, "fling their dark arms across the wold." Every turn of the winding drives discloses some new charm of picturesque wildness, till unexpectedly the stately hall is seen, now from this point, now from that, and ever presenting some fresh beauty of outline against the sky above or the dark pine woods beyond. Sir Roger Newdigate, the early patron of Robert Evans, had inherited a large quadrangular brick house, with piles of chimneys projecting from each front. This building he converted into a

noble specimen of modern compendious Gothic architecture. Sir Roger was his own architect, and employed only country workmen to carry out his designs. We can hardly be mistaken in supposing that Sir Roger Newdigate was present in the mind of George Eliot when she wrote:

"An obstinate, crotchety man," said his neighbors; but I, who have seen Cheverel Manor as he bequeathed it to his heirs, rather attribute that unwavering architectural purpose of his, conceived and carried out through long years of systematic personal exertion, to something of the fervor of genius as well as inflexibility of will;

and in walking through these rooms, with their meagre furniture, which tell how all the spare money had been absorbed before personal comfort was thought of, I have felt that there dwelt in this old English baronet some of that sublime spirit which distinguishes art from luxury, and worships beauty apart from self-indulgence."—*Scenes in Clerical Life*—"Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story."

Sir Roger and Lady Newdigate were childless, and they brought up and educated a young girl, the daughter of a cottager in the neighborhood, whose fine voice attracted the attention of Lady Newdigate, as the child was singing at the cot.

tage door. Happily her after-life had little in common with that of the hapless Caterina, excepting her passionate love of music.

ASTLEY CHURCH, "KNEBLEY."

"The wonderful little church," described under the name of Knebley in the opening chapter of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," consists of the chancel of the noble cruciform collegiate church founded by Sir Thomas de Astley in the time of Edward III. The neighboring castle of Astley was the home of Sir John Grey, the first husband of Elizabeth Woodville, whom Edward IV. made his queen. At a later period it was one of the seats of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey, and it was at Astley that Suffolk was found hiding in a hollow tree, "two bow-shots from the church," after his abortive rebellion. The lofty spire of this church long served as a landmark to travellers through the forest, and it was popularly called "The Lanthorn of Arden." Adrian Stokes, who married Suffolk's widow, stripped off and sold the lead from the roof and spire, and in 1600 the spire fell, carrying a great part of the nave with it. The present tower was rebuilt from the ruins, but the chancel remained intact, and is now the body of the church. Here are the oaken stalls of the canons, with panels painted with figures of saints, bearing scrolls on which texts in English have been painted over more ancient Latin inscriptions. The ceiling and stalls of the present chancel were the work of Sir Roger Newdigate.

CHILVERS-COTON CHURCH AND VICARAGE.

Whoever has once read the description of Shepperton Church, in the opening chapter of *Amos Barton*, will recognize the original in the narrator's sketch, even to such details as the "little flight of steps, with their wooden rail, running up the outer wall to the school-children's gallery." The "dear old quaintnesses" of the interior have not all disappeared. This was the church which George Eliot attended in her girlhood, and here, one March morning in 1832, she heard the Rev. Mr. Gwyther, then curate in charge, peremptorily order the choir to stop, when they had commenced singing the Wedding Psalm in honor of a newly married couple who were present in church for the first time after the wedding. About the same time the good people of Chilvers-Coton and Nuneaton were greatly exercised in their minds over the prolonged stay of a strange lady at Coton parsonage; and much pity was felt for Mrs. Gwyther, who, with her seven children, her poor health, and the hard struggle with genteel poverty, died not very long afterward. In these incidents George Eliot found suggestions for the story of the *Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton*.

MILLY'S GRAVE,

shown in the sketch, is the tomb of Mrs. Gwyther in Chilvers-Coton church-yard. It may be interesting to add, as a sequel to the story of *Amos Barton*, that Mary Howe, the prototype of Nanny, the maid-of-all-work, faithful to the memory of her beloved mistress, continued in the service of the Rev. Mr. Gwyther until his seven children were all grown up. On one occasion, after Mrs. Gwyther's decease, "the Countess" called at the vicarage, but Mary resolutely closed the doors, and refused to allow her to enter.

GEORGE ELIOT AT SCHOOL.

For some little time George Eliot was pupil at a boarding-school kept by Mrs. Nancy Wallington, The Elms, Nuneaton. There is some difficulty in ascertaining the exact period, but it was certainly between the years 1826 and 1830. Several of her old school-fellows are still living at Nuneaton. They describe her as a quiet, reserved girl, with strongly lined, almost masculine features, and a profusion of light hair worn in curls round her head. By-the-way, if the gossip of neighbors be true, Maggie Tulliver was not the only girl who, in a fit of childish pique, sheared off the too-exuberant locks which would not "lie straight." Such an incident occurred in George Eliot's own girlhood. One of her school-fellows recalls that the first time she sat down to the piano she astonished her companions by the knowledge of music she had already acquired. She mastered her lessons with an ease which excited wonder. She read with avidity. She joined very rarely in the sports of her companions, and her diffidence and shrinking sensibility prevented her from forming any close friendship among her school-fellows. When she stood up in the class, her features, heavy in repose, were lighted by eager excitement, which found further vent in nervous movements of the hands. At this school George Eliot was well taught in English, with drawing, music, and some little French. Perhaps the lessons she liked best were those in English poetry, which took place on Saturday mornings, when, on a promise of silence and attention, readily given, Mrs. Wallington would vary the monotonous sing-song of the girls by reading herself, in a sweet, clear, finely modulated voice, from some old-fashioned poets.

NUNEATON CHURCH AND VICARAGE.

A narrow lane divides the school-house from the vicarage garden and the church-yard. At the time when George Eliot was at school at Nuneaton, the Rev. Hugh Hughes had been curate of the parish for about fifty years, the vicar being non-resident. In 1829, the Rev. J. E. Jones, a young Evangelical clergyman, curate of the chapel of ease in the neighboring hamlet of Stockingford, obtained a license from the bishop to deliver Sunday evening lectures in the Nuneaton church, with much the same effect on the parochial mind as resulted from the same incident at Milby in *Jane's Repentance*.

NUNEATON MARKET-PLACE

may be recognized as the High Street of Milby. When George Eliot was a school-girl here, or when

she rode with her father to market, Nuneaton, like Milby, was a town of ribbon weavers and tanneries. Old gossips profess to be able to recognize the aristocratic Mr. Sorome, whose mild gayety consisted in lounging for long hours against the door-post of the grocer's shop shown in the sketch. Almost all the characters in the story of *Jane's Repentance* are recognized as sketches from the social life of Nuneaton fifty years ago. It was but a small part of her education which George Eliot acquired at Nuneaton, yet it was these impressions of her girlhood which furnished the earliest subjects for the exercise of her powers when she first turned from the abstruse and arid studies of her early womanhood to find her true vocation as an interpreter of human life and passions. To others the somewhat monotonous society of the little country town may have seemed dull, prosaic, commonplace. To her it was given to understand that the commonplace is not necessarily ignoble. Sunrise, as Carlyle expresses it, is none the less marvellous and beautiful because it happens every morning; and humanity is none the less full of deepest pathos and subtlest humor because it is robed in homely forms of life and thought.

GEORGE ELIOT.

WITHIN little more than twenty years, the Christmas festivities of the English-speaking world have been thrice saddened by the unexpected death of a great writer. In 1859 Macaulay, in 1863 Thackeray, and in 1880 George Eliot, were thus borne away to the invisible world.

For a long time the personality of George Eliot remained, as far as the outer public were concerned, shadowy and mysterious. When her *Scenes of Clerical Life* first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and rapidly attracted general attention, they were at first attributed to one or more living writers of reputation, and then were confidently assigned by a local authority to a gentleman residing at Nuneaton, on account of the intimate acquaintance which they displayed with that district. It is reported that the gentleman in question only faintly denied the flattering impeachment, and was in consequence made rather a lion of. But this rumor was speedily contradicted both by Messrs. Blackwood and by George Eliot himself.

For the writer was resolved to hide herself under a masculine disguise, and in the matter of sex she deceived most people. We remember a very competent critic at the time who averred that there was one thing certain about the authorship of the *Clerical Life* series, namely, that they were written by an elderly clergyman who was very fond of dogs.

Even when the sex of George Eliot had been revealed, people still clung to the clergyman legend. She had either been the daughter of a clergyman, or had been adopted by one of the cloth. Hence her minute insight into the peculiarities of the profession. The fact really is that in such cases outsiders see far more than insiders. That which to the latter is mere commonplace has to the former the charm of novelty. Mary Ann Evans, the observant daughter of Mr. Robert Evans, the highly respected land agent and surveyor of Nuneaton, was more likely to take photographic images of clergymen on the retentive plates of her memory than if she had been bred in a parsonage.

Considering that nowadays most of our female novelists rush into print while still in their teens, it is instructive to remember that Miss Evans stored up all these priceless Loamshire pictures which had been imprinted on her mental retina until she had attained the mature age of seventeen-and-thirty, before she began to exhibit them to the world at large. The earlier part of her life had been spent, as regards literature, in a very diverse field. She had been an industrious contributor to the *Westminster Review*, then the leading journal of "freethought," and had translated such heterodox works as Strauss's *Life of Jesus* and Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*. It is, however, a proof of the largeness of her intellect and the breadth of her sympathies that she displays in her novels none of the carping or sneering at Christianity which would almost certainly have characterized an inferior mind educated amid such "agnostic" influences. On the contrary, she depicts her clergymen, and the spiritual experiences of other of her characters, with kindly and hearty sympathy. Yet, as far as her own views were concerned, although not going the whole length of some of the Comtists, she was an ardent believer in the "Religion of Humanity," and throughout all her novels there prevails the idea that the effect of our deeds extends to the remotest generations—a conception which, if vividly realized, ought to induce human beings to keep the strictest watch over their actions, the consequences of such actions being, for good or for evil, everlasting.

The success of the *Scenes of Clerical Life* prompted further labors in the same direction. In 1859 *Adam Bede* appeared, of all George Eliot's works perhaps the most popular favorite, though it is run hard both by *The Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner*, which successively appeared in 1860 and 1861. *Romola* appeared in 1863. This story, the product of profound study and laborious research, has for its hero the Italian reformer Savonarola, to whom, by-the-way, the authoress bore remarkable personal resemblance. The greatest genius, however, is handicapped when the scene of a story is laid in remote times and an unfamiliar country. *Romola* won a *succès d'estime*, but not the hearty appreciation accorded to its predecessors. Nor was there in *Felix Holt*, published in 1866, anything equal to the inimitable humors of Mrs. Poyer and Mrs. Tulliver. George Eliot's last two novels were *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*, which appeared respectively in 1871 and 1876. Midland scenery was resorted to in *Middlemarch*, but the hu-

mor was less genial than of yore. *Daniel Deronda* contained some admirable characters, but there was more "preaching" than novel-readers care for, and the Jewish element of the book was rather boring. George Eliot also published some volumes of poetry, notably the *Spanish Gypsy* and the *Legend of Jubal*, but those who were competent to decide pronounced that her verses, in spite of their other merits, lacked the indispensable gift of song. *Theophrastus Such*, a volume of essays published last year, and which first appeared in this country from advance sheets in the columns of the *Bazar*, was memorable as being the last work given to the public by the gifted writer.

After an intimacy of many years with the late George Henry Lewes, which was terminated by his death two years ago, Miss Evans recently married Mr. Cross. She was taken ill on Sunday, December 19, at her house in Cheyne Walk, but her ailment excited no alarm until the following Wednesday, when inflammation of the heart came on, and she died at 10 P.M. She was born in 1820.

"Her personality," says a correspondent of the *Daily News*, "was fully as great and remarkable as her books. In every line of her face there was power, and the massiveness of her jaw and mouth might well have inspired awe but for the extreme graciousness of her smile. Her voice, also, was exquisitely melodious, but often raised not above a whisper. Her sensibility on the subject of her own works was so exquisite that she would not tolerate the faintest allusion to them in general society. An extraordinary delicacy pervaded her whole being. She seemed to live upon air, and the rest of her body was as light and fragile as her countenance and intellect were massive. She possessed to a remarkable degree the divine gift of charity, and whatever her religious opinions, the *Imitation of Christ* was one of her favorite books, found by the writer lying on her table, by her empty chair, after her death."

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M Y L O V E.

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIZZIE LOXTON OF GEEYTRIGG," "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "FROM DREAMS TO WAKING," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

THE FIRST RESERVE.

THERE was no ill feeling between Augusta and Stella, and each knew herself loved, pitied, and in some sense understood by the other; but the widow was as angry with Mr. Branscombe as with Colonel Moneypenny, and with both so far as reason would allow her to be angry with any one. Like other people she looked on passions as boomerangs, which come back with a blow on one's own pate, save when one is so powerful as to rise above circumstances, and then they are luxuries. Being therefore angry, she did nothing to break down the coldness that had sprung up between her and Rose Hill; being reasonable, she did nothing to add to it. She took no public action, and to the world was on exactly the same terms as before; but she kept away from the house, and Mr. Branscombe understood why.

One day two young women met face to face on the road. Both were walking—Augusta with her child, Stella alone.

"Why, Stella, alone! How is this?" cried Augusta, as they came up to each other.

She took the girl's hands in hers, and kissed the poor pale face that looked so white and wan surrounded by its mourning veil—kissed her for all that this was the public road and a ploughman had his horses' heads to the hedge.

"Papa has gone to Derwent Lodge. He did not want me to-day, and said I had better go for a little walk," answered Stella.

She had the leaden look and listless accent of a person whose fount of happiness had run dry, and whose life is one now of suffering rather than of active energy. She carried her cross in patience, truly, but she did not try to cheer herself with the belief that it was wreathed with flowers, not thorns.

"Turn back with me, and come for a pleasant walk by the river-side. It is fresher than this dull road; and Tony and I are going. Come! It will be better for you than tramping along the highway by yourself."

Stella had an idea, by no means hazy, that her beloved papa would rather she did not walk by the river-side or elsewhere with Augusta Latrobe; and had she seen her way to an excuse she would have refused on any ground but the right. But she was taken unawares and unprepared; and she could not find it in her heart to pain this sweet-tempered, kindly mannered woman, who had always been good to her, and who had, besides, been such a favorite with dearest mamma, and Cyril's stanchest friend. So, yielding to the temptation of complaisance, she said: "Yes, she would go; and it would be pleasanter by the river-side with Augusta and little Tony than here on the dull high-road by herself."

On which the two went into the field through which they had to pass before they reached the river; and talked as they went on everything outside their hearts, and in which they felt no kind of interest.

Augusta had not been to the river since that day when she had met Sandro under the elm-tree sketching the rock overgrown with flowers. This had been the day after Mrs. Branscombe's funeral; and though as little superstitious as weak, she caught the coincidence of thus falling upon Stella on the very day when she had determined to brave her memories and suppress them by the overlay of a new association. These coincidences, which mean nothing, often occur in our lives, she thought, sagely. Still, it was odd, and she noted it curiously.

"Augusta," said Stella, suddenly, just as they crossed the field and came full on to the river, "what has become of Mr. Kemp? Do you know?"

She spoke without note of warning, quickly, abruptly, as if the sight of that river which ran so full of his name and presence to Augusta had suddenly brought the artist to her mind too.

"I do not know, dear," answered the widow, turning to struggle with a tough bit of ragwort, and calling to her boy to come and have a fine golden flower stuck into his cap.

"You do not know where he is?" said the girl again.

"Then no one does, for you were his best friend."

"Was I?" replied Augusta, occupied with her boy's cap and his golden flowers. "I was not aware of that fact, Stella mia," she continued, with admirable indifference; "but if you say so, I suppose I was."

"We always thought so," said Stella.

"Oh yes, I remember now," replied Augusta, with a little dash of malice which she knew Stella would not understand. "Your father made out some odd theory of the same kind the last time you called on us. But you have it all to yourselves," she added, with a forced laugh. "I make you a present of the whole affair—friendship, intimacy, everything."

"I did not know, of course, but I always thought you were very great friends," said Stella, wide of the truth, and dense as to her companion's meaning. "At all events, he has left Highwood, and I do not think he intends to come back."

"So?" returned Augusta, quietly; but her fair face grew from fair to pale, and she opened her lips, while her nostrils dilated as if her breath came with difficulty.

"He is very unhappy about something, so perhaps that marriage which was talked about is broken off, poor fellow!" said Stella, her eyes filling with tears.

Reason enough, according to her own sorrowful glossary, why any one should be unhappy, and why tears should come into her eyes for sympathy with those who, like herself, had lost their love!

"Perhaps it is," said Augusta. "Who told you he was unhappy?"

"Mary—Mrs. Prinsep. She did not say why. She said, indeed, she did not know; but he left Fernacres quite suddenly one day after he had received a letter, and he did not say where he was going. Nor has he written to say where he is, now when he is coming back. It is very strange, is it not?"

"Very strange," said Augusta, speaking automatically.

"Poor fellow! Something must have gone wrong," continued Stella.

"Yes, something must," said the widow.

"I wonder what it is, Augusta?"

"I wonder," was the echo.

"Mary said he looked dreadfully unhappy," continued the innocent torturer.

"Ah!" returned her listener.

"I am so sorry he has left like this! I had seen a good deal of him lately. Papa used to have him to the house very often; and I liked him so much. He was always so kind and gentle. I liked him really very much of late; did not you, Augusta?"

"I? Yes, I liked him," said Augusta, in the manner of one waking from sleep and making an effort to concentrate her attention. "Every one liked him, so far as that goes," she added, vaguely.

"What a miserable world it is! How much unhappiness there is everywhere!" said Stella. "Once I used to think that every one, excepting the very poor, was necessarily happy. I could not imagine why people complained so much of the miseries of life; but now I do not wonder. Every one seems to be so wretched! I really think the Pennefathers are the only thoroughly happy people here. Even Hortensia is not sincerely so, though she declares that she is; and you are not either, Augusta."

"No, I am not happy," said Augusta, with a sudden rush of feeling. "Certainly I am not."

"Poor darling! you must be wretched! I know you must," said Stella, thinking of the dead husband, with a side glance to the living mother. "You have lost so much!"

For a moment Augusta felt inclined to open her heart, and make the girl a present of her confidence. She stopped herself in time, and kept back the dangerous thoughts before they took shape or sound in words. No, she must be silent. It was not in her way to make confidences at any time. She knew that the more she was sufficient for herself the more completely she would triumph, not only over her own weaknesses, which were few, but over her external difficulties, which were many. Besides, an unmarried girl can not understand how a widow, or a woman past her first youth, should be in love at all. The one is sacrilegious, the other ridiculous. No, she must not reveal herself to Stella Branscombe. She must receive confidences, not give them; and give sympathy, not receive it. She must let no one see the shadow of the cross she bore for love of her boy—she must scarcely confess to herself that she bore any cross at all. Strength grows better the less we dig about the roots of our difficulties; and sorrows increase by contemplation, but dwindle when we refuse to look at them.

Nor could she even say, "I have had to write a dreadful letter to Mr. Kemp," for that would be giving the clew which would lead straight into the heart of the maze. She must say nothing save what was substantially untrue as an indication as she repeated Stella's words: "Yes, I have indeed lost much! But not more than you have, my darling. You, too, have lost all!"

"I have papa," said Stella, with a sob.

"And I my boy," said the widow, checking a sigh.

Suddenly she turned, with strange passion, to the girl.

"Oh, Stella!" she cried, stopping in her walk, and laying her hands on the shoulders which had once been so round and smooth, and were now so sharp and angular, "you should have done as I told you! You should have married Cyril Ponsonby. You should not have minded what any one had said. You should have kept your promise and have married him."

"How could I, Augusta?" said Stella, piteously. "Papa would have died without me."

"Oh no, he would not," said Augusta, still with the same odd unusual heat of manner, traversed now by a bitter vein of sarcasm. "He would have got on quite well without you. He would have missed you at first, of course, but he would soon have made some comfortable arrangement for himself, and he would have been quite as well satisfied as he is now. And you and Cyril would have been happy. Now you will regret your loss all your life, and so will Cyril. For of course I know, like all the world, that the engagement is broken off now, not only the marriage postponed, as it was at first; and I know that I may speak to you as if you were my younger sister."

"But papa is so good! He could not have been left after poor mamma went. It was my duty to stay with him. And he is so good!" Stella said again, as if she were repeating an Ave or a charm.

"If he had been as good as you say, he would have let you marry and be happy, instead of sacrificing you to his own vanity and selfishness," thought Augusta. But again she pressed back dangerous thoughts before they had taken shape or sound. Stella's blind faith in her father almost irritated her, seeing so clearly as she did. It seemed to be less filial piety than intellectual fatuity; and she longed to enlighten her, and make her see the truth as she and others saw it. Still, it was not her duty, Augusta reflected, to open a daughter's eyes to the pitifulness of the sham whereof love had made a demigod, but she kept to her point all the same.

"You should have married," she repeated, as warmly as before. "You have ruined Cyril's life as well as your own; and it was not in your duty, as it is in mine. You had no one to care for, to protect, to sacrifice yourself for, as I have. Your father could take care of himself; my boy can not, and he has only me to love him, and look after his best interests."

And then—how strange a thing to happen!—Augusta Latrobe, the calm, reasonable, self-restrained woman, suddenly loosed the reins of her control, and covered her face in her hands; and Stella saw the tears steal through her fingers, and fall like rain to the ground.

She was shocked, startled, half frightened. She felt as if Augusta had told her that she had some mortal malady, and must die, or had committed some deadly crime, and must be punished. She could not understand it all, nor see what she meant and to what she alluded; when suddenly the little fellow came running up to his mother, clinging to her gown, and himself half whimpering.

"Mamma, why do you cry?" he said. "This is just the place where you cried that day when we saw Mr. Kemp. What makes you always cry here? Has Stella been talking to you as Mr. Kemp did?"

The truth leaped out like fire into the girl's face.

"She loves Sandro Kemp, and has had to refuse him because her mother would not let her marry him!"

This was the meaning of it all. Henceforth she knew the secret of her friend's life. It was a shock, of course—a wrench to her respect, a trial of her faith, as Augusta knew that it would be. But mental prejudices generally go down before affection and sympathy; and Stella remembered only that her friend suffered, and forgot that, as a widow close on thirty, she had no right to suffer as she did at all.

"Poor darling! poor love!" she said, in an undertone, kissing her, even as Augusta had kissed her, from the fullness of sympathy and sorrow.

The widow raised her face, and returned the caress.

"Never speak of this to me," she said, in a low voice, and then gave herself to the task of comforting her little boy, who had suddenly broken his heart for sorrow, fear, and jealousy together.

So now the two understood each other without fuller explanation, but with perfect confidence; and, woman-like, each was as much interested in the other's love as if it had been her own; and while Augusta wondered if she could not still induce Stella to marry Cyril, Stella wondered if there was any way by which Augusta could by possibility permit herself to marry Sandro. Poor, dear, loving women! And the men for whom they wept thinking them hard, cold, and heartless!

This walk and confidence with Augusta Latrobe was the first secret kept from her father in Stella's transparent life. She felt as if she had somehow fallen from grace, and had come into sin, and as if she should never feel her old innocent self again, because she did not run, open-mouthed, to tell him what she had done and learned. She could not even say that she had seen Augusta. She did not know why, but she could not volunteer this apparently insignificant little statement. Nevertheless, when later in the evening he asked her where she had been, and whom she had seen, she could not conceal the bare bones of the fact, if she still kept the heart of the circumstance close hidden.

"I met Augusta Latrobe, and we went for a walk by the river-side," she answered.

Mr. Branscombe frowned.

"Of all the young women in the place, she is the least desirable companion for you," he said, slowly and emphatically. "I thought I had made this clear to you already, my child. However that may be, you will bear it in mind for the future, will you not? I do not approve of Mrs. Latrobe

as your companion. This is the text on which you must embroider the various renderings of obedience and renunciation as occasions occur. You understand me?"

"Yes, if you wish it, papa," faltered Stella. "It is so unfortunate that you do not like her," she added, plucking up so much courage of opposition as was contained in this plea. "She is so very kind and sweet. And I always remember that dearest mamma liked her so much, and was so sorry for her."

"As I once expressed myself to you, my dear Stella, your sainted mother, my good Matilda, had the unfortunate propensity for making pets of very undesirable people," said Mr. Branscombe, significantly. "Of more than this objectionable young woman," he added, with a cruel smile.

Stella said no more. She knew for whom her father meant the ricochet of this bullet aimed at Augusta; and Mr. Branscombe, looking at her flushed face and a certain unexpressed fire of indignation in her blue eyes, wondered for a moment if it were in the possible ordaining of future things that his Star should become less radiant than heretofore, his docile child should learn to be so far disobedient and recalcitrant as to encourage affections which he disallowed.

To make sure of her, at least for the present, he gave himself a great deal of trouble that evening, putting himself forth, as he so well knew how, as the embodied ideal of moral perfection and mental splendor, dazzling, as so often before, the mind made subservient to his by the long training of love and worship, till Stella felt that for papa—dear, dear papa—martyrdom itself would be not only right but easy.

It was a little trial to her, however, on all sides, when, next Sunday, she and Augusta met in the porch, as the manner of the place was, and she had to speak to her with studied indifference. Mr. Branscombe had by now relaxed the severity of his mourning isolation, and he and Stella joined the Sunday church-door club, according to the manner of the Highwoodites in general. As usual, he did not see the pretty widow clearly enough to shake hands with her, but he watched his daughter, while appearing to be occupied only with Mrs. Lyon and Hortensia. Augusta saw the whole position as clearly as if it had been laid down in black and white, and she knew what Stella was feeling, and what were her difficulties. Wherefore she simply smiled, and gave the girl's hand a friendly secret squeeze which betrayed nothing and confessed all. Then she passed out into the damp fog with the noisy Doves, and troubled no one. But Stella had now a secret in her hitherto pure and crystalline life. She had established a private understanding with Augusta Latrobe, whom her father disliked, and bade her dislike also and shrink from. And she, of all in Highwood, knew the secret of the young widow's life, and what had been the moving cause of Sandro Kemp's sudden departure. It was a terrible burden for a girl who had never thought a thought nor done a deed with the faintest semblance of reserve or mystery. But fate is often very hard upon us, and nothing pleases a malign Fortune so much as to push us into actions uncongenial to our qualities. The truthful she forces into insincerity, the self-sacrificing have to appear selfish, the generous are thrust into misers' rags, and the gentle-hearted have to be judges and executioners. And this malignity Stella experienced for the first time when, the very soul of truth and candor as she was, she returned Augusta's hand-press with one as significant and warm, and neither wished nor allowed her father to see.

CHAPTER XXVI. "RUN DOWN."

"How ill Stella Branscombe is looking!" This was the one common piece of news which each exchanged with each, and all passed on to the next corner.

And indeed she was, as they said, looking wretchedly ill. She was pale and thin, to the loss of all that lovely coloring, that graceful outline, so characteristic of her former self. Her eyes were too deeply sunk for one so young, and large blue circles were round the orbits. Her lips were too colorless, her hands too transparent, her step was too heavy, her bearing too listless. And she had, besides this want of life and spirit, a harshest expression in her face, behind which could be read a certain kind of strange fear that set folks wondering why, and made them think of Mrs. Branscombe. So that many supplemented their first piece of information with the rider, "And how like she grows to her poor mother!" But, like that mother, she did not complain; and when asked, somewhat significantly, how she was, answered always in the same way, "Well—quite well, thank you."

Of course her father saw nothing of what was so visible to every one else. Devoted to elegance and art as he was, he shut his eyes to the prosaic conditions of indigestion and nervous exhaustion; and if forced to accept "delicacy" as a fact, accepted it only in its aesthetic aspect, and worked it in somehow with the image of spirits and angels and flowers and moonlight nights, of mist-wreaths on the hill, and of snow-flakes on the young grass. He could not by any possibility come down to the gross truths of physiology, and preferred his poetic rendering to any scientific interpretation that could be given.

It was a rather awkward position for Dr. Quigley. He saw, even more clearly than the rest, that Stella had "run down"; but he was not called in to give his opinion, and professional etiquette is against a man's taking a patient by force, or volunteering advice without leave asked or request made. Nevertheless, he determined to break through that conventional etiquette so far as he might, and to do what he could to make Mr. Branscombe see things as they were, and to do his duty when he had seen them. Accordingly,

one bright, crisp, frosty day, he went up to Rose Hill, and found father and daughter at home, with Hortensia Lyon to bear them company.

He was ushered into the studio, where Mr. Branscombe received all those visitors whose presence pleased him, or whose praise he coveted. The room was hot, close, stifling—full of the odor of paint and varnish and heavily scented greenhouse flowers, combined with the perfume of a small fountain of eau-de-Cologne always playing on the table. The atmosphere and temperature alone were sufficient to account for any amount of pallor and lassitude in the girl, thought Dr. Quigley. Add to these this constant stooping over her desk, and the strain of that unremitting mental servitude which was demanded of her by her father—and, thought the Doctor again, what stuff it was when it was done!—and was it to be wondered at if Stella looked worn-out and run down as she did, and as if she would fall into severe illness unless her present disastrous mode of life was interrupted?

Dr. Quigley loved this girl as if she had been his own. Had he not loved her mother as the one perfect woman of his life, venerated her as the saint whose sufferings he had known without confession, and whose martyrdom he had tried in vain to avert? Loving and pitying the child as he did, loving, venerating, and pitying the mother as he had done, his feelings for Mr. Branscombe were not of the most amiable kind. But he had to dissemble, like the stock villain of a Surrey melodrama; and though he could not stoop to the indignity of obtaining by flattery what would be denied to direct demand, still he, like every one else who had to influence Mr. Branscombe, was forced to finesse deeply that he might catch the trick. If he could have done as he would, he said to himself, he would have taken that old fop by the scruff of his neck, and have thrust him into the midst of good, useful, prosaic parochial work, which would have necessitated open-air exercise, and being somewhat hardly handled by his fellow-men. He would have taken Stella clear away from Highwood and her father altogether, and would have sent her off to India by the next mail, with directions for her to be given into Cyril Ponsonby's keeping, and married out of hand the day after her arrival. As for Hortensia, whose character he understood to the echo, and whose feelings and motives were clearer to him than they were even to herself, he would have put an interdict on Rose Hill and Mr. Branscombe; he would have taken her out of her father's hands, and given her into those of her mother, with instructions to be carried about to balls and parties and theatres and operas till some of this Puritanical nonsense had been knocked out of her, and a little of the mildew of moral affection had been rubbed off her good, silly little mind. But instead of all these strong and wholesome measures, he had to dissemble, in good truth, and to content himself with a mere "Pouf!" as he flung back his coat, wiped his forehead, fanned himself with his handkerchief, and said, in a cheery, fox-hunting kind of voice:

"You are terribly hot here, Mr. Branscombe. How stands the thermometer? And don't you find all this scent oppressive? It would give me headache in half an hour."

"I am a son of the South," said Mr. Branscombe, with a languid smile. "Warmth, flowers, perfumes—these are as necessary for my existence as the gross bread and meat of coarser organizations. I must have them, if I have to live at all!"

"But these two young ladies here are daughters of the North, and this kind of thing is especially bad for Miss Stella," returned the Doctor. "I understand now why she looks so pale and run down. She wants more exercise in the open air than she has, and a fresher and cooler atmosphere than this when she is in the house. Believe me, this is destruction for a young creature of her age. And, Miss Hortensia Lyon, you too have no business here. Why are you not running about the garden instead of sitting in the house such a day as this? Hot-houses are bad rearing grounds for the young."

"I like warmth, and I adore hot-house flowers," said Hortensia, primly.

Stella did not speak.

"Tut! what you like and what you adore don't come into the question," said Dr. Quigley, with a good-humored impatience of manner that matched her real annoyance well enough. "Both you young ladies, I say, have no business in such an atmosphere as this. You ought to be out now on the Broads with the rest. The water is frozen as thick as a mill-stone, and all Highwood is skating. Such a glorious day as this, it is a pity that you are not both out. What do you say, Miss Stella, eh?"

Stella glanced with a hurried look of inquiry at her father. Hortensia turned her large eyes slowly to Mr. Branscombe, and fixed them on his face with that kind of worshipping humility which finds in obedience to superior power the greatest happiness of a loving life.

"I think papa wants me," said Stella, nervously.

"Not to your own disinclination, my child," said Mr. Branscombe, loftily.

"If you like to go out, Stella, I can finish your copying," said Hortensia, a certain eagerness of hope mingled with an accent of reproach in her voice.

Always the faithful Abra!—always the constant incense-bearer.

"No, Miss Hortensia, you have no more right to be here than Miss Stella," said Dr. Quigley. "Let me advise you all—you too, Mr. Branscombe, as well as the young ladies—put on your strong shoes, wrap up warm, and go to the Broads, where they are skating, and all three of you take a turn on the ice. That will put a little color into your faces, for you are all as pallid as if you had not half a dozen red corpuscles among you. And upon my soul you will have to send for me before long if you do not mend the error of your

ways. Let me advise you as a friend and a doctor too."

"If the ladies will," said Mr. Branscombe, stiffly. "For myself, I am beyond the need of such vulgar considerations."

"As fresh air or exercise?" said Dr. Quigley. "Then you are beyond the conditions of ordinary humanity," he added, with ill-concealed contempt.

"We do not wish it, if you do not, papa," said Stella.

"It is far nicer here!" echoed Hortensia, whose occupation was nothing more onerous than sitting by Mr. Branscombe, watching him paint, and listening to the frothy rubbish which he offered and she accepted for poetry of the loftiest kind and morality of the most sublime cast.

"Tut!" said Dr. Quigley again. "Go and put on your bonnets, both of you, else, Miss Hortensia, so far as you are concerned, I shall be forced to say a word or two in your mother's ear which you will not like when it has to be translated for your benefit. I can not have you all run to seed in this way. Come, Miss Stella, put that writing of yours away. It is a positive sin to waste such a day as this in doors."

"Shall we, papa?" asked Stella.

What a wicked girl she was, to be so weary of her present life, and endless absorption in papa's beautiful work!—and how worse than wicked to be so tired of Hortensia Lyon! Hortensia was right to reproach her with those grave reproving eyes. Yes, she was wicked, and her friend knew it.

"I wish no sacrifice of young lives. Go, my dears," said Mr. Branscombe, majestically; and Stella felt the burden of her sin in his tone, as well as in Hortensia's eyes.

"Stella, you are inexplicable! I can not understand you!" said the little Puritan, with frank, ungodly temper, as they went up stairs.

"No?" returned Stella, wearily. "Sometimes I can not understand myself."

Few people, indeed, can when they come to the state in which she was—utterly weary of her present conditions, yet without will enough to know what she would like better. She only knew that she was tired of copying papa's poetry and music; that she was tired of being always in the studio; that she was tired of seeing Hortensia Lyon day after day, day after day—Hortensia always, and no one else; and that, above all, she was tired of that odd jargon and jumble of words which were always sounding in her ears and never entering into her mind, never giving her a new thought, a definite fact, a clear image, or a cheerful sensation. She was so tired of it all, and wished that she could go to sleep with her dear mother. But, save this wish, which was not to be called an active desire, she did not know what it was that she wanted in the place of that which she had. "Run down" to the extent of patient despair, and she so young, and once so near the green glades of Paradise!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVENING TOILETTE.

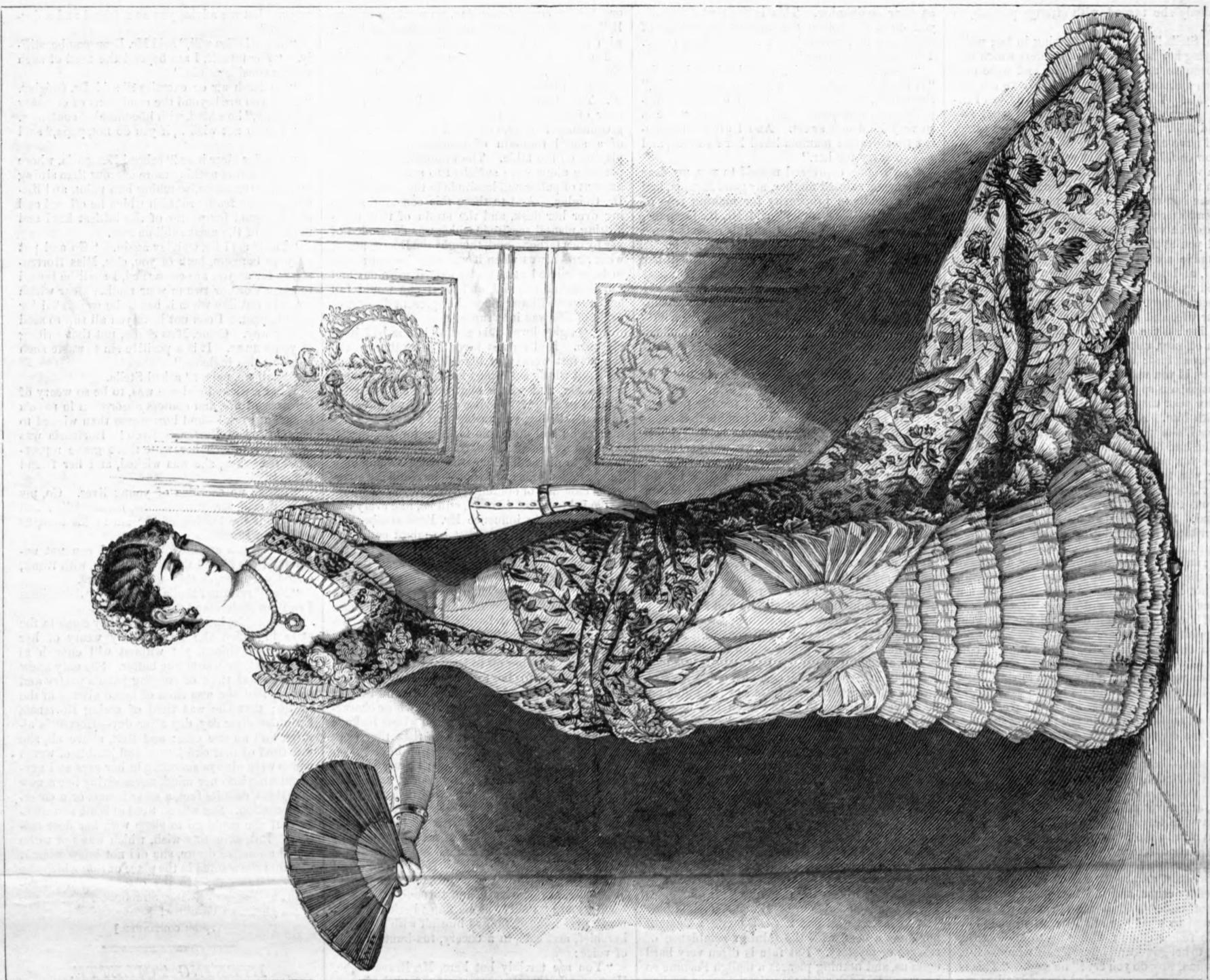
See illustration on page 108.

THIS graceful dress is of ivory-colored gauze, a satin de Lyon of the same shade, and Genoa velvet brocade in a Louis XIV. design, with large flowers of very rich tints on an ivory ground. The satin de Lyon skirt has two narrow pleatings of the same at the foot; above these are fine gauze flounces graduating narrower toward the top, and each of which is edged with narrow pleated gauze. The apron drapery of two lapped pleated scarfs is of satin de Lyon; the bodice of satin de Lyon is laced behind. The scarf drapery on the hips and the flowing train are of Genoa velvet. Satin pleatings and shells trim the train. The corsage has a pointed stomacher and shoulder band of the velvet. Gauze pleatings form the sleeves and trim the neck. Red, pink, and yellow roses are on the corsage; smaller flowers are in the hair. Long ivory white undressed kid gloves.

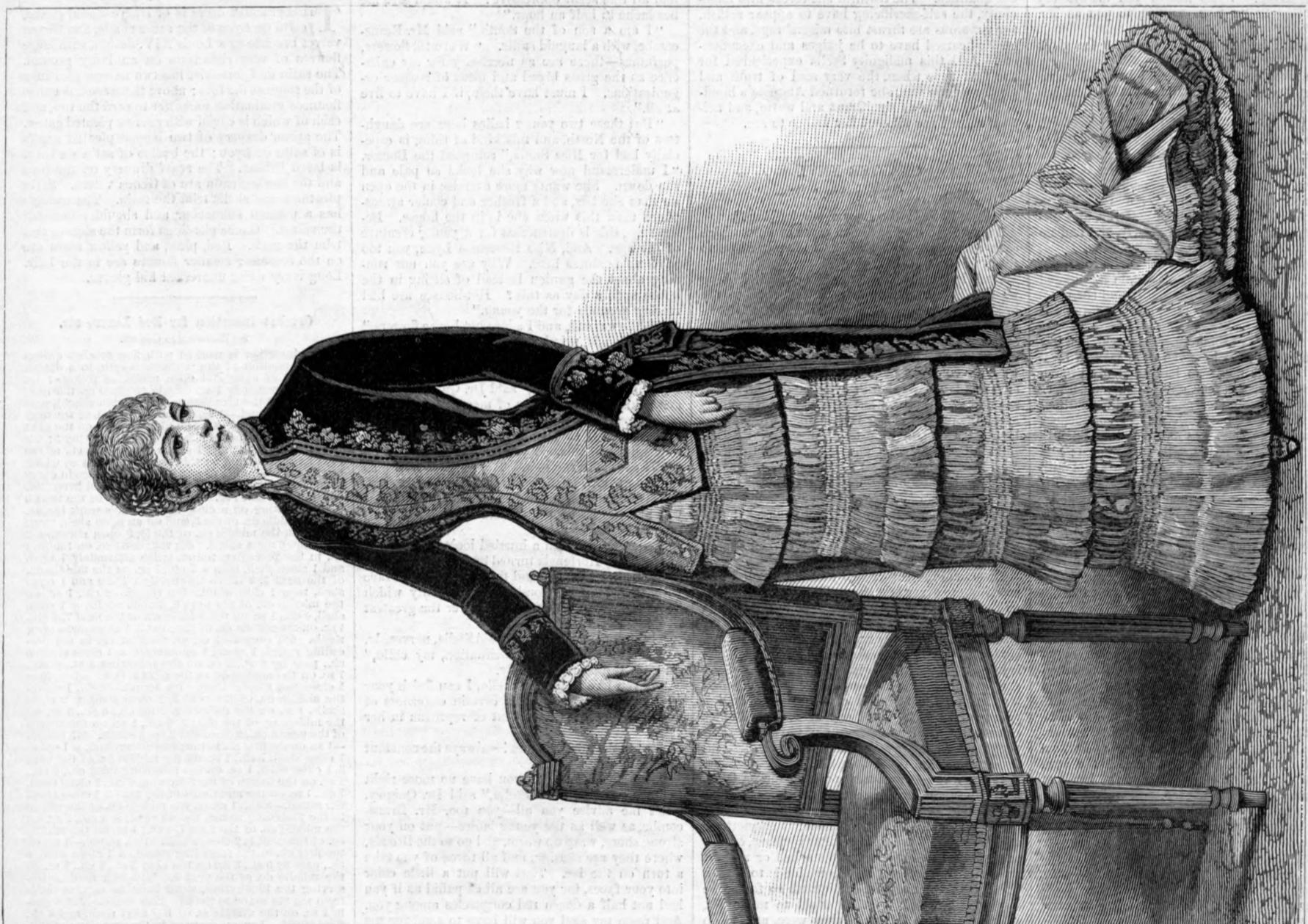
Crochet Insertion for Bed Linen, etc.

See illustration on page 109.

This insertion is worked with fine crochet cotton on a foundation of the requisite length, in a design composed of close and open shells, as follows: 1st round.—Alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next st. (stitch) of the foundation, 5 ch. (chain stitch), pass by 3 st., 2d round.—1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, * for 1 close shell, 3 dc. (double crochet) on the next sc., and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the following 5; for 1 open shell, 5 ch., and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5; repeat from *: this repetition from *, which marks the beginning of a pattern, takes place in every round, and therefore will not be mentioned hereafter. 3d round.—8 ch., 1 sc. on the middle dc. of the next 3 (when working on a close shell, always work the sc. on the middle dc. of the 3, and on an open shell, work the sc. on the middle ch. of the 5), 3 open shells, * 2 close and 6 open shells. 4th round.—1 sc. on the first ch. in the preceding round, twice alternately 1 open and 1 close shell, then * 7 ch., 1 sc. on the middle dc. of the next 3, 3 times alternately 1 close and 1 open shell, then 1 close shell, 5th round.—3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, 2 open shells, * 1 close shell, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 7, 4 ch., 1 sc., 1 sc. on the middle dc. of the next 5, 3 open shells, * 2 close and 6 open shells. 6th round.—1 sc. on the first ch. in the preceding round, 1 close, 1 open shell, * 1 close shell, 6 ch., pass by 5 st., 3 sc. on the following 3 st., 6 ch., 1 sc. on the middle dc. of the next 3, twice alternately 1 close and 1 open shell. 7th round.—3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle dc. of the next 3, 1 close and 4 open shells. 8th round.—1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 3, 1 sc. on the following 3 st., 6 ch., 1 sc. on the middle dc. of the next 3, twice alternately 1 close and 1 open shell. 9th round.—1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 3, 1 close shell, 7 ch., 1 sc. on the middle dc. of the next 3, 1 close shell. 9th round.—3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle dc. of the next



EVENING TOILETTE.—[SEE PAGE 107.]



DINNER TOILETTE.—[SEE FRONT PAGE.]

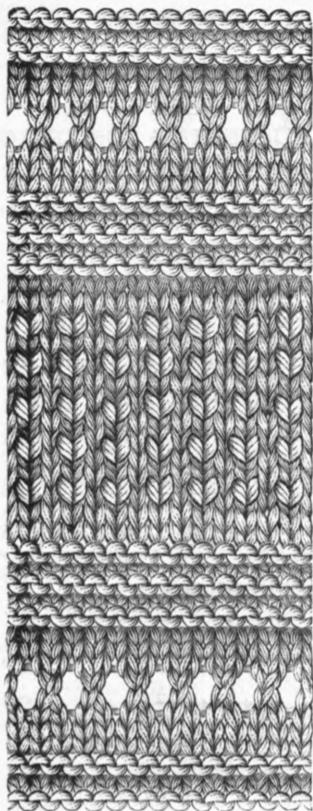
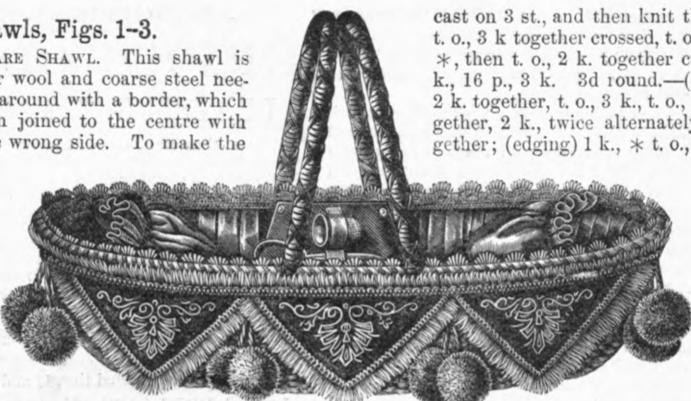


Fig. 3.—KNITTED PATTERN FOR SQUARE SHAWL, FIG. 2.

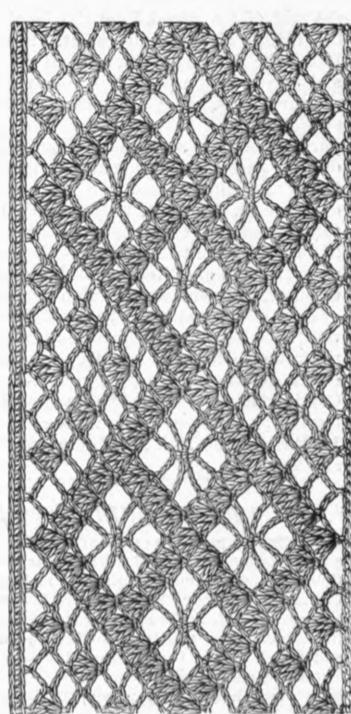
t. o., 5 k., t. o., 7 k.; repeat from * 13 times, but instead of the last 7 k., only 3 k. 7th round.—3 k., 14 times alternately 7 p. and 7 k., instead of the last 7 k., only 4 k. 8th round.—6 k., 14 times alternately d. 2 st. (decrease 2 st.); to do so, slip 1 st., knit the next 2 together, and then cast off the slipped st. over the one above it) and k. 11, but at the end of the round, instead of the last 11 k., only 5 k. 9th round.—Work as in the 5th round. 10th round.—5 k., 14 times alternately d. 2 st. and k. 9, at the end of the round, 4 k. instead of 9 k. 11th round.—Work as in the 3d round. 12th round.—4 k., 14 times alternately d. 2 st. and k. 7, at the end of the round, 3

Fig. 1.—KNITTED SQUARE SHAWL. This shawl is knitted with white zephyr wool and coarse steel needles; it is edged entirely around with a border, which is knitted apart, and then joined to the centre with overcast stitches from the wrong side. To make the shawl, cast on 112 st. (stitch), and work back and forth in the following manner: 1st round.—Knit plain throughout. 2d round.—4 k. (knit plain), * t. o. (thread over the needle), 1 k., t. o., 7 k.; repeat 13 times from *, but at the close of the last repetition, only 3 k., instead of 7 k. 3d round.—3 k., 14 times alternately 3 p. (purl) and 7 k., but in place of 7 k. at the end, only 4 k. 4th round.—4 k., * t. o., 3 k., t. o., 7 k.; repeat 13 times from *, but at the last repetition, 3 k. instead of 7 k. 5th round.—3 k., 14 times alternately 5 p. and 7 k., at the end of the round 4 k. instead of the last 7 k. 6th round.—4 k., *

cast on 3 st., and then knit them plain, 3 k., * t. o., 3 k together crossed, t. o., 5 k., repeat from *, then t. o., 2 k. together crossed; (border) 1 k., 16 p., 3 k. 3d round.—(Border) 3 k., t. o., 2 k. together, t. o., 3 k., t. o., 2 k., twice 2 k. together, 2 k., twice alternately t. o. and 2 k. together; (edging) 1 k., * t. o., 2 k. together, 3 k., 2 k. together, t. o., 1 k., repeat from *, then t. o., 2 k. together, 5 k. 4th round.—(Edging) 3 times 2 k. together, * t. o., 3 k., t. o., 2 k. together, 1 k., 2 k. together, repeat from *, then t. o., 2 k. ; (border) 1 k., 16 p., 3 k. 5th round.—(Border) 3 k., t. o., 2 k. together, t. o., 5 k., t. o., 1 k., twice 2 k. together, 1 k., twice alternately t. o. and 2 k. together; (edging) 3 k., * t. o., 3 k. together crossed, t. o., 5 k., repeat from *, then t. o., 3 k. together crossed. 6th round.—(Edging) * 1 k., t. o., 2 k. together, 3 k., 2 k. together, t. o., repeat from *, then 1 k., t. o., 2 k. together, 2 k.; (border) 1 k., 16 p., 3 k. 7th round.—(Border) 3 k., t. o., 2 k. together, t. o., 3 k., twice 2 k. together, t. o., twice 2 k. together, 2 k. together, t. o., twice 2 k. together, twice alternately t. o. and 2 k. together. Continue repeating the 6 rounds for the edging, and proceed with the border as follows: 8th round.—1 k., 14 p., 3 k. 9th round.—2 k., twice alternately 2 k. together and t. o., then 2 k., twice 2 k. together, 2 k., t. o., 1 k., t. o., 2 k. together, t. o., 1 k. 10th round.—1 k., 14 p., 3 k. 11th round.—2 k., twice alternately 2 k. together and t. o., then 1 k., twice 2 k. together, 1 k., t. o., 3 k., t. o., 2 k. together, t. o., 1 k. 12th round.—1 k., 14 p., 3 k. 13th round.—2 k., twice alternately 2 k. together and t. o., then twice 2 k. together, t. o., 5 k., t. o., 2 k. together, t. o., 1 k. 14th round.—1 k., 14 p., 3 k. 15th round.—2 k., twice alternately 2 k. together and t. o., then 2 k., t. o., 7 k., t. o., 2 k. together, t. o., 1 k. 16th round.



WORK-BASKET.



CROCHET INSERTION FOR BED LINEN, ETC.

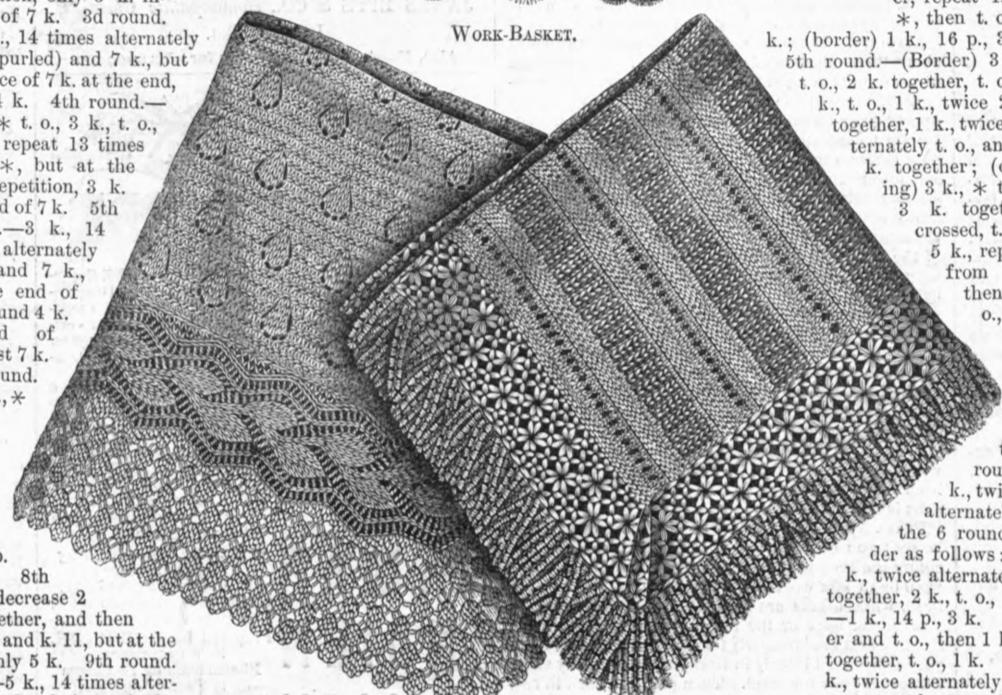


Fig. 1.—KNITTED SQUARE SHAWL. Fig. 2.—KNITTED AND FRAME-WORK SQUARE SHAWL.—[See Fig. 3.]



Fig. 1.—MONOGRAM.



Fig. 3.—MONOGRAM.

k. instead of 7 k. 13th and 14th rounds.—Knit plain throughout; continue repeating from the 1st through the 14th round, transposing the pattern, so that the leaf-shaped figures in one row will come over the spaces between them in the pattern row below, as shown in the illustration. For the border, cast on 41 st.; of these, 20 st. are required for the inner border with the running vine, and 21 st. for the lace-like edging. Each pattern figure of the edging consists of 6 rounds, whereas it takes 16 rounds to complete 1 pattern figure of the border; so that, in the 16 rounds which follow, while the first 6 describe both the border and the edging, the last 10 describe the border only, and in connection with these, the 6 rounds previously given for the edging are repeated. In order to obtain sufficient fullness to round the corners of the shawl, inserted rounds are worked at each one of them on the stitches belonging to the lace edging only; each inserted round is composed of 2 rounds, 1 forward and 1 back, continuing the pattern without interruption. Work on the 41 st. as follows: 1st round.—(Border) 3 k., t. o., 2 k. together, t. o., 1 k., t. o., 3 k., twice 2 k. together, 3 k., twice alternately t. o. and 2 k. together; (edging) 1 k., 2 k. together, * t. o., 3 k., t. o., 2 k. together, 1 k., 2 k. together, repeat from *, then t. o., 2 k. 2d round.—(Edging)



Figs. 1 and 2.—LONG CLOAK.



Fig. 2.—MONOGRAM.



Fig. 4.—MONOGRAM.

—1 k., 16 p., 3 k. Continue to repeat, for the border, from the 1st through the 16th round; at the close of the work cast off the stitches, and join the ends of the border with overcast stitches from the wrong side.

Figs. 2 and 3.—KNITTED AND FRAME-WORK SQUARE SHAWL. This shawl is worked with blue split zephyr wool, partly with a double and partly with a fourfold thread; the centre is knitted, and is edged with a frame-work border, which is finished around the outside with tassel fringe. For the knitted centre begin with a double thread, and work on a foundation of 140 st. (stitches) in rounds back and forth, as follows: 1st through the 6th round.—Knit plain throughout. 7th round.—Purled. 8th round.—Knit plain. 9th round.—Alternately throw the thread over the needle and knit 2 st. together. 10th round.—Knit plain. 11th round.—Purled. 12th through the 18th round.—Knit plain. 19th round.—Purled. 20th round.—Take a fourfold thread of the wool, knot the end to the double working thread, and use the two threads alternately in the following manner: * Purl 1 st. with the fourfold thread, carry it from the front to the back around the needle, and knit 1 st. with the double thread; continue to repeat from *, and at

the end of the round, knot the fourfold around the double thread, and cut it. 21st round.—Using the double thread, purl all the st. knitted and purled in the preceding round, and slip all the threads, slipping each thread after purling a st. worked with the fourfold thread, and before purling the next st. with the double thread; to do this, pass the working thread to the back of the needle, slip a thread to the right-hand needle over the st. above it, worked with the double thread, then purl the st. over which it was slipped. 22d through the 29th round.—Work alternately as in the 20th and 21st rounds, but at every repetition of the round worked with two threads, after each st. knitted with the double thread, carry the following thread which was brought over in the round before the last from the needle over the st. to the back. 30th round.—Knit plain. Continue to repeat from the 1st through the 30th round; at the close of the work repeat from the 1st through the 18th round, and then cast off the stitches.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Use shirred satin for the front of a round basque and round skirt of your black brocade. Cover the three front breadths with satin, shirred horizontally. For your white cashmere, heliotrope or lavender satin de Lyon, or else brocade, would be suitable trimming. Have panels of the brocade on the sides, and a sash tied to hang in front between the panels. The waist should be a round waist, made in the way Worth uses, having the top from the darts up filled in with shirred satin. Then put a shirred puff of the heliotrope down the front of the sleeves and turn up the inside of the sleeve at the wrist to show a satin facing. Put a wide box-pleated ruche of the cashmere, lined with heliotrope, around the skirt.

STYL.—To please you and other readers, we republish Mother Shipton's Prophecy, from Charles Hindley's reprint of 1862. While purporting to be an exact copy of the original "cheap book" edition of 1648, this, however, is only a fabrication applicable to modern times, as has since been confessed by Hindley himself:

"A house of glass shall come to pass
In England; but alas!
War will follow, with the work
In the land of the pagan and Turk,
And State and State in fierce strife
Will seek each other's life;
But when the North shall divide the South,
An Eagle shall build in the Lion's mouth.

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe;
Primrose Hill in London shall be,
And its centre a bishop's see;
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.

"Water shall yet more wonders do,
Now strange, yet shall be true;
The world upside down shall be,
And gold found at the root of tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be by his side;
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall creep, shall talk;
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.

"Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat;
Gold shall be found 'mid stone
In a land that's not now known;
Fire and water shall wonders do;
England shall at last admit a Jew;
The Jew that was held in scorn
Shall of a Christian be borne and born.

"Three times three shall lovely France
Be led to dance a bloody dance
Before her people shall be free;
Three tyrant rulers shall she see;
Three times the people's rule alone;
Three times the people's hope is gone;
Three rulers in succession see,
Each spring from different dynasty.
Then shall the worser fight be done,
England and France shall be as one.

"All England's sons that plough the land
Shall be seen book in hand.
Learning shall so ebb and flow,
The poor shall most wisdom know.

"The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

IGNORANCE.—Send cards announcing your marriage to all your own and your husband's friends, including those present at your wedding. Deliver these by messenger at the residences of those invited.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—Your blue flannel will be in best taste merely stitched with either white, red, or light blue, and should have very full round skirt, quite short, and with most of the fullness massed in two great box-pleats behind. These pleats are folded thickly, and pressed to lie quite flat. Then have an apron very much wrinkled on the front and sides, with a sword sash hanging on the left side. A double-breasted easy fitting basque, with side pockets, is the best waist. Some ladies add Turkish trousers of flannel for these mountain and camping suits.

Mrs. T. B. B.—A double-breasted round basque made of any of the blue, dark green, or old gold brocaded wool goods that are now sold for fifty cents a yard will be suitable to wear with your skirt and overskirt of black cashmere. Have a coat collar and turned-over cuffs of the wool goods, and the only trimming is large pearl buttons in two rows on the front, at the waist line behind, and on the sleeves. If you think this has too much color, get black wool brocade, or else have a box-pleated belted basque of black flannel, stitched on the edges and made double-breasted, with a Byron collar and two rows of steel buttons in front, with only one wide box pleat each side of the buttons.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—A nervous child can undoubtedly be taught to control her irritation. You can best judge of the means by which this can be done. Blaikie's *How to Get Strong*, published by Harper & Brothers, is an excellent treatise on physical training. Harper & Brothers' catalogue also contains numerous works that would doubtless be useful to you in the religious training of your children, which it would be difficult to specify without knowing your proclivities. Thanks for your appreciation.

POSTAL CARD.—We do not undertake to verify quotations. *Harper's Young People* contains numerous puzzles, charades, etc. We have no collection like that which you describe.

MARY B.—We do not give addresses in this column. Crochet stitches are described in *Answers to Correspondents*, *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. VII.

LOUOLLE.—Letters of sympathy or of congratulation should be answered promptly. The hair is worn low by most ladies, though if this be unbecoming, it is

worn high on the head, but is not piled in high masses. Entire suits, with muffs, are stylish for some materials, such as cloth and velvet. You can probably wear dark cardinal, dark green, pale blue, and cream-color to most advantage.

A. E. L.—You had better have your portière match your curtains in color, and also in material, as the red shades of Canton flannel would not harmonize with that you send. Trim across the top and bottom with a wide band of plush, or a border of a striped material, or some figured stuff in Persian design.

A BROOKLYN LADY.—The suit now called the Peasant Dress has a round waist with belt, and a round full skirt with a wrinkled apron on the front and side breadths. It is worn with a handkerchief fichu around the neck, and looks precisely like the dresses of emigrant peasants just arrived in this country.

SUBSCRIBER.—Your gray sample is figured pongee, which is not heavy enough for the present season. It will look well for a spring suit, trimmed with a collar, cuffs, pockets, and bands of black velvet. It would not answer to trim it with garnet cashmere.

VIRGINIA.—The usual size of an embroidery frame is about three-quarters of a yard square. The distance of the upper bar from the lower bar depends altogether on the size of the piece of embroidery, as they slip up and down on the side bars, or stretchers—as the latter are technically termed—and are held in place by pegs through the holes in the stretchers. The upper and lower bars have a strip of stout webbing tacked across nearly their entire length, to which the work is firmly sewed. Then the stretchers are put through the mortice holes (about three inches from the ends of the bars), the work is stretched as tightly as it will bear, and the strain secured by the pinning of the bars by the pegs.

IGNORANCE.—Make a white muslin dress with a shirred yoke basque, and a round full skirt with an apron draped in front. The shirred basque is shaped like the box-pleated basques worn in heavy wool and cloth goods, but the fullness is all massed at the neck, across the shoulders, and at the waist line in the middle of the front and back.

A. D. C.—Wear either drab or black satin slippers with the dress, and put the lace balayeuze only in the back breadths if it has a train, but all around if the skirt is short.

PEARL ANIMAS.—The pattern of the Jersey suit will be sent you on receipt of 25 cents at this office. All colors are seen in Jersey waistls. Some are made of wool or of silk woven in shape to be put on over the head, while others are laced through eyelet-holes either in the back or the front. Surah is soft twilled silk like that used formerly for ladies' neck-ties. Wear your hair waved loosely in front, or else in many short curves on your forehead. Then plait the back in two braids of three tresses each, and arrange in horseshoe shape low on the nape of the neck; or else in two small round coils, one of which is just behind each ear, or, if you prefer it, braid in one plait, and cross it back and forth behind the ears quite low down. If you add a comb, it must have a very low top. Wear flowers on the left side low behind the ear.

FIVE YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—Have dark rich India colors in your carpet, with a gay border around the room. The same design can be repeated in your hall and stair carpets. A combination of many dark colors is preferred to any prevailing color in such carpets. The five-frame body Brussels carpet, that shows the figures through on the wrong side, is more expensive than the tapestry Brussels, that has the figures only stamped on the upper surface, but the former is far more durable, and it is better economy to buy it. White shades are most used at windows, but a new fashion introduces color, especially red, in shades. Hard-wood floors with warm rugs are preferred for dining-rooms, and are also fashionable for halls and staircases.

INQUIRER.—Young and middle-aged ladies do not wear caps in the afternoon and evening. Married ladies wear pretty caps of mull and lace to breakfast, but not later in the day than noon. Neither wrappers nor caps are worn at public tables in hotels. Any short suit such as you would wear in the street in the morning is appropriate for a hotel breakfast. The elaborate robes and tea gowns are reserved for private parlors.

JANE EYRE.—To make your black satin de Lyon very dressy for the house, combine gold brocade with it, and trim with gold-bead passementerie and gold fringe, and use very dull creamy lace for the neck and wrists. The short black suit will be most elegant combined with brocaded velvet, and widely bordered with black fur.

CONSTANT READER.—The shirred black satin cloaks are rather elderly looking for a young lady of twenty years. Buy instead a paletot with square sleeves made of light cloth and trimmed with feather cloth or with fur. You can buy very nice-looking ready-made suits of cloth trimmed with plush for \$50, but a tailor will charge you \$80 or \$40 for making a cloth suit that looks severely plain, but is very stylish. Fur is the handsomest trimming for cloth.

M. E. C.—We know nothing of the nostrum you mention, and do not commend any plan "for removing superfluous hair." You will find information on such subjects in the *Ugly Girl Papers*, a volume that will be sent you from this office by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of \$1.

WHY will ladies pay from 50 cents to \$1.50 for face powder, when they can obtain a better and absolutely harmless article for 25 cents? We refer to Riker's American Face Powder, the best in the world. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other. This Powder will stand the test of the *strongest acids*. Proprietors and manufacturers, Wm. B. RIKER & SON, established thirty-four years at 353 Sixth Avenue, New York. Those who prefer a liquid preparation will find Riker's Cream of Roses the most satisfactory article they can use. [Com.]

HOWEVER strongly advertised to the contrary, almost all Baking Powders contain a filling of either starch or flour. Hanford's None Such contains pure Grape Cream Tartar and finest Bicarb. Soda only. [Com.]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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FACETIE.

An American tourist was inspecting St. Paul's, London, under the guidance of an Irish verger. Suddenly the latter said, with bated breath, "Sb, surr, 'sh, for we're approaching the tomb of the great Juke—the Juke of Wil-lington, surr. Sure, surr, he loies there; and underneath him there's at laste tin tons of granite. And thin comes an iron sarcophagus—and he's in that. And atop o' that, surr, there's at laste fifteen tons more of Oirish granite, that's at the same toime a protection and a mormal."

The American replied: "Well, I guess you've got him sure. But if the old fellow shows any signs of breaking out, jest you cable, at my expense, to Peoria, Illinois."

A fortune-teller was arrested in Paris and carried before the Tribunal of Correctional Police.

"You know how to read fortunes?" said the president, man of great wit, but rather fond of a joke for a magistrate.

"I do, sir," said the sorcerer.

"In this case," said the president, "you know the judgment we intend to pronounce?"

"Certainly."

"What will happen to you?"

"Nothing."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes; you will acquit me."

"Acquit you?"

"There is no doubt about it."

"Why?"

"Because, sir, if it had been your intention to condemn me, you would not have added irony to misfortune."

The president, disconcerted, turned to his brother judges, and the sorcerer was discharged.

A Yankee saw a negro smoking a new meerschaum. "Thunder!" he exclaimed; "why, the pipe's coloring him."

THERE'S A USE FOR EVERYTHING.

SMALL CHILD. "B-r-e-a-d—bread."

NURSE. "Now of course you know what bread is made from, and what it is for?"

SMALL CHILD. "It's made from flour and yeast, and everybody knows what it's for."

SMALL CHILD. "Yes, I should think so: it's to put jam and 'lasses and butter on; that's what it's for."

TO GET ALONG WELL—Dig it deep.

A negro, after gazing at some Chinese, shook his head, and said, solemnly, "If de white folks be so dark as dat out dar, I wonder what's de color ob de black folks?"

FILIAL AFFECTION.

SCHOOL-BOARD EXAMINER (improving the occasion). "Children, love and honor your parents. Never give them pain. There are two kinds of pain—mental and physical. Now, Sally Miggins, if, on rising in the morning, you found your father ill and suffering great pain, you would be sorry, would you not?"

SALLY MIGGINS. "I ain't sorry when father 'aves the gout, sir; I'm glad."

S. B. E. "Glad! Why?"

S. M. "Cos then he can't wear his boots; so I don't 'ave to clean 'em."

"Don't you think we ought to separate our husbands?" said a lady to her friend. "Do you not see how excited they have become? They are beginning to call each other 'ox' and 'ass' and all sorts of disagreeable things."

"Oh no," was the calm reply. "Let them go on. They have known each other for more than twenty years, and ought to know what they are talking about."



THE PAVEMENT SLIDE.

LEADER. "Hi! ain't I glad there's no School to-day!" (In ecstasy) "Oh, this is bully!"

A man never realizes, remarks a commercial traveler, how plentiful mustard is, and how scarce are bread and meat, until he tackles a railway refreshment-room sandwich.

It does not follow, because you bail your friend out, that you should treat him like water.

SEBASTOPOL NOWHERE.—The municipal authorities of a French town, having some time ago received complaints from peaceable inhabitants of the noise caused at a place of public entertainment by the shells supposed to be discharged into a mimic Plevna, issued the following ukase: "For the future, Plevna must be bombarded at the point of the bayonet."

cluded the narration of her domestic history in her own English: "Pa got jealous; so he fight and kill ma; then he put her in an oven, and pa and his friends eat poor ma all up."

ALLITERATION'S ARTFUL AID.—A friend writes from the Colorado mountains to say that he has got as ravenous as a raven among the ravines, and sat down in one of the gorgeous gorges and gorged himself gormandizingly.

MIFKING (press hanger-on, to Johnson, of the "Slasher"). "There's Mugs, of the Crashers, looking daggers at you. I thought you were great friends."

JOHNSON. "So we were. Only he wrote a novel, and I reviewed it, and he wouldn't speak to me; and then I wrote a play, and he criticised it, and I don't speak to him."

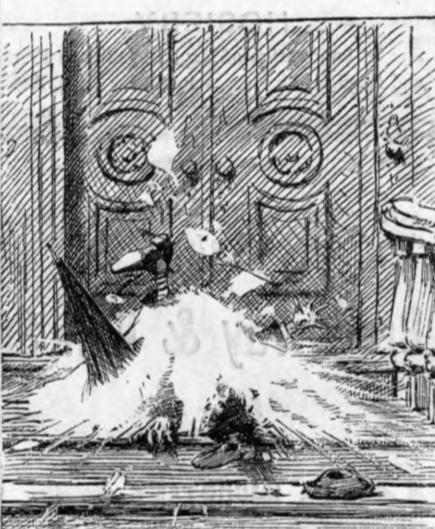
PROFUSE STRAINS OF UNPREMEDITATED ART.

GUSHING AESTHETE (mad on music of the future). "My dear Mrs. D'Almaine, I'm afraid we came too early; but we have had such a treat in listening to the composer in the next room. Wagner himself could not have been more daringly original."

(Mrs. D'Almaine does not feel called on to explain that it was only the man tuning the instrument.)

In the matter of where all the pins go to, a Bridgeport woman can furnish substantial information as to the destination of one of them, she having swallowed it.

THE STORY OF AN ARCHITECT.—He is an architect. We shall not give his name, because if we did, some other city would bribe him to pull up stakes. One day last fall a citizen went to him and said, "Draw me the plans for a residence; I am willing to pay \$500 if they suit." The plans were drawn, and they suited, and yet the architect said that \$200 was enough. He estimated the cost at \$12,000, and it amounted to only \$10,500. He estimated the time in building at twelve weeks, and the house was finished in nine. He will of course have offers to lecture and to put himself on exhibition, and other cities will offer him a bonus to leave town, but we sincerely trust that he will abide among us and continue with us.



LITTLE TOBY TAPPER WAS CALLING ON HIS BEST GIRL, AND JUST AS HE FANCIED HE HAD SECURED THE GLANCES OF THE FAIR SMITH GIRLS OPPOSITE, DOWN CAME THAT BEASTLY SNOW OFF THE ROOF, AND SPOILED EVERYTHING.



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BLOSSOMS OF THE ROCKS.

"Garnished with all manner of precious stones."

WHEN the French explorer Arnaud d'Abbadie travelled in Algeria, Abyssinia, and the Galla country, forty years ago, he carried constantly about on his person a gem of that rare and lovely kind called star sapphire, and when he wished to command the respect and obedience of the savage or half-civilized people among whom he sojourned, he was wont to produce his jewel, and display its magical beauty before their dazed eyes. They regarded it as a talisman, and exhibited the profoundest veneration

for this particular stone, so that it became of great use to him in establishing an influence over them.

This gem is transparent, a true hyaline corundum—the name given by mineralogists to that family of gems, the hardest substances in nature next to the diamond, which are formed almost entirely of alumina crystallized. It is just touched and softened with the delicious blue called by the French *céleste*, the color of Northern skies, and, with the light striking it, turn it whichever way you might, seems to hold imprisoned within its crystal sphere a perfect star of six rays, extremely beautiful and remarkable. It is not surprising that the simple, credulous Africans should have been impressed by an object like this. Who knows but the Oriental imagination may have fancied that a spirit from some celestial orb, some fairy or genius of the stars, descending or fallen, like the lost Pleiad, had become enthralled for a time within the gem, and that the owner could command its services for good or evil at will, since even imprisoned fairies are supposed to possess certain supernatural powers?

We who have had some pretty fancies dispelled by the teachings of science—which, however, always manages to make up to us in one direction for what it seems to take away in another, with its constant opening out of new realms of beauty and marvel, for the delight of all whose eyes are open to see—have been told that the *asteria*, or "star-stone," as it is sometimes called, at the moment of its crystallization, in some dark, mysterious fissure of its native rock, received in among its molecules or atoms some foreign substance that could not be assimilated or united with the pure alumina, and the little bit of coloring

that it was gathering to hold itself up with. Being what Mr. Ruskin calls a good crystal, this sapphire does not allow the strange, intruding element to interfere with the process of its growth. It keeps on following the beautiful law of its nature, and while it gradually forms its six-sided hyaline prism, uses the very hindrance that had threatened to mar or destroy it—and would probably have succeeded had the crystal been weak or immature—as the means of attaining to a more unusual beauty, a more exquisite aspect, than it could otherwise have worn. It can not get rid of the intruder, but it can force it to obey its will so long as it is strictly true to the laws of its own growth; so the alumina crystallizes with geometric accuracy about six thread-like shafts, which are directed toward the six faces of the prism. The light reflected from the delicate white threads forms the six-rayed star which puzzles the simple observer.

Wiser folk than D'Abbadie's poor savages have attributed magical virtue to gems, and have even held that they were living beings. Plato, with his vast intelligence, believed this, and supposed them to be produced by a sort of fermentation caused by a spirit descended from the stars, from which he extracted, for the formation of precious stones, the noblest and purest part—

the essence, so to speak—of precious metals: for the diamond, gold; for others, silver; for others again, iron.

Theophrastus, another Greek, a pupil of Aristotle, divides stones into male and female, and Pliny says the more vigorous are the males, the more languishing the females; so, apparently, the *fair sex* among gems is not the feminine, according to the ungallant Roman. In this connection, Browning speaks of "the lordly male sapphires."

All through the Middle Ages we hear a great deal about the secret virtues possessed by precious stones, and a learned German physician called

special virtues were attributed to the ruby, topaz, emerald, sapphire, and hyacinth, which were famous in the annals of medicine under the name of the Five Precious Fragments, scrapings of these stones taken together being the specific, apparently, for all ills.

Each month of the year had its stone, and each stone its signification, which was supposed in some way to influence the person to whose birth-month the special gem belonged.

Bebinet, the learned French mineralogist, says it is not surprising that nervous diseases should have been really cured by the application of gems

rightness and purity of their hearts before the Lord, or otherwise. It would be interesting to consider these symbolic stones in order, and by their light study a little ancient mineralogy; but time hardly suffices for so detailed a lingering.

The jasper wall of "Jerusalem the golden," as described in the Apocalypse of St. John the Divine, is likewise built upon a foundation of twelve precious stones, one stone for each tribe of the mystic Israel, the "city of God."

"Jasper first;
And second, sapphire; third, chalcedony;
The rest in order;...last, an amethyst."

"Bright gold and jasper stone, clear
as no opal shone, make thy walls
splendid.
There, upon either hand, sardius and
topaz stand, amethysts blended."

The precious jasper is the *jasper* of Aaron's breastplate, called by the Greeks *iaspis*. It was the stone of Benjamin, and is red, brown, or dark green, and completely opaque even in thin flakes. The blood-red jasper was supposed to stop hemorrhage, or bleeding, if applied to the wound.

The stone translated *sapphire*, next in order in the foundation, is really lapis lazuli, an opaque mineral of a beautiful deep blue color. In the Orloff Palace, at St. Petersburg, some of the rooms are lined with this exquisite stone.

Chalcedony, the third stone, is a variety of agate, white or of a bluish tint. It is called either from the city of Chalcedon, in Asia Minor, or Karchedon, the Greek name for Carthage, where it was an article of considerable commerce. Perhaps it is the same as the *schebo*, or agate, the stone of Naphtali in the breastplate. The Greeks thought this stone rendered the wearer invincible. It is said that the great athlete, Milo of Crotona, was indebted to one which he wore for the increase of his wonderful strength.

Fourth comes the emerald, Chaucer's

"Emerand green, of parfite chastitie," the stone of Levi, one of the loveliest of gems, a hyaline corundum like the sapphire, of a deep, soft, transparent green, the hue of meadow-grass. It is rare to find a perfect emerald, without "spot or blemish." The falling of an emerald from its setting has been held of ill omen to the wearer. When George III. was crowned, a large emerald fell from his diadem. America was lost during his reign—a gem which could never be replaced, though the other doubtless was.

An English poetess tells the tale of an emerald given by a faithless lover:

"It is a gem which hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their faith or no;
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring;
If faithless, like those leaves when withering."

"Take back again your emerald gem;
There is no color in the stone.
It might have graced a diadem,
But now its hue and light are gone."

The emerald has two first cousins, the beryl and the aquamarine. The name of the beryl, the eighth stone in the foundation, is said to be derived from the Ethiopian *bareah*, to shine; it is usually of a delicate blue-green, though it may be of a golden yellow, or white. A magnificent

beryl surmounts the globe of the crown of England. Beryls of large size and pure are more usual than any other corundum. Aquamarine (sea-water) is a stone of trifling value, though quite lovely, and has this advantage, that it does not lose its brilliancy in artificial lights, when a magnificent sapphire will fade into insignificance. The ancients cut beautiful engravings on aquamarine, notably the head of Julia, the daughter of the Emperor Titus, which once was mounted with sapphires and pearls. It is now in Paris.

A yellow-green gem, somewhat resembling



Fig. 1.—CRÊPE LISSE EVENING DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—BROCADE AND SURAH DINNER DRESS.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. II, Figs. 3-5^a, 5^b.

Anselm de Boot, in 1664, is inclined to think that angels reside in them, though whether good or evil angels he is not quite sure. He is afraid that, at all events, the turquoise is the home of a naughty spirit under the form of an angel of light. Jerome Cardem, who lived about a hundred years earlier, is certain—indeed, it was admitted without question at that time—that gems are living beings; and not only do they live, but they suffer sickness, old age, and death. The medicinal properties of gems were firmly believed in not so very long ago in Europe, and eminently

to different parts of the person, since a strong imagination and a firm faith are often more efficacious than any treatment in such cases.

The ancient Jews had an intense belief in the potency of gems. The "oracular stones" in their high-priest's Breastplate of Judgment were twelve in number, one for each tribe, and Aaron wore it not only for "glory and for beauty," but also to be a memorial before Jehovah when he went into the Holy of Holies. There, it was said, the lustre of the gems waxed or waned according as the tribes they represented had preserved the up-

these last in hue, is the cat's-eye, or *bell' occhio*, (beautiful eye), brought chiefly from Ceylon and Malabar. The Cingalese assert, though erroneously, that it can be found nowhere in the world except on their own isle of gems, which is, indeed, a very Sindbad's Valley of Diamonds for the quantity and splendor of its precious minerals. They often cut the cat's-eye to resemble a monkey's face, on account of their idolatrous veneration for that animal.

When cut en cabochon, that is, in convex form, a white thread of light is seen floating in the interior, which changes its position as the gem is moved before the eye, suggesting the peculiar brilliancy proceeding from the eye of a cat—an animal whose beauty has moved the fancy of poets, and served as a suggestion to sculptors in modelling a certain type of feminine loveliness.

This curious effect is due to the same cause that produces the star in the asteria—threads of white asbestos or amianthus, inclosed within, reflecting the light in an intense manner. Some scientists have considered this gem to be silicified wood, and its unique appearance to be due to the parallel arrangement of minute fibres in the stone itself.

At all events it is fascinatingly lovely, whatever be the secret of its formation. Swinburne's glowing lines remind one of it:

"Like colors in the sea, like flowers,
Like a cat's splendid circled eyes
That wax and wane with love for hours,
Green as green flame, 'gold green' like skies."

Cat's-eyes belong to the family of cymophanes, a name signifying "waving light."

The ninth stone of the foundation, called topaz, is really the peridot—a very pretty olive green stone, which has the singular honor of being the only one of the precious stones which has a celestial origin, so far as we know. It may have come from the moon, or one of the wandering planets, for it is found in those stones dropped from space which we call aerolites.

Though time compels us to omit even the names of many rare and remarkable "flowers of mineralogical crystals," as a French writer calls these peerless "blossoms of the rocks" which have adorned the earth with their fadeless beauty for so many ages, and will shine with undimmed lustre for centuries to come, we can not forbear to glance at the two last and loveliest gems named in the Apocalyptic vision—the hyacinthus (our sapphire) and the amethyst.

The sapphire is identical in composition with the ruby, differing from it only in color. The name given by the Greeks to the ruby, *anthrax* (live coal), betokens its color—a blood red. The perfect sapphire has the pure and positive color of the richest clear blue velvet. The Hebrews held that the Tables of the Law delivered at Sinai were of sapphire; under the feet of the Divine Lawgiver was, as it were, the "paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in its clearness." Browning, in describing King Saul's tiara, speaks of

"The jewels that woke in his turban
At once, with a start,
All the lordly male sapphires, and rubies,
Courageous at heart."

No gem is more poetic, or has more picturesque and romantic associations. The Greeks held it sacred to Apollo, and thought it was a remedy against fevers; and when an American speaks of a sapphire, he uses a word meaning originally fair, open, beautiful, common to all the tongues which men of our branch of the human family have spoken from the times of Moses and Job down to our day.

The Oriental amethyst, the *achlamah* of the breastplate, the stone of Gad, is one of the rarest of exquisite gems. It has the perfect violet tint of the last ray of the solar spectrum, which somebody says is the "test color of the universe." There are plenty of false amethysts—nothing more common—pretty, indeed, in their way, but quite different from the true gem, except in color; they are not even made of the same clay. The violet quartz we often call amethyst and the superb hyaline corundum are farther apart a great deal than the princess with the *sangre azul* of a hundred kings in her veins and the pretty dairy-maid who dances at the village fête. The amethyst was supposed to preserve its wearer from intemperance, and act as a cure for that vice; its name in Greek comes from *methuo*, to intoxicate, and *a*, a negative prefix. The amethyst is the sacred stone which adorns the seal ring and pastoral cross of Catholic bishops.

One of the prettiest stones of the agate group is the chrysoprase, a kind of chalcedony, whose lovely apple green tint is imparted to it by the salts of nickel, and which is found at Gümberg, near Kosemitz, in Silesia. Numerous fanciful traditions cluster round this charming gem. It was the stone of a ready writer, sacred to the tribe of Zebulon the scribe, and was also reputed to confer on the wearer moral courage, perseverance, and firmness of will. Other legends ascribe it to the doubting Thomas, probably from its flickering hue, and make it a skeptical gem. It is the stone of December.

What tales some of these stones, that we look at with such short-sighted eyes of careless admiration, could tell! What tales of Nature's processes and primeval cataclysms, of the sunless mine and the desert sands, and of man's long history; of barbaric pomp and Oriental splendor; of pride and passion, of faith and folly! Who may guess the ancestry of half these imperishable gems? Semiramis and Scottish Queen Mary may have worn the same trinket, and it still glows bright and fair as when it shone in the hanging gardens of Babylon. Two thousand years count as a span in a diamond's life—and how long will it endure?

"Not till the end to end grow dull or waste—
Ah, what a little while the light we share!
Hand after hand shall yet with this be graced,
Sign the will that leaves it to an heir."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 66 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued February 1, contains as a frontispiece a charming picture by H. B. WOLCOTT, entitled "Kitty's First Pie"; Chapter Eight of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby captures the runaway monkeys, and becomes the hero of the hour, illustrated; full directions for the building of a flat-bottomed sail-boat, with working plans; "Our Nine-Pounder," a thrilling sea story, by GEORGE H. COOMER; "The Newsboys' Home, and How it Helped Joe," an article on the newsboys' lodging-houses of New York, with five illustrations; "Little Biddy's Party," a story for girls; Chapter One of "Phil's Fairies," a new serial for the younger readers, by MRS. W. J. HAYS, illustrated by MRS. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD; more "Mirthful Magic," by MR. G. B. BARTLETT; poems, puzzles, new tricks, comics, and other attractions.

Our next Number will contain illustrations of two pretty Spring and Summer Suits, just imported, which are suitable for wash dresses, together with much valuable information concerning spring fashions.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

ASTRONOMY has cultivated a science of exactness, and in the matter of observations is ready, like Hotspur, to cowl on the ninth part of a hair. In the great observatories, nice experiments are used to determine the temperament and qualities of the observer. The thousandth part of a second is a fraction of time unappreciably small in the passing of an hour. But the thousandth part of a second is a measurable space in the career of an on-rushing comet, brandishing "ten million miles of streaming hair, ten million leagues of tail." If ardent A, transmitting his nervous eagerness to his key, can record the latest event in a star's history in five one-thousandths of a minute, while slow-pulsed B, equally exact, requires twenty one-thousandths to translate his perception into action, Science demands that an allowance be made for this organic difference in the power of the two conductors. To detect the exact disparity, and compare the registrations of both, is a mathematical process, and is called the personal equation.

What Science discovers, Ethics hastens to appropriate to her own uses. The moral application of this rule of the personal equation is universal. Probably some successful people have learned to make use of it. The famous scholar said to himself in his youth, "I am timid, inclined to exaggerate difficulties, disposed to count a double cost; in my work I will remember this, and refuse to be deterred by obstacles which appear insurmountable." And in spite of poverty, illness, interruptions, and constitutional depression, at the end of twenty years he is master of many languages and literatures. Or it was the able man of business who took constant counsel of his idiosyncrasies, and said: "I am always too sanguine; I take pyrites for gold; I expect too great a harvest from my sowing; my tendency is toward immense ventures, which are as likely to hold ruin as riches. I must discount my own buoyancy." The personal equation strikes a true balance between his expectations and his possibilities, and he becomes a rich man, who, without its use, might have sunk into a bankrupt speculator.

In matters of opinion, the use of the personal equation is the absolute condition of candor. Knowing ourselves to be by nature too skeptical or too credulous for an honest judgment in questions of faith, it is necessary to throw this recognized superfluity into the opposing scale before we can fairly claim that our side holds the weight of argument. Above all things, in the interest of charity, ought the personal equation to be worked out. Such a one can not be honest, we exclaim; no man of his intelligence can sincerely hold such views, associate with such people, vote such a ticket, read such a newspaper: all of which simply means that we could not do these things in his circumstances. But the influence of education, the inheritance of opinions, temperament, opportunity—all these affect his belief as well as ours, and only the striking of the personal equation can make either of us fair toward the other.

In household government the use of this beneficial rule would simplify many a vexatious problem. The trained and capable mistress must remember what generations of intelligent brains and obedient hands have made her a model housekeeper, before she can even understand the difficulties of

poor thick-skulled Bridget, child of poverty, ignorance, and monotony, or acknowledge that her expectations of perfect service are based on conditions that do not exist, and which she only and her guild can establish.

And in measuring the magnitude of offenses against us, the personal equation is the only fair gauge. What natural bias, what inalienable jealousy, what warped judgment by reason of ill health, nay, even what absolute though mistaken candor, what clear though cruel understanding of our foibles, made A, B, and C talk about us behind our backs, we can not comprehend. But we can see and acknowledge that the moving instinct was as much a part of themselves as the color of their eyes or the shape of their hand. And we can bear further witness that if they misunderstood us, we laid ourselves open to misunderstanding through our own individual characteristics, and that our confessed suspiciousness, our oversensitivity, our self-sufficiency, should make us slow to anger.

As between parents and children, there is no hour of the day when the personal equation does not demand to be recognized. The conservative stock bears radical scions. Or the child shows a *vis inertiae* which to the father is incomprehensible and unpardonable. But when each remembers the limitations of the other, the overweighting tendencies and conditions, then the true adjustment can be made.

Even in criticism, in our judgment of book, picture, ornament, architecture, or music, the personal equation should be applied. Our overfondness of any man's work should be cast in the scale against it before we attempt to speak with authority. And indeed, if we ever come to the honest and free use of this fine test, it is probable that in matters both moral and aesthetic there will appear an astonishing surcease of the "absolute shall."

PRIVATE VIEW AT THE GROSSENVOR.

By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

IT has become the fashion for society to attend Private Views four times each year—at the winter and the summer exhibitions of the Royal Academy and of the Grosvenor Gallery. Everybody who can get a card of invitation uses it, and very large crowd assembles on each occasion. Some portion of this crowd is composed of artists and artistic amateurs; there is a sprinkling of art critics, who, however, for the moment, wear the claws sheathed; but the great majority have nothing to do with art except at most to contemplate its framed results as exhibited upon the walls of the handsome saloons. The popularity of such views has, therefore, very little to do with their ostensible object. They are, in fact, a sort of wholesale *conversazioni*, where the men may wear their hats, and where the women display the latest fashions—in the case of the Grosvenor, generally the latest aesthetic fashions. We meet everybody we know; chat, laugh, separate, and anon meet again. Ladies or gentlemen who happen to be centres of attraction for the season usually take up their position at some particular point of the rooms, and remain there all the afternoon, holding a little special court, the members of which are constantly shifting and giving place to others, and the locality of which is described to inquirers by saying that it is "opposite Tadema's things," or "in the corner by Haag's 'Sphinx,'" or "on the bench in front of Burne-Jones's tin-gilt angels," as the case may be. The informality of the affair makes it pleasant, and the scene, from whatever point of view, is sufficiently agreeable. You are free to come and go; nobody can pin you in a corner and clutch you by the throat, as at a private reception. There can never be any trouble in turning an unprofitable conversation, since the walls are covered with topics which may afford an inexhaustible fund of harmless chatter even to the least cultivated "aesthetic."

The present Private View took place on the last day of 1880. The day was unusually bright for the time of year, the sun, in spite of the fact that it was partially eclipsed during the afternoon, shining with singular conspicuity from its rising to its setting. We arrived at the gallery about three o'clock, when the crowd was at its thickest, and began very conscientiously with No. 1 on the catalogue; but before we had got as far as No. 6, we had been interrupted by more than one sociable greeting. One of the first persons to appear conspicuous was Mr. Oscar Wilde, the leader of the aesthetic party, satirized by Du Maurier in *Punch* under the name of Postlethwaite. This young gentleman has long flaxen hair, which he pushes behind his ears; a long face, with aquiline nose, and somewhat retreating chin, and a persistently mild, serene, and affable expression, pensive in repose, but constantly illuminated by an engaging smile. "What do you think of these French water-colors?" some one asks him.

"The technique is very clever," Mr. Oscar replies, gently but with decision, "but—" He sighs.

We pass on. Here comes Mrs. Louise Jopling, whom Millais painted last year in a wonderful black dress, which was the most brilliant piece of color on the walls of the exhibition. She has a clever, lively face, dark, with bright and restless black eyes, and a quick movement of the figure as she moves along, talking animatedly to her companion. Beyond, we meet with a woman of a very different type. This is Mrs. Procter, the venerable widow of Barry Cornwall, and now eighty-

five years old. Yet you would take her to be a well-preserved woman of sixty. Her hair has scarcely begun to turn gray; her large gray eyes are guiltless of spectacles; her comely, benevolent countenance is almost devoid of wrinkles. This lady has known almost all the distinguished men of letters of the century. Her memory is unclouded, and her conversation, aside from its interesting reminiscences, is full of wit and charm. "I met poor Coventry Patmore yesterday," she says. "He looks starved; he is almost a skeleton. The loss of his second wife has been a great blow to him. I remember, when he married her, she did not expect him to live more than a year or two, he was so delicate; that is ten years ago, and she is gone, and he is here. It was almost the same with his first wife. He has always seemed on the brink of the grave. He had been thinking of going to Rome for a little visit, but he gave it up. He is building a Roman Catholic church in Hastings to the memory of his wife." Then she passes on; but whenever you meet her, she will have something new and interesting to say, for she differs from most octogenarians in living quite as much in the present as in the past.

There goes a very different figure—George Augustus Sala, the journalist and cosmopolitan, with his jolly red nose, his jolly twinkling eyes, his brilliant cravat, his broad white waistcoat, and his check trousers. He has just met Robert Browning in the crowd, who is accompanied by his sister, Miss Browning, and his son "Pennini," as he used to be called in the old Florentine days when his mother was alive. At that time he was a romantic boy, with long curling hair and velvet jacket; now he is a rosy, moon-faced, undersized young man, very neatly dressed, with a smiling, good-natured expression, and an utter absence of the poetical or artistic in his aspect. He is, however, a talented and promising artist, and exhibited several interesting pictures in last year's Academy. Here, seated together upon a bench, is a charming group of ladies. Mrs. Tadema, the wife of the artist, and herself a painter of no small repute, an ample, pleasant woman, with pale Titianesque hair and complexion, a noble figure, and an attire which admirably combines the aesthetic with the fashionable. Beside her is Mrs. Smalley, the American wife of the American correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. Mrs. Smalley is universally admitted to be one of the most charming women—if not the most—in London. Her Thursday afternoon receptions draw together all the people best worth knowing in town, and her manner of receiving and attending to her guests is as near perfection as it can be. She has done more, in a quiet and unobtrusive way, to make America appreciated and respected among English society than any of our ambassadors' wives, having had the advantage of a continual residence of twelve years in London. She is conversing with young Mrs. Frederic Harrison, one of the beauties of London, a slender, dark-haired, graceful woman, with a rather melancholy cast of expression, though her smile makes you forget it for a moment. She is not only handsome, but intellectual as well, and has the reputation of being a profound Contist. Her husband, standing in front of her, with bushy side whiskers and a portly figure, is a prominent member of Parliament on the Radical side, and an important and eloquent contributor to the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*; but in appearance he reminds you of nothing so much as a prosperous English butler. That tall, aristocratic-looking woman in black, with clear-cut aquiline features and a rather grave expression, is Lady Hamilton Gordon, granddaughter of Herschel the astronomer. She is connected with the Royal School of Art Needle-Work, and her judgment in matters of taste is much sought after.

But we must not altogether forget that there are other pictures to be looked at here besides the living ones. At the end of the principal saloon hangs Carl Haag's "Sphinx." It is of unusual size for a water-color drawing, and is elaborately finished. The Sphinx's face is turned toward the spectator, and is in shadow; the setting sun shows redly from behind, and amidst clouds of sand the outlines of the great Pyramid appear in the background. Around are a cavalcade of Bedouins, who are seeking protection from the sand-storm under the lee of the mighty statue. The vast dimensions of the Sphinx powerfully conveyed, and the sublime expression of the shattered countenance dwells in the memory long after we have ceased to look upon. The texture of the stone in shadow is wonderfully rendered, and is, from a technical point of view, the best thing in the picture. In fact, there is too much of the picture; two-thirds of it, perhaps, might be omitted with advantage. In another part of the room is a charming scene by Cox, called "Love in a Village." There is a pale greenish evening sky illuminating a straggling village street, down which two lovers are sauntering arm in arm, while another maiden looks after them from the foreground, the light of the sky falling full upon her white apron, which repeats the hue in a lower tone. It is an exceedingly pleasant picture to look upon. In the Burne-Jones room—as it must be called, since that artist's melancholy inanities stare at you from every wall—are two little sketches by Alma Tadema, which are worth all the other pictures in the saloon. They are in white and black chalk upon gray-blue paper. The first, called "Mars and Venus," shows Venus, a nude figure, reclining at full length, and stretching up her arms to embrace the head of Mars, who bends over to kiss her. On the hither side of her sits Cupid, evidently in excellent spirits; in the immediate foreground are the helmet and shield of Mars, whose hard clear outlines contrast admirably with the softness of line and sentiment of the figures. A tender shadow renders the faces of the two lovers almost indistinguishable. The design is scarcely more than indicated, and per-

haps could hardly bear being presented with the artist's full warmth of color and detail; but as it is, it is exquisite. Below it hangs the companion piece, "Bacchus and Silenus." The god of wine lies well-nigh helpless on his back, his right arm resting on an empty wine-skin, his limbs foreshortened; his face wears an expression of jovial interest, while he watches his fat comrade, who, kneeling beside him, turns the contents of a large bowl of liquor into his own mouth, letting a good deal of it fall spattering on his thighs. The genius of immortal good-fellowship is in this design, which no one but Tadema could have executed. There is always a crowd in front of it, the central figure at this moment being that of Madame Modjeska, the famous actress, whose Adrienne Lecouvreur is now taking London by storm.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

THE first importations of spring goods are not the light woollen fabrics that will be worn in the earliest spring days, but rather the wash goods that are made into house and street dresses to be worn in the warmest weather. These inexpensive fabrics are purchased in the late winter months, so that ladies can make them up at home during the leisure of Lent, when the dressmaker has plenty of time, and because they are made in simple designs more with reference to being easily laundered than to the latest styles the modistes may bring back from Paris in March or April. The next number of the *Bazar* will contain illustrations of some of the prettiest of these styles. Two features are noticed in the new fabrics—first, that figured goods in artistic and, indeed, decorative designs are most used, and are usually accompanied by a plain fabric for combining with them; and secondly, the absence of all dressing in the fine cottons, which should give laundresses to understand that all starch must be omitted when doing them up.

SATTEEN AND BATISTE.

The cotton satteens are first shown, and rank highest in price of these new fabrics, as they are marked 50 cents a yard. These have closely twilled surfaces with a lustre like satin; the grounds are dark, either plum, brown, blue, or the deepest garnet, and these are strewn with rather large figures of some graceful flower, such as fleur-de-lis, fuchsias, or lilies, with pale green foliage; to go with this figured fabric, which now makes the over-dress, or at least the jacket waist, is plain satteen of the color of the ground. The batistes show great improvement over those of previous seasons; they are as soft as muslin, and almost as transparent, yet they are beautifully marked with Japanese designs and quaint coloring on the palest cream, lavender, and pink grounds. They are usually supplied with a wide border of larger figures than those in the body of the fabric, and this border may be stitched on plainly for trimming down box pleats and around the foot of the skirts, basque, and sleeves, or else it may edge wide flounces, or of itself form narrow ruffles for trimming the whole dress. Carnation pinks, chrysanthemums, dwarfed peonies, and other flowers dear to the Japanese are repeated in their intense colors on the most delicate grounds of these sheer soft batistes; the price is 40 cents a yard; the border is near one selvedge only instead of on both sides, like those of last year.

SCOTCH GINGHAM.

Scotch ginghams have come to be staple goods for summer dresses, as experience has shown that they are far better for washing and wearing than any other ginghams, either French or American, and are worth the difference in the price. They are now sold for 40 cents a yard in exquisitely fine qualities, and colors that are warranted not to fade by washing, though some of the dark shades are changed by perspiration. The newest patterns in these have wide stripes made up of many smaller stripes, and also large plaids, or else perfectly plain colors. The favorite combination of colors seems to be pink with blue, and there are three times as many blue-and-white ginghams as of any other color; besides these are stripes in new contrasts of color, such as olive, black, and buff lines forming an inch-wide stripe beside a pale blue stripe two inches broad, fading off into white; another pattern has a series of alternating pink and pale blue stripes beside a wide band of pale blue and a broad white line; a third is made up of dark red, blue, and orange-yellow. These colors are also shown in the large plaids which are to take the place of the handkerchief dresses of last year. Though made in Scotland, these are altogether what merchants call fancy plaids, the clan tartans having disappeared for the present. The solid-colored Scotch zephyr ginghams, especially in pink and blue—the latter either dark or light—will make charming summer dresses, trimmed with the white cotton embroideries that are imported in larger quantities than at any previous season. The furnishing houses are already making these dresses with a short skirt and very simple over-skirt, accompanied by the belted shooting-jacket, with wide box pleats in front and back, or else with a yoke and full basque, either Shirred at the waist in front and behind, with the belt on the sides only, or it may be with the belt passing all around the waist; the wide round collar, like those worn by children, is edged with embroidery, or may be made entirely of the French machine embroidery on cambric that is now imported in half and three-quarter yard widths; there are also square cuffs of this embroidery worn outside the sleeves.

PERCALES, ETC.

Old China patterns are shown in percales, especially in the blue-and-white patterns of old Nanking. The merchants have shown their faith in

these colors and designs by importing them in great quantities; these goods are said to wash well, especially in these clear blue shades. Plain grounds with a border in contrasting color are also liked in this soft-finished percale, and dark grounds promise to be particularly useful, such as dark solid green with pale blue arabesques for the border, seal brown with French gray border, or dark blue or garnet with gray or cream-color for the trimming. These are 30 cents a yard.

The new patterns of Valenciennes lace with plain meshes and heavily wrought points are imported for trimming batiste and lawn dresses. There are also new Hamburg embroideries that copy the designs of the braid trimmings that ladies have been crocheting of late for cotton dresses.

SPRING MILLINERY.

The large poke, in various shapes, is the bonnet most generally imported for spring and summer. This is made up of two kinds of braid, either smooth braid for the crown and open lace braid for the brim, or else this arrangement is reversed; few bonnets are made entirely of smooth braid, though sometimes the lace braids are used for both crown and brim. The yellow-tinted Tuscan braids, Leghorns, cactus lace straw, the Belgian split straw, and the old-fashioned crinoline braids, known also as Neapolitan, make up the bulk of the importations, almost to the exclusion of French chips. A few chip round hats are shown, but even these have a lining of Tuscan braid in the brim, as, for instance, a black chip Gainsborough hat, with straw lace edging in the brim, has the brim entirely lined with yellow Tuscan braid. A novelty both for bonnets and round hats is porcupine braid, with short loops of the braid bristling outward, like "quills on fretful porcupine," over the whole hat. The lace straws are "open-worked," and need to be made up over colored linings; some of these are in the patterns of torchon lace, others look like serpentine braid. The black straw lace bonnets are so fine and light that at a little distance they look like thread lace; these and the creamy yellow straw laces are very handsome for early spring bonnets made up over dark red Surah, and trimmed with red silk pompons and a cluster of red ostrich tips, or else dark red fruits, such as currants or strawberries. The Sara Bernhardt poke, seen among the new bonnets, is a great improvement on the large, clumsy pokes imported early in the fall. The front of its large brim pokes outward, and sometimes downward rather than upward, in a narrow space, while the sides are very close to the head, and the back is quite small below the crown, doing away with the necessity of pinching the bonnet into curves to make it fit the back hair. This picturesque shape will certainly prevail for summer hats, especially at the country resorts, and is already being made up in white mill and lace for midsummer wear. A young face, especially if the features are small, looks arch and piquant in a poke bonnet, but there is nothing more unbecoming to the face that is no longer young, or that has large features; for the latter, smaller bonnets are provided in cottage shapes, some of which have rolled fronts, and others have slight coronets, but even these bonnets are much larger than the tiny shapes that have been worn during the winter. The straw laces brought from Switzerland are hand-made, and are therefore expensive. The Belgian split straws that are plaited in Belgium, and sent to England to be made into shape, are an excellent choice, because of their beauty and service alike. The yellow Tuscan braids made in various parts of Italy are both strong and handsome.

FLOWERS.

Flowers, that have been banished this winter, will be very much used on summer bonnets. Large flowers will be chosen in wreaths of a single color, but of several shades, as a wreath of roses without foliage will range from the palest pink to the darkest damask red, or from the cream of tea-roses to deepest yellow. Floral monstrosities are to be avoided this season, and artificial flowers will have natural tints, and look as much as possible like the natural flowers that have lately been used almost to the exclusion of unnatural and artificial ones.

MASQUERADE COSTUMES.

The favorite domino for concealing ordinary evening dress, or for wearing all evening, has a close clinging front, with flowing Watteau back. The black satin and stuff goods formerly used for this purpose are now scarcely seen, being superseded by the richest Oriental stuffs, raw silks, brocades in Pompadour patterns, gay-colored satins, and also Japanese figured silks, with butterflies, fans, and chrysanthemums strewn on pale blue or vivid yellow grounds. White or black Spanish lace lavishly used is the favorite trimming for the figured stuffs, while plain satins have appliquéd embroidery, bead passementeries, ribbons, and flowers for ornaments. There are also new designs for dominoes brought into use by the quaint fashions of the day; for instance, the Mother Hubbard domino is like the gathered long cloaks called after this ancient dame; the Pilgrim domino has the cape, hood, and knotted cord about the waist seen in the Pilgrimage costume; and the Japanese domino repeats the square folded sleeves and straight long plain breadths seen in many heavy cloaks.

Oriental and quaint old English costumes prevail at fancy dress parties to the exclusion of the stereotyped Vivandières, Undine, Night, Morning, etc. These are so easily gotten up from the books of prints nowadays that costumers need not be consulted, and cotton fabrics, such as satteens and cretonnes, are now made with such glossy lustre and gay colors that they are found to be as effective as the genuine stuffs formerly used, and far less expensive. Fleur de thé, the pretty costume of a Chinese girl, is made entirely of soft lawns, and the popular Dresden China

Shepherdess may be dressed in the blue and white percales mentioned above. At children's parties the guests are requested to come dressed in Kate Greenaway styles, and these quaint costumes are also assumed by young ladies. The pictures in Walter Crane's books and in *Under the Window*, and, indeed, many of the Christmas cards, give correct models for old English costumes, with their short waists, scant skirts, kerchiefs, tippets, and coal-scuttle bonnets. The Peacock dress, with an array of feathers for borders, and a bunch in the hand and in the hair, is an effective costume; there is also the pretty Glow-worm dress, and that of the Busy Bee, made of white tulle nearly covered with tinsel-paper fireflies or bees; and the Maid of Athens, with classic drapery of soft white wool bunting, is appropriate for a fair girl with regular features. The Folly dresses, and the French Marquise and Poudré suits, are seen still, while the flower costumes are more used than ever. For a little girl, the White Cat dress is made of furry white plush mounted on Canton flannel, while boys are arrayed as Tam o' Shanter, or Jack Frost, or the King of Hearts. The Obelisk dress for a tall, slender boy was lately made of pasteboard, and is really a tall box covered with hieroglyphics, and not without discomfort to the wearer, who seldom wears it very long at a party.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.; A. T. STEWART & CO.; AITKEN, SON, & CO.; and FRANCIS KOEHLER.

PERSONAL.

MR. JOSEPH N. PRESCOTT, the father of Mrs. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD and Miss MARY N. PRESCOTT, died January 22, at the residence of his son-in-law, Hon. RICHARD S. SPOFFORD, in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in his seventy-fourth year. He was a native of New Hampshire, and was the grandson of Judge NEWMARCH, and grandnephew of Sir WILLIAM PEPPERELL. He was among the Pacific Coast pioneers of 1849, and was one of the founders of Oregon City, of which he was thrice elected Mayor. In the prime of life he was stricken down by paralysis, which wrecked his usefulness without destroying the courteous, genial nature that survived during a twilight of life lasting over twenty years.

The only woman who belongs to the Royal Academy of the Lincei, at Rome, is the daughter of the accomplished Duke de Semoneta, the Countess ERSILIA LOVATELLI. At a recent meeting of this learned body, Queen MARGHERITA wore a costume of garnet satin and velvet, with a bunch of scarlet flowers on the muff, garnet hat and feathers, and a large bow of rich lace at the throat.

Many great men miss their "Firsts" at the university examinations. MATTHEW ARNOLD took only a "Second," CARDINAL NEWMAN a "Third," and RUSKIN a "Fourth."

At the marriage of Lord BROOKE and Miss MAYNARD at Westminster Abbey, Prince LEO-POLD takes the part of "best man."

In the endeavor to arrange for a systematic study of the aurora borealis throughout Scandinavia, Mr. S. TROMHOLT, of Christiania, Norway, has published a request for co-operation on the part of those interested in the subject.

THEODORE PARKER was the first Protestant minister to welcome flowers upon the pulpit.

"The Sword Dance," by GÉRÔME, is said to have cost Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars.

Some very rich specimens of gold quartz from Sitka, Alaska, have been sent to Washington by Collector BALL, who speaks of immense ledges of this ore through which the free gold runs. Adventurers from all parts of the United States will now set out for this El Dorado.

The Roman MASSEINOS date back to FABIUS MAXIMUS. A young English girl, it is reported, naively asked the late Prince COLONNA if it was true he was descended from the Cloaca Maxima!

When the Khedive's son, Prince HASSAN, was at Oxford, Mr. SHOLTO MURRAY was appointed his tutor at four thousand dollars a year. Mr. MURRAY didn't consider it his duty to convert the Prince, but told him he would do well to believe in something—the religion of the Prophet, for instance. The Prince replied that there were too many modern additions to the creed of Islam for it to be valuable to him.

The Rev. MARCUS ORMOND, of Pennsylvania, an eloquent expounder of the Gospel in the Presbyterian Church a few months ago, has lately recovered from an attack of brain-fever, with his memory literally wiped out. His Greek and Latin, as well as his own language, had deserted him, and his wife was obliged to teach him the alphabet.

In a recent village entertainment at Knebworth, Lord LYTTON recited selections from Mr. BROWNING'S works, and Lady LYTTON and her daughters sang glee.

It is a subject of conjecture whether the usual nuptial shawl from the looms of India will be sent by the Queen to the Baroness BURDett-COUTS on the occasion of her marriage.

TENNYSON'S "Cup" is called "Noggins" for short.

DR. SCHLEIMANN has presented his collection of antiquities to the German nation.

Though the Greeks have enjoyed a monopoly for supplying the markets with currants for almost two hundred years, yet it was only the other day that the Hellenes discovered the use made of them. It was believed that they were employed as a dye!

Hoping to raise money enough to reorganize his army, AYOUB KHAN has sold at auction all the jewels belonging to his seventy wives, and his own gold and silver plate. The purchaser was an Armenian, who intends to dispose of them in Europe.

BARON SIMON OPPENHEIM, who died at Cologne on Christmas night, though remaining through life a strict Jew, had his sons baptized and educated as Christians.

COMMANDER CHEYNE invites the world to raise fifty thousand dollars, in order that he may visit the north pole in a balloon.

It is emphatically denied that Mrs. OLE BULL is to marry Mr. BJÖRNSEN, the Norwegian poet.

MR. HUMPHREY STURT, son of Lord and Lady ALINGTON, who stands six feet two inches high, and is thirty-seven inches round the girth, and whose coming-of-age festivities scintillated with

the presence of royalty, can boast of an ancestor who, seeing some sailors washed from a wreck in peril of their lives, after vainly offering a hundred guineas to any one who would save them, jumped into the boat himself, and encouraged others to follow his brave example—a fact which perhaps furnished the model for a similar incident in the *Heir of Redclyffe*.

"I hope you may live to resume office," said a friend to DISRAELI. "I hope he may live longer than that; I don't want him to die before the end of the year," remarked another.

The son-in-law of Senator SHARON is a lineal descendant of Judge JEFFREYS.

It is said that the strange Spanish-looking daughter of M. JULES GRÉVY seems terribly out of place in a *salon*.

The wedding dress of the new Lady WENTWORTH was embroidered at the Kensington Royal School of Art.

One can buy *Endymion* cheaper on the Nevisky than in London; but can one read it as easily?

MISS ANNE HAMPTON BREWSTER has presented to the Boston Atheneum the great work of the Cavalier RODOLFO LANCIANI upon the topography of ancient Rome.

The Wilderness Club, at Richmond, England an old haunt of CHARLES LAMB'S, admits ladies, who have a private entrance, and apartments entirely separated from those used by the gentlemen.

FRANK BUCKLAND has been succeeded in the Inspector-Generalship of the British fisheries by Professor HUXLEY.

The two sisters of the Sultan ABDUL-HAMID will presently enter the estate of matrimony. The most able numismatist of the East is to be the bridegroom of the Princess MEDHIE.

The poor of Madrid must congratulate themselves that the ex-Queen CHRISTINA set her heart upon the number 1880 in the Spanish National Lottery, and that the King chose the number 13, since the net result of four thousand dollars was divided among them. Who will dare to discourage lotteries, when royalty makes them its almoners?

Mrs. RICHARD BURTON'S "humanity fêtes" must be quite a feature at Trieste. She distributed some eight hundred dollars in prizes, the Sunday before Christmas, to coachmen, drivers, and peasants, for kindness to dumb animals in their care.

We hear that the Empress EUGÉNIE is to be succeeded as tenant of Camden Place, Chiswick, by Baron ROTHSCHILD.

Four feet of strong timber, a wide ditch on the taking-off side, and an ox rail beside, seems as easy as skipping rope to the Duchess of Hamilton when she is out with the Queen.

Discoveries have been made by Dr. C. C. ABBOTT, of Trenton, New Jersey, showing the existence of man there in the paleolithic period, that before the red Indians there were men living on the Trenton gravels in the glacial period. Mr. ABBOTT has been working for the Peabody Museum, a clause in Mr. PEABODY'S will providing that if any indications of the existence of man in America, in any age preceding the present, are found, the trustees of the Museum may make an investigation.

The poor settlers of Arizona are fortunate in having Mrs. JESSE FREMONT organize a class in history for their sons and daughters.

MARIETTE BEY, the uncoverer of the Sphinx, has himself solved the great riddle of the universe.

It is said that the custom of wearing high dresses on the concert stage was introduced by ANTOINETTE STERLING.

The sale of whiskey is prohibited by the Creeks and Cherokees on their reservations.

What Mr. WARNER, of Rochester, wants of any more comets, that he should offer a prize of two hundred dollars for each new one, passes the understanding of every one but the star-gazers.

Two musicians were lately commissioned by the Russian government to make a collection of national melodies in the villages of Siberia, thirty of which were found to be entirely novel to European ears.

The Château d'Ambras is the fortunate possessor of a lately discovered picture by TITIAN—a portrait of the wife of CHARLES the Fifth. There are no doubts of its authenticity.

The Territory of Idaho is in danger of becoming a second edition of Utah, according to Governor NEAL.

Mrs. BRASSEY'S physicians advise her to go to the Mediterranean for her health, and she will sail in the *Sunbeam*, which she has rendered famous.

Although the original prestidigitateurs, HELLER, BLITZ, HERMANN, and ANDERSON, are dead and buried, yet performances are still given under their names by pretenders.

M. MORELLI, the celebrated art critic, has proved that the portrait of CESAR BORGIA by RAPHAEL is not CESAR BORGIA, and is not painted by RAPHAEL.

Tying bride and groom together with white satin ribbons is a part of the Spanish marriage ceremony, and it was done, at the late double wedding of the son and daughter of Marshal SERRANO, by the Duchess de la Torre and the Duchess of Valencia, the latter of whom was a TASCHER DE PAGERIE, and of the family of the Empress JOSEPHINE.

It is not a little singular that in the veins of the brutal murderer DE JONGH should flow the blood of HUGH CAPET and of WILLIAM the Silent.

The Rev. Dr. CROSBY remarks that, owing to the fact that the head of the house is so little at home, there are scores of families in his church whose masters he would not recognize if he met them on the street, but whose ladies are his familiar friends.

A favorite Boston charity is the Children's Hospital. It was founded a dozen years ago by Mrs. TYLER, whose



Chair Back,
Figs. 1 and 2.

This chair back was designed by Madame Beeg, directress of the Nuremberg School for Needle-Work. Fig. 1 shows it in miniature, while Fig. 2 gives a corner section in full size, with a plain view of the stitches used in working it. The foundation is black



Fig. 1.—CHAIR BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

Designed by Madame Beeg, Directress of the Nuremberg Art Needle-work School.

brown silk. The strands of 4 threads between the squares are sewn in back stitch with pink filoselle silk, which is barred in overcast stitch with yellow-brown. The edge of the linen around the drawn-work centre is secured by close button-hole stitches worked with light red silk over 4 threads of the material. The outlines of the design for the border are now transferred from Fig. 2, and the space between the inner outline and the button-hole stitch edge is filled in in the manner shown by the illustration with a cross seam in peacock blue silk. The leaf-shaped figures nearest the inner edge are then outlined in button-hole stitch with brown silk, and worked on the surface in rows of parallel single stitches with blue and brown silks; the leaf tip between each pair is worked in diagonal button-hole stitch with blue silk. The medallion-shaped figures are outlined in button-hole stitch of red and gray silk, and in stem stitch of gray silk; the latter continues

SURAH NECK-TIE.

linen; the centre is in drawn-work, and may be of any desired size; the work is begun at the centre, and the threads are drawn in both directions, * drawing 4 threads, then 3 times alternately leaving 4 and drawing 1, again leaving 4, and repeating from *. The squares thus formed are stretched with gray split filoselle silk in the manner shown by Fig. 2, each stitch proceeding from the centre of the square, and each gray filoselle square is ornamented with a Smyrna stitch in yellowish-



Fig. 1.—MONOGRAM.

EMBROIDERED LAMBEQUIN FOR WORK-TABLE COVERS, BASKETS, ETC. CHAIN, STEM, AND HERRING-BONE STITCH EMBROIDERY.

For design see Suppl. No. X., Fig. 44.



Fig. 2.—MONOGRAM.

wheels are worked in light red silk, after which the material is cut away from under them, and also around the edge.

Letter Pad.

THE black leather cover of this letter pad is ornamented with embroidery in satin, stem, and knotted stitch, and in point Russe, with saddler's silk. A delicate shade of pink silk is used for the apple blossoms, white for the daisies, blue for the forget-me-



LETTER PAD.

notes, and yellow-brown for the stamens; the leaves and stems are worked with olive and brown silks in several shades.

Insertion.—Trellis Lace.—Figs. 1 and 2.

For this simple yet effective lace-work, which is designed by Madame Emilie Bach, directress of the Vienna School for Art Needle-Work, two short strips of board, ruled as shown by Fig. 1 in squares of about one sixteenth of an inch, are required; the strips are four squares in width, and are notched on both sides, the notches alternating as shown by Fig. 1, so that, when they are numbered in regular order, the first at the top is 1, the second at the bottom is 2; the first strip is notched at the left end also, and the teeth are lettered. The work is executed with strong linen floss, which is wound in bobbins.

Three balls are required for this insertion. The end of the first is fastened at tooth 1, the thread is carried down to 2, behind it, and up to 3, from 3 to 4, 4 to 5, and so on, the dotted line showing the direction taken

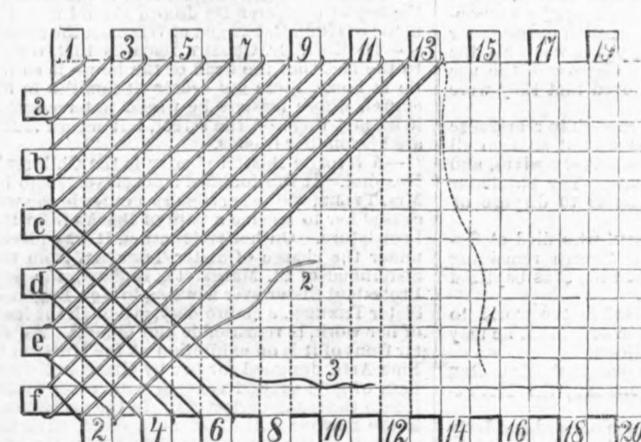


Fig. 1.—MANNER OF WORKING TRELLIS LACE INSERTION, FIG. 2.

around the pendant, which is worked in satin stitch with gray and pink silks; the centre of the figure, enclosed by the gray stem stitch, is worked in darning stitch with pink silk. The leaf-shaped figures on each side are outlined in button-hole stitch of blue silk and stem stitch of old gold silk, and filled in with lace stitch of blue silk and single cross stitches of old gold. The leaf-shaped figures around the edge are outlined in button-hole stitch with brown and light red silk, and filled



Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CHAIR BACK, FIG. 1.

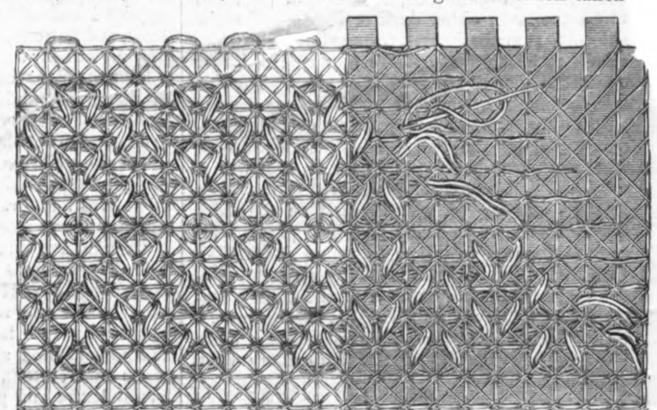


Fig. 2.—INSERTION.—TRELLIS LACE.—See Fig. 1.—[Designed by Madame Emilie Bach, Directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work.]

the thread; at the end of the strip the thread is temporarily fastened. A second ball is now taken up, and the end fastened at *a*; the thread is carried from *a* to *a*, behind *a* and up to *b*, behind *b* and down to *b*, and so on until it has passed from *f* to 13, when it is carried down to 2, from 2 to 15, and on in the same direction. The third thread is knotted at *f*, carried around 2 and up to *e*, from *e* to 4, behind 4 and to *d*, from *d* to 6, and so on. When the entire strip is stretched with three threads, a fourth thread is fastened at the lettered end beginning with *f*, and carried along the straight lines on the card-board from one point of intersection to the next, embracing the three threads at each in a drawn-work knot, worked as shown by Fig. 2. The trellis-like foundation formed in this manner somewhat resembles netted guipure; it is darned with a double thread of coarser linen floss in the manner shown in the illustration.

After the first strip of card-board has been covered, the second strip is attached to the under side in such a manner that the first teeth on it will exactly coincide



CROCHET CAPE.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 33 and 34.

with the last teeth on the first strip, and the work is continued over it in the same manner. When the second length of card-board is exhausted, the work executed on the first is carefully detached, and this strip is then jointed to the other in the same manner in which the other was previously joined to it; so that, working over the strips alternately, the insertion can be carried to any desired length.

Crochet Cape.

THIS double cape is worked in a design in double crochet with peacock blue double zephyr wool, and is edged with a border worked with a double thread composed of red floss silk and peacock blue wool. A bow of red gros grain ribbon is set

at the back of the neck, and ends of similar ribbon serve for tying at the front. To make the cape, of which Figs. 33 and 34, Supplement, give the pattern, begin at the top on a foundation of the requisite length, and work in rounds back and forth as follows: 1st round.—Work 2 dc. (double crochet) on every 2d foundation st. (stitch). 2d round.—3 ch. (chain stitch), which are con-

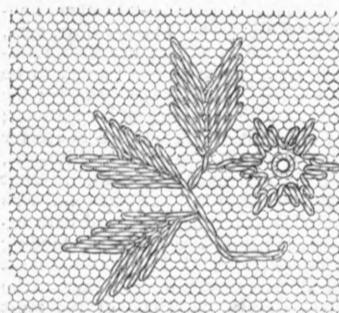
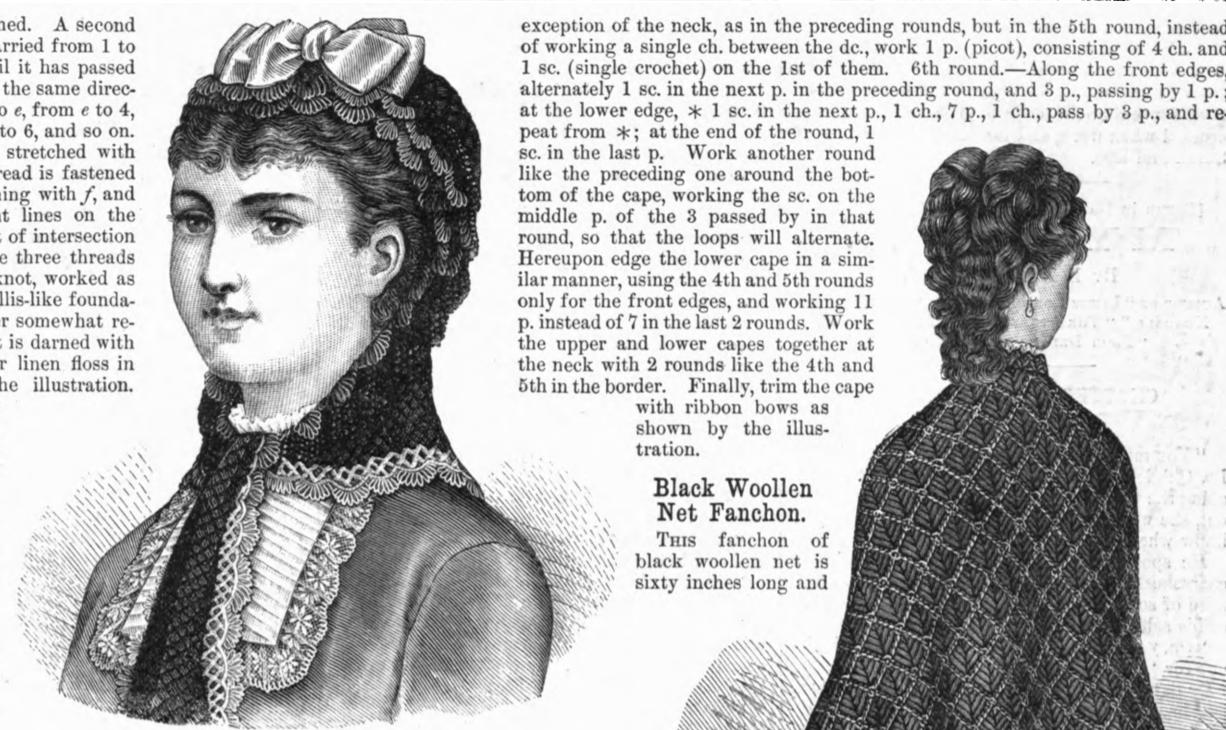


Fig. 1.—FOUNDATION FIGURE IN DARNED NET.

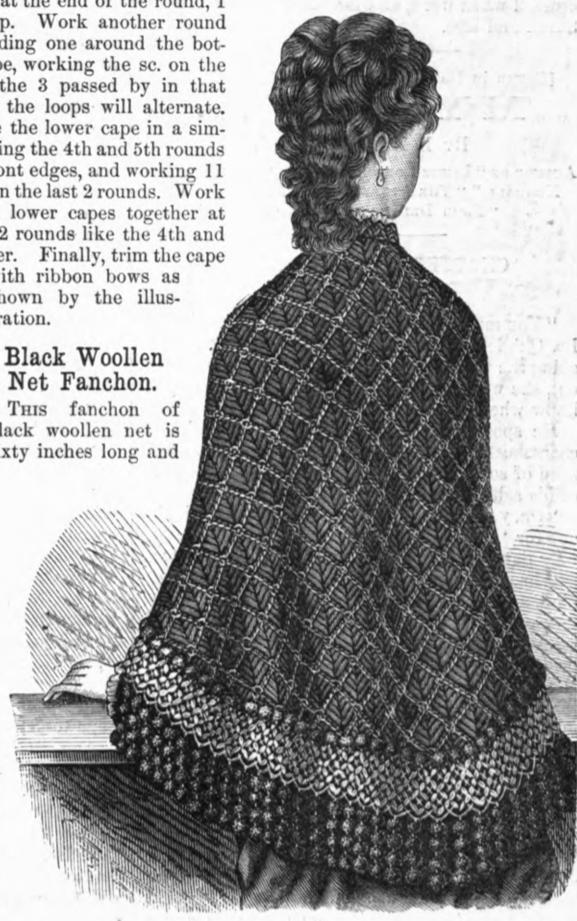


BLACK WOOLLEN NET FANCHON.

exception of the neck, as in the preceding rounds, but in the 5th round, instead of working a single ch. between the dc., work 1 p. (picot), consisting of 4 ch. and 1 sc. (single crochet) on the 1st of them. 6th round.—Along the front edges, alternately 1 sc. in the next p. in the preceding round, and 3 p., passing by 1 p.; at the lower edge, * 1 sc. in the next p., 1 ch., 7 p., 1 ch., pass by 3 p., and repeat from *; at the end of the round, 1 sc. in the last p. Work another round like the preceding one around the bottom of the cape, working the sc. on the middle p. of the 3 passed by in that round, so that the loops will alternate. Hereupon edge the lower cape in a similar manner, using the 4th and 5th rounds only for the front edges, and working 11 p. instead of 7 in the last 2 rounds. Work the upper and lower capes together at the neck with 2 rounds like the 4th and 5th in the border. Finally, trim the cape with ribbon bows as shown by the illustration.

Black Woollen Net Fanchon.

THIS fanchon of black woollen net is sixty inches long and



FRAME-WORK CAPE.

For description see Supplement.

eighteen inches wide in the middle of the front, whence it is sloped on both sides to twelve inches wide at the ends. It is bordered with red lace in which the pattern is outlined with gold thread, and trimmed across the front with fringe of red chenille tassels and a bow of red gros grain ribbon as seen in the illustration.

Foundation Figures in Darned Net, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE figures are worked on a white net foundation with linen floss in the manner clearly shown in the illustration. The eyelet-holes which form the centres of the flowers are worked in button-hole stitch.

Fichu-Collar.

THE lower part of this fichu-collar consists of a sailor collar two inches and a half deep at the middle of the back, made of cream-colored Sarah, lined with white foundation, and bordered with white lace three inches wide, which projects an inch and a half beyond the edge of the collar. The upper

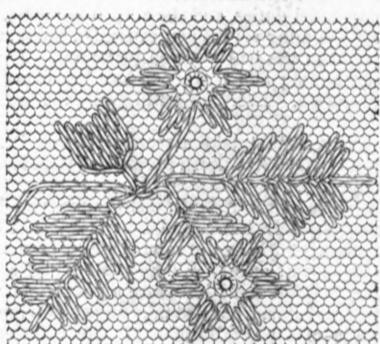


Fig. 2.—FOUNDATION FIGURE IN DARNED NET.



CASHMERE AND FOULARD MATINÉE.

For description see Supplement.

sidered as 1st dc., 1 dc. on the vein between the next 2 dc. in the preceding round, then 2 dc. on the vein between each 2 dc. worked on 1 foundation st. Continue repeating the 2d round, widening according to the pattern, and working inserted rounds across the shoulders, as shown in the illustration, and in the middle of the back. When both parts of the cape are finished, begin the border by working on the lower edge of the upper cape as follows: 1st round.—Taking a thread of red floss silk with the peacock blue wool, 1 dc. on the 1st st. on the edge, * 1 ch., 1 dc. on the same st., not, however, working off the uppermost vein of it, 1 dc. on the following 2d st., working off the uppermost vein together with that of the previous dc. reserved on the needle; repeat from *. 2d and 3d rounds.—3 ch., 1 dc. on the next ch. in the preceding round, * 1 ch., 1 dc. on the same ch. with the previous one, reserving the uppermost vein on the needle, 1 dc. on the following ch., working off the uppermost vein together with that of the preceding dc.; repeat from *. 4th and 5th rounds.—Work entirely around the cape, with the



FICHU-COLLAR.



LINEN GAUZE AND LACE COLLAR.

part is made of a strip a yard long and twelve inches wide of the Surah; it is edged along one side and at both ends with lace, arranged in soft folds as shown in the illustration, and attached to the neck of the collar. The fichu ends are crossed when worn, and fastened under a bow of Surah and lace.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 41, Vol. XIII.]

M Y L O V E.

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIZZIE LOXTON OF GREYRIGG," "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAN DUNDAS," "FROM DREAMS TO WAKING," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

"RUN DOWN."

"You must look after that child of yours," said Dr. Quigley when the girls had gone. "She is going the way of her mother; and unless you look out, she will slip through your fingers before you know where you are."

He spoke with intentional abruptness, almost coarseness of tone, thinking that this old fop had need of some smart blow, if that rhinoceros hide of his self-conceit were to be made to feel.

"Oh, you doctor fellows are always on the lookout for 'cases,'" said Mr. Branscombe, irritably. "My daughter's health is perfect, simply perfect. She has never had a day's indisposition of any kind, and seems to me to be in the most satisfactory condition possible. If you had said that I wanted looking to, I should have understood it. Had you even said that Miss Lyon's constitutional fragility might give those who love her cause for uneasiness, that I should have understood. But, my dear sir"—here he smiled in a superior and sarcastic way—"Miss Branscombe is simply superb—in perfect condition, mind and body; and I thank God for it!" he added, piously raising his eyes.

"Now, see here, Mr. Branscombe," said Dr. Quigley, "it is no business of mine to warn you, don't you see. My business would be to let your daughter go on as she is now, when I should have a 'case,' as you call it, on my hands, and a pocket full of fees as the result. But I don't want this case; and I would rather never receive another fee again than one for Stella Branscombe's illness. So I give you fair and friendly warning. If you do not loosen the curb a little, provide the girl with some kind of amusement necessary for her age, force her to go more into the fresh air than she does, make her take exercise, and give up this eternal poring over her desk in this hot, heavily loaded atmosphere, Stella will die—die, sir, as surely as her mother before her. I do not mince matters, you see, for I am in earnest. The girl is going the same way as her mother, and"—significantly—"from the same cause."

"God bless my soul! What can I do with her?" cried Mr. Branscombe, angrily. "She has her appointed duties, and she must fulfill them. You are alarming me without cause, Dr. Quigley. She is not in the bad way you make out. I am, but she is not; and I can not lose her valuable co-operation. Everything will go by the board if I do."

"As to that, take a secretary," said Dr. Quigley. "Rather a dozen secretaries than lose your daughter."

"You startle me, you distress me, you disturb me," said Mr. Branscombe. "How can I take a secretary? Why not advise me to take a white elephant at once! Where shall I find a secretary? How can I introduce a young man with a rumpled shirt front and inky fingers into the penetralia of my establishment? He will steal my ideas, and fall in love with my daughter!"

"In all probability he will do neither one nor the other," said Dr. Quigley, brusquely. "But the difficulties of the position are not my affair. My duty is to warn you, as I have done, that your daughter's health is giving way to such an extent—she is running down so rapidly—that unless some radical change is made in her mode of life, I will not answer for the consequences. Ah! here they come," he cried, as the girls entered the room. "Now for a brisk good walk to the Broads, and a tumble or two on the ice to whip up the circulation!"

"Miss Branscombe and Miss Lyon are not a couple of milkmaids, sir," said Mr. Branscombe, with haughty irritation.

"And a deuced sight better for both if they were," returned the Doctor, his chin in the air, and his keen eyes full of fire. "That fellow's airs and affectations always tried his patience, as he said to himself. That such a selfish windbag as this should have been the husband of that saint, and the father of this sweet child! Ah, well, Providence has queer ways of its own! said Dr. Quigley to himself, as he turned from this stately, refined, and artificial house, and drew a deep breath when well out in the sunshine and the crisp cold air of this bright winter's day.

As his daughter and his young worshipper had to "leave off work," by orders which the master of Rose Hill was too wise in his generation to disobey, it was not in the nature of things that he should stay behind and alone. He therefore made himself fit to bear the inclemency of this frightful weather, as he put it; and in his fur-lined coat, with the deep collar and cuffs of Astrakhan, his broad-leaved Rembrandt-looking hat, and beaver gloves, he was really glad in heart to have the opportunity of showing himself. "He certainly was a handsome fellow," he said to himself, as he pulled his hair into the right festoons and curls from beneath his hat, and settled himself with precision everywhere, from his head to his feet. Certainly a handsome fellow, now and always; "handsome Fred Branscombe" to the last. So Hortensia thought, and so Stella thought too; and the three set out to walk according to the Doctor's directions, for the sake of that health

and "tone" which burned away like tinder, and was dissipated like smoke, in the life and atmosphere of the studio.

And as they were going, Mr. Branscombe, taking the suggestion as his own, told Stella that he was going to lighten her labors by engaging a secretary, so that she might have more time to amuse herself—he said this with a strange kind of emphasis—and more opportunity for fresh air and exercise.

"But, papa—" she began.

"Let me be your secretary, Mr. Branscombe," interrupted Hortensia. "Nothing would make me so happy, and I am sure I could do it, with a little practice. I should soon be able to do almost as well as Stella."

"Quite," said Mr. Branscombe, emphatically.

"If papa thinks it too trying for me, would it not be so for you too, Hortensia?" said Stella, a little hurriedly.

She was not jealous, not in the least, but the thought of Hortensia at Rose Hill every day by right did undeniably startle her—and not with pleasure.

"Hortensia would put good-will into the work," said Mr. Branscombe, cruelly.

"Oh, papa! does that mean that I do not?" cried poor Stella, her eyes filling with tears.

"That means nothing against you, my dear," said Mr. Branscombe. "It means only praise of your good little friend. Is commendation of the one blame for the other? Fie!"

"No, but—" began the girl.

"No, but! But I know who is a very silly, jealous little girl," said Mr. Branscombe, with forced jocularity; "so do not let us have any more 'No, buts.' If your good friend is willing to undertake the office, I shall be only too proud to accept her services. Between you both, I may hope to get something done."

And as by this time they had reached the Broads, further conversation on the subject was impossible.

In the evening Hortensia broached her notable scheme to her parents. She was going to undertake Mr. Branscombe's copying for him—to be, in fact, she said, his secretary, as Stella evidently did not care for the work, which was just what she herself would like.

"Mr. Branscombe's what, my little maid?" asked her father, opening his eyes.

"His secretary," she repeated, demurely.

He flung himself back in his chair and laughed aloud.

"No, not if I know it," he said. "You can go and see Stella as often as you like. There is no kind of objection to that; but you won't go on any such wild-goose matter as being the old gentleman's secretary! If he wants one, let him hire one. They are to be had for the asking. Let him take Ran. He writes a capital hand, and it is just the work he would like."

"Randolph would scarcely do for Mr. Branscombe's secretary," said Hortensia, with the daintiest little accent of sarcasm. "He is a dear good boy, but I do not think he is quite up to that work."

"No? Not quite down to it, you mean, my little maid," said her father, laughing again. "The old gentleman's verses are rather feeble stuff, I must say, for such a young son of Anak to tackle. Still, it will give him something to do; and he might be at a worse crank, if he could scarcely find a weaker. At all events, I will propose it; and if the cat jumps that way, I will write to Ran, who would not say No. Whatever happens, however, I will not have any nonsense about you—do you understand? No secretarieships, my little maid, for Mr. Branscombe, or any one else."

"But why not, papa?" asked Hortensia, loftily. "I could not be better employed. I could not be doing anything that would refine and elevate me more than this."

"Stuff and nonsense, my dear!" he answered, with good-humored impatience. "You might be making a pudding in the kitchen, or casting up the weekly bills for your mother, and that would be far more elevating, and a deal more useful, than copying out the queer rubbish which our friend at Rose Hill calls poetry. And whether or no, you don't do it, do you hear? So now there's no more to be said; and go and sing me 'Cherry Ripe,' like a dear."

But Hortensia broke down before she had got half through the first verse, and cherries turned to tears in her song.

"Why, how now?" said her father. "What is this, my little maid? You are not getting so that you can not be thwarted, even in an absurd fancy like this, without showing silly tempers that a child should be ashamed of? Is this the right reward for all the love and indulgence with which you have been treated from the day of your birth up to now? Is this really my little maid who has grown so peevish and unpleasant?"

"I have always told you, William, that you spoil the child, and that some day you would find it out," said his wife, irritably.

In general her interference, when things went wrong between father and daughter, only brought herself into disgrace; but this evening her husband felt somehow unable to cope with Hortensia's latest folly. There was something in it that puzzled and confounded him, and he was not sorry to give the reins for the moment to his wife.

"Well, take her and manage her your own way," he said, also irritably. "I think the very mischief gets into you women, so that you do not know what you want nor what you ail. I wash my hands of you both, and you may go your own way for what I care. But, tears or no tears, Hortensia," severely, "you do not make yourself Mr. Branscombe's secretary, as you choose to call it. There is something in all this that I neither like nor understand."

On which he flung himself out of the drawing-room, and went to his own study in a pet—the most good-natured father in the world now really annoyed with his idolized little maid.

"Now you have vexed papa in earnest," said Hortensia's mother, also severely.

In truth, she was not sorry for this opportunity for unrestricted censure. Her husband stood so sturdily between her and her maternal right as well as duty—shall we add pleasure?—of rebuke, that she felt quite comfortable in having thus delegated to her her own natural task of moral castigation.

"Your temper is getting really too bad to be borne, Hortensia," she went on to say. "And I foresee that you will weary even papa, who has always been so kind and indulgent to you. One silliness after the other, and tears and sobs if you are checked in a single desire! Your papa has spoiled you—that is just the truth of it."

Hortensia made no reply. She only wept with a little more demonstration.

"Why are you crying, Hortensia? In the name of patience, what is there to cry about?" said the mother, a little sharply.

"I should like to be of use to Stella," sobbed Hortensia, with unconscious hypocrisy.

Her mother looked at her narrowly.

"I think you go up to Rose Hill a great deal too much as it is. I do not approve of these tremendous friendships. They are unwholesome, and always come to bad ends. I shall try to make papa forbid this incessant running up to Mr. Branscombe's. It is too much."

"No, mamma, it is not. There is no reason why I should not go," said Hortensia, still sobbing, but with immense energy. "It is the only pleasure I have. Stella is my only friend."

"Oh," said Mrs. Lyon, dryly. "Then I think it would be just as well if you made a friend of some one else—Mrs. Latrobe, for instance, or those good-natured Pennefathers girls. It is not wise to be so very exclusive."

"Mrs. Latrobe! the Pennefathers!" said Hortensia, scornfully, if still tearfully. "Not two ideas among them!"

"Perhaps they are none the worse for that," said Mrs. Lyon, tartly.

She had about one idea and a half on her own account; and she rather despised intellect in women as something unfeminine, and inimical to good housekeeping. But she said no more, and Hortensia did not answer. Mrs. Lyon was not remarkable for wisdom, but she had sense enough to hold her peace, and not give speech to the special thought which had come into her mind more than once of late. She held her peace even to her husband, saying only, when they discovered their daughter's latest craze that night:

"You never do take my advice, William, but I do most earnestly advise you to put a stop to this perpetual going up to Rose Hill. It is getting to be too much. And I do not like the idea of Randolph's being mixed up in Mr. Branscombe's affairs. It will keep up what is a very unwholesome excitement with Hortensia."

"Stuff!" said Mr. Lyon; "the child must have some amusement, and Stella Branscombe is the safest friend she could have. And it is the very thing for Ran. And if I can manage it, I will."

"Then you'll repent it," said Mrs. Lyon, sharply.

"When I do I shall not blame you, Cara," retorted her husband.

They always wrangled over their daughter, and never about anything else. But Hortensia had been their one steady bone of contention ever since she began to walk and ask for sugar, which her mother forbade and her father gave. As time went on, and more than sugar came between them, the quarrels were graver in meaning and more frequent in occurrence—quarrels wherein the mother had the better sense and worse method, and where the father was amiably wrong and lovingly mischievous. If only their little maid had been content to be good, and had not aspired to be superior!

CHAPTER XXVII.

HIS SECRETARY.

It all came about as Mr. Lyon had proposed. Randolph Mackenzie was formally engaged as Mr. Branscombe's secretary, with a salary to make things business-like, and to put them on a mutually honorable footing; and Stella was thus free to find such amusement as was to be had in the empty drawing-room and leafless garden. But this was better than her close confinement in that stifling studio; and at least she could now read other things besides her father's poetry, practice other pieces besides his manuscript music, or work with some sort of profitable earnestness, not interrupted every moment by calls on her attention which made her days like so many scattered bits of puzzle without order or sequence, meaning or completeness. Both poetry and music were of course grand and lovely; but—she hardly dared confess it to herself, and she would have held it as a sin had she boldly and frankly acknowledged it—how utterly weary she had become of them, and what wonderful emptiness she found in them now!

This institution of the secretary, and the choice of the person made to fill it, pleased every one but Mrs. Lyon. Mr. Branscombe, despising Randolph personally, and looking on him as an intellectual grub within which the potential butterfly was so dwarfed as to be practically dead, was yet gratified by the clearness of the grub's handwriting, by the accuracy of his copy, and by the good-nature with which he bore rebuffs. He was glad, too, to have a daily and recognized link with that pretty little devotee whose worship was so sweet to his sense of superiority, and in whose mental culture he took so much delight; and he was proud to be able to say "My secretary" when he bid for his neighbors' praise by detailing his various achievements. Stella was glad to have Cyril's faithful friend and confidant so near to her that snatches of stolen talk on the lives of young civil servants in India were possible, if under all the conditions of the case, not very profitable. Randolph was glad to be able to

watch over Cyril's interests—against whom?—and to sun himself daily in the light of Cyril's Star, and, because Cyril's—only because Cyril's—his own also. Hortensia was glad that her elegant idol should put his graceful hand to the work of tilling her cousin's tardy soul—that work which she had taken on herself, and which she had found so almost impossible, owing to the clayey nature of the soil. Mr. Lyon, who had his own views in keeping Randolph close under his eyes, was glad that his wish had been carried into execution, and that he had found folks as reasonable as he had hoped. Only Mrs. Lyon refused to add her note to the chord of congratulation; and always maintained that it was a mistake, and time would show that it was when too late for reparation.

Of course the neighbors laughed at the affection of the whole affair, and ridiculed the idea of that old fop wanting a secretary at all—as if he had anything to do that was of the very least importance. But then people are so ill-natured to merit!—the jays pick so enviously at the nightingales!

Two results came about by this engagement of the secretary—Stella's lines of liberty were enlarged at all borders so graciously as to take in even Augusta Latrobe without rebuke, and Mr. Branscombe's fount of creative energy ran curiously dry in Randolph's presence. It was not that he feared anything like hostile criticism from his grub. He would as soon have looked for a repetition of the miracle which set Balaam wondering. But he missed the stimulus of loving flattery, and he felt like a man who has been walking on a pair of stilts when suddenly brought flat-footed to the ground. In consequence of this dryness in the fount, there was a great deal more out-of-door life than hitherto, and the four friends were to be met riding and walking about the frozen country to an extent heretofore unknown to hot-house-living Finery Fred. They did not do much in the way of driving, which naturally he would have preferred as his mode of exercise when forced out of that indolent activity of his studio life. It was no pleasure to him to go in the brougham alone with Stella, or in the carriage with Hortensia opposite to him, and that big, clumsy cousin of hers by his side and opposite to Stella, or even with the two girls alone. His pleasure was in unrestricted converse with his little devotee alone, and in cultivating her mental garden free of by-standers and listeners. If he could not have this, he would not have the rest. So they went out in a party of four; and Mr. Branscombe always managed to draw off with Hortensia, while Randolph was left with Cyril's Star, and, because Cyril's, his own as well.

Thus for bosom-friends, as they were supposed to be—friends so near and dear, and so mutually necessary to each other as to excuse her perpetual desertion of home and its duties with the little Puritan—the two girls were very little together; and the work of making Randolph's tardy soul went on at a snail's pace.

What Stella lost in Hortensia, however, she gained in Hortensia's cousin—"Brother Randolph." Yes, he was just that—her dear, dear, good, and trustworthy brother; unselfish, unexacting, loving her as much as she wanted to be loved, and not a hair's-breadth less or more; the mere echo of her wish; the copy of her attitude; a reflection; a repetition; in no wise active for his own part, nor with feelings, ideas, sentiments, of which she did not set the exact lines. That was the unspoken theory in force between Cyril's friend and Cyril's former fiancée; and both believed it to be eminently workable, and standing four-square on all sides. It is one of the most delightful of all the theories which women make for themselves, though, alas! one of the most slippery and unstable. Nevertheless, it pleases the eye till the inevitable day comes when card-houses performe tumble into ruins, when ropes of sea-sand fall to dust, when iridescent bubbles vanish into thin air, leaving only a tear behind. Meantime, and before the dawn of that inevitable day, it serves as a dream and an amusement, and holds the ground against others perhaps less innocent.

Randolph's brotherhood was a delightful addition to Stella's arid life; and Stella's sisterhood was even more delightful to him. How pleasant it was to see her blue eyes brighten and glisten with such manifest affection when he came into the room!—to see her look at him as if he really were her brother, and something of her very own! It was all for Cyril, of course; all her affection for him, all his devotion to her, were all for the lover from whom she had been separated, for the chum whose lapsed interests he was so sedulously guarding. He was always telling himself this, as a piece of information specially needful to be planted fathoms deep in his mind; but he rejoiced in this reflected affection, this vicarious happiness, as much as if it had been because of himself alone; and one day, when Stella said to him: "How glad I am that dear papa thought of making you his secretary, Randolph! I do not know what I should do without you now!" he felt his heart swell within him with such a sudden rush of joy as to become almost pain.

That fraternal relation was certainly one of the most charming things in the world; and he was one of the luckiest fellows in the world. Hortensia and Stella—two such darling girls—both like sisters to him, and both so sweet and good as to make him like a brother! It was the happiest time of his life; and his charity covered even Mr. Branscombe

willingly he would have given the fellow a caning on the spot for the brutality of his suspicion and the insolence of putting it into words! "Spoons," indeed! as if one can be "spoons" on one's sister, one's Star, on the treasure which one is guarding for one's friend! "Spoons!" Well, he would never be "spoons" on Gip or Pip, so the Pennefathers need not trouble themselves about him; and he would take care to make them understand that, and give them a wide berth for the future. "Spoons!" "spoons" on Stella Branscombe? Why not on Hortensia as well? The phrase fretted him like a sore, and he could not forget it. He was a slow kind of creature in most things, and when he got an idea into his head he kept it for a long time, and bothered himself more than was in any way necessary.

And then even Mrs. Latrobe, whom else he liked so much, must touch his susceptibilities, and that with a somewhat cruel hand. Why did she say to him one day with such marked significance, "I do not think that Stella Branscombe will ever love again: she is one of the single-flowering kind—one bloom and no after-blossom?"

Why did she look at him so fixedly when she said this, and lay such an odd emphasis on her words? Of course Stella would never love again. He, Randolph, could not love her as he did if he did not believe her to be absolutely loyal. Fancy Stella marrying Jemmy Pennefather, or one of the Cowley boys, or Sandro Kemp, or any other man alive! It was a desecration to imagine such a thing. So she was stanch and loyal to the death; and he was her brother, because Cyril was his friend and had been her lover.

This was the staple of his morning and evening reflections and orisons, while he prowled round her like a faithful watch-dog whose fidelity was incorruptible, and whose watch was unremitting. Thus the time wore on, and the four oddly matched companions kept their respective bubbles afloat, and their card-houses in the most admirable appearance of stable equilibrium.

One day Randolph's honest face had an expression in it of more than ordinary preoccupation. When he came into the room he looked at Stella as people do who have something to tell in private which they do not wish others to hear in public, while they betray the existence of a secret as plainly as if they carried it printed on a placard. He shuffled and fidgeted and turned his eyes so continually on his employer's daughter that Mr. Branscombe himself noticed the uncomfortable uneasiness of his grub, and wondered what the deuce ailed the creature. Calling Stella to him, and fixing his spectacles rather low on his nose while he looked at her critically, his chin well up in the air, he said, in a dry tone:

"My dear Stella, what is there about you to-day different from your ordinary usage? I see you attract Mr. Randolph's attention to a distracting extent. Excuse the pun. It was too obvious to be allowed to slip. What is it, Mr. Randolph, that you find rare and uncommon in my daughter, hey? I see nothing."

"I am not aware of anything, sir," said Randolph, coloring like a great girl.

"Then may I ask why you look so intently at Miss Branscombe?" demanded Stella's father, looking over his glasses at his secretary.

"Did I look at her more than usual?" stammered Randolph.

"I think so," said Mr. Branscombe, with suave severity. "If, indeed, you see nothing, as you say, on which to comment in Miss Branscombe's appearance, we will resume our interrupted occupation. My dear Stella, perhaps you will be good enough to take this Nocturne into the drawing-room, where you can practice it more at your ease than here. I and Mr. Randolph will join you at luncheon. Thus I give you the whole morning for yourself and your amusement, free of all but this small duty"—with a curl on his thin lips that cut Stella to the heart. "By-the-way," he continued, as his daughter with a very pale face was taking up the music, "perhaps your little friend will give us the pleasure of her society at luncheon. She promised yesterday that she would come in her hat and habit to take a ride—if you should feel disposed to come. At your own pleasure, of course. Your pleasure before all other considerations," again curling his thin lips.

For, in truth, he had never forgiven Dr. Quigley's interference in his household affairs, and revenged on Stella the indignity of which she had been the occasion.

"I shall be delighted, papa," said Stella in a constrained voice.

She was not only hurt at her dear papa's sarcastic smile and double-edged words, but she thought it odd that Hortensia had said nothing to her yesterday about coming up to luncheon or going out for a ride, Randolph on his side thinking it odd that she had said nothing to him that morning. But no comment was made, and feeling herself dismissed, Stella went into the drawing-room to practice the new Nocturne, which was written in three flats, and began with a chord in sharps.

She wondered, as she stumbled her way among these musical tombs of harmony, what was amiss with Randolph to-day; and then why her father had got into such an uncomfortable way of speaking to her. Something, she did not know what, was changing him toward her; some strange mildew of coldness was creeping over his tone and manner to her; some vague barrier of displeasure was slowly rising in his heart against her. She felt herself in silent disgrace, and as if in some sort shut out from his affection, ever since Randolph had been engaged as his secretary. Yet why? She loved him as much as she had always loved him, and would again have sacrificed her own happiness for his, as she had already done. She had done nothing that should have displeased him. And yet, was she quite whole-hearted in

saying this, seeing that she was so undutiful as to have got tired of her work for him, so wicked as to have wearied of his art to such an extent that she could no longer find beauty in his poetry, melody in his music, or charm in his pictures? Was this the meaning of it all? Had he seen her naughtiness, and was it, then, her fault, not his, that he was displeased?

Meanwhile she stumbled over the notes of his latest Nocturne, while the tears gathered round her heart, as she hoped so piteously that papa was not turning against her; for then, what should she have left? Papa no longer caring for her, and Cyril parted from her forever. Life would be little worth having to her should the day ever come when that beloved father steeled his heart against her, and shut her out from his affections. And mingled with this piteous hope was a wish as strong, and not so pathetic, that Hortensia Lyon would not come here so often, and that she would not get about papa and flatter him so much when she did come. There was something in it all which pained and revolted her more than she could say. She did not know why; but it did. Was it because she was jealous?

What a wicked girl indeed she was getting! How she wished that she had a Director who might give her good counsel, and bring back her straying soul into obedience to the higher law and the ways of self-sacrifice and suppression! Yet there was no one to whom she could open her heart. Brother Randolph, though so good, was so dense in all mental matters, he never understood states of feeling. And Augusta Latrobe, though so sweet, was so fearfully reasonable! And Stella wanted some one who would be as wise as Augusta and as good as Randolph, but with more comprehension of moral difficulties than the one had, and with more enthusiasm for high-flying virtue than the other. In fact, she wanted her mother; and when she thought of her, she laid her head down on the piano and sobbed as her accompaniment to that soulless Nocturne. And yet she did not wish her back again. She had begun to understand now something of the hidden secret of her life.

Merry or sad, the time passes somehow, and at the luncheon hour Hortensia rode up to the door, equipped for the ride which she and her elegant idol had agreed on yesterday. It was against her will, against her better and wiser self, but Stella could not keep from being cool rather than demonstrative to her friend, who, as if to make up for some secret treachery, was more than ordinarily caressing and affectionate to her. Stella felt that she was "an awful wretch," as the modern phrase runs, but her coldness was stronger than herself. She could not, and held back in an odd, angular, uncomfortable way, which Hortensia took care not to notice. The relations between the two girls were getting decidedly strained, but they would last for some time yet without breaking. Girlish friendships go through a great deal of strain before they come to the breaking-point; and it takes a century of quarrels before all the gold embroidery gets worn off the fabric.

The luncheon, however, was singularly silent, and every one was more or less ill at ease and acting a part, so that the ride came as a decided relief, and the four set off with curious alacrity. They went for some time all in a line, the two girls in the middle, Mr. Branscombe by his daughter, and Randolph flanking Hortensia; but as soon as they had passed through the village, Mr. Branscombe and Hortensia found themselves together, leading the way down a narrow lane where only two could ride abreast. And thus the "brother and sister" remained together.

"I wanted so much to speak to you, Miss Stella," Randolph began so soon as they were alone.

"I saw there was something. What is it?" she answered, eagerly, her heart beating fast with a strange kind of expectation, as if she were afraid of some misfortune, yet hopeful for some great gain.

"I have had a letter from Cyril," he said.

She looked into his face, her own as white as the linen band about her throat.

"Yes? What does he say? Is he well? Is he happy? Does he tell you anything about his life and his work? Does he ask after his friends at home?"

She spoke breathlessly, her questions falling pell-mell over each other.

"He asks after all at Highwood," said Randolph. "He does not speak much of himself. Poor old fellow! I do not think he is very happy. How can he be?"

"Is he well?" she asked again.

"I suppose so. He says nothing to the contrary."

"Did he tell you what he is doing?"

"Only pig-sticking, and looking out for tiger-shooting."

"Oh, that is dangerous!" she said, with a shudder.

"Did he say nothing else?"

"No."

"Not how he liked his work?"

"No."

"Did he tell you who are his friends out there?"

"No—oh, yes, the Whites—a Major and Mrs. White."

"Did he speak of any one here?"

"No."

"Not one of us by name?"

She asked this in a lowered voice, hating herself for her want of dignity; but this too was stronger than herself.

"No," answered Randolph, also in a lowered voice, and with a terribly distressed face, for he knew that this was the core of the whole matter, and that his negatives hitherto, reducing that letter as they did to a mere fact shorn of circumstances, were as nothing compared to this.

"Ah, he has forgotten us! He is right," said Stella, with irrepressible passion.

But if right, why did she burst into that very tempest of weeping?—a tempest wherein all pride

and reticence were swept away as straws in a Highland "spate." It was worse than folly to weep for what was not only natural, but right. All the same, she did, and as if her heart would have broken with its pain.

Randolph's anguish equalled hers. She wept for Cyril's forgetfulness of the old bonds which she herself had sundered, and her "brother's" eyes were dim for the sight of her distress. But what can you do when you are on horseback in a narrow lane? He was only able to exhort her to quietness and self-control. He could not take her to his heart as he longed to do, comforting her as a brother might. He could only say, "Don't, don't, Miss Stella. Please don't cry; please don't;" as if hearts can break and piece themselves together again at will, and a girl who has made her own unhappiness can turn her tears on and off like so much bath water at her pleasure.

She cried so passionately, however, and was so thoroughly overcome, that Randolph jumped off his horse and stopped hers, then took her from the saddle, and set her on a fallen tree by the way-side. And there he knelt on the hard and frozen ground before her, and said, in a voice which brought her back to herself by very surprise at its intensity,

"Do you want to break my heart too, Miss Stella?"

No, she did not want to break his heart—as surely not—her good, true, loving brother! What should she do without him? He was all that she had of her very own, now that she had not Cyril, and that the strange mildew of coldness was creeping over her father's manner toward her. No, she did not want to break his heart; and therefore, to avoid this terrible contingency, she controlled herself into the wise and patient Stella of her normal state, dried her eyes, "pulled herself together," as she said, and remounting her horse, rode off at a brisk pace, to get within reasonable distance of Mr. Branscombe and Hortensia. But when they all joined forces again, the lids of those big blue eyes told Hortensia, in unmistakable language, that Stella had been crying—crying to Cousin Randolph, and about what?

The question a little disturbed Mr. Branscombe's devotee, perhaps because her own conscience was not quite so clear as it ought to have been. She drew away from her idol, and put her horse's head in line with Stella's.

"What is the matter, Stella? You have been crying," she said, with a reproving air.

Girls are always hard on the tears of other girls; and though they may do a good deal in that way themselves, they generally hold themselves justified in showing the most virtuous indignation against the like weakness in their sisters.

"Nothing is the matter," said Stella, with evident constraint.

Hortensia was the last person whom she could take into her confidence in this matter. Fancy confessing to her that she had cried bitterly because Cyril Ponsonby had not asked after his old love by name, and with many questions!

"It is not fair to shut me out of your confidence as you do—not friendly, or what I deserve," said Hortensia, a little too warmly, perhaps, for an ideal saint, as she somewhat posed for.

"You have no right to reproach me, Hortensia!—you make mysteries and secrets enough on your own side!" said Stella, with refreshing indignation.

And Hortensia on this turned her horse's head away in dudgeon, and dropped behind, on pretense of asking Cousin Randolph the name of a book which she had not read, and which he had never heard of.

The strain was certainly increasing, the strand getting thinner, the embroidery more bare, and the hidden split threatening to show itself too plainly for future politic ignoring. When an elderly man, father to the one and ideal to the other, is the only bond of union between two girls of the same age, things are in a bad way, and the very bond itself makes them no better.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PÂRIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IT can not be disguised that the change which has taken place in Parisian manners and customs has greatly affected dress. The brilliant receptions and splendid balls of former times have ceased, and even private assemblies have diminished, since there is no longer a court at Paris. There are few opportunities such as were formerly given by official balls and grand receptions for ladies to wear extremely rich and elegant toilettes. Lacking the opportunity, they are still unwilling to renounce the dresses, and therefore array themselves on all occasions, apropos of everything, and even of nothing at all, in a much richer fashion than they were wont to do in days of yore. The diapason is higher. Having no more grand balls, they wear grand toilettes at dinners, réunions (even small ones), and theatres; and the ornaments in former times specially reserved for ball toilettes—flowers, gold, silver, and jewels—are seen now even on dresses worn at home.

Dresses are more and more ornate, and the intermingling of draperies, scarfs, puffs, embroidered tabs, and flounces of passementerie woven with gold, silver, or steel, becomes to the observer undertaking to describe it a perambulating rebus, an enigma the key to which it is impossible to find. Where these ruches, fringes, laces, and flounces begin and end is a secret known to the dressmaker alone. The prevailing features of the fashion are skirts, whether with over-skirts or polonaises, which open, or seem to do so, over a tablier—a fashion which permits a multitude of

combinations. For instance, a black cashmere dress has a tablier of black satin ornamented with pleated scarfs, trimmed with jet fringe, and held in place by bows of violet plush. The cashmere body has a large square collar of satin, trimmed with the same jet fringe about two inches wide. Another pretty and stylish dress is made of cashmere and bishop's violet satin. The front, or tablier, is composed of perpendicular pleats about a finger wide, alternately of cashmere and of satin, and terminated at the bottom by a shell resting on two pleated flounces. The dress, in the form of an over-skirt, is drawn far apart to one-third the length of the tablier, and is then turned back so as to form large revers, covered with plush, and meeting behind under the draperies of the back. The body is furnished with plush collar, sleeves, and cuffs.

House dresses have assumed great importance. There are numerous sumptuous trimmings that one would never venture to wear on the street in the daytime. But everything is permissible in a house dress that is not a *robe de chambre*, but a toilette that can be worn only in a drawing-room, and only in one's own drawing-room. This *robe de chambre* is indeed a conquest of modern fashion, for this species of toilette was formerly unknown. It would be impossible to go out in these dresses, on which ladies give full scope to their fancy, regardless of expense. They are made of Japanese stuffs, China silks, and Oriental gauzes, with every kind of trimming and ornament that can be devised. The following is a type: Skirt and jacket of Japanese silk, with a light blue ground and dead leaf figures. The skirt, which is long behind, is caught up in two or three places, so as to make it slightly bouffant, then is draped in the middle of the front in fan pleats in such a manner as to form a large triangle, under which is seen a petticoat of dark dead leaf velvet. A large jabot of lace escapes from the jacket. This toilette is styled the grandmother dress.

A very stylish visiting toilette is made of very light Havana brown satin *merveilleux*. The skirt is trimmed with five narrow flounces, one above another, the last one being of peacock blue satin. The wrapping, which is of the same material as the dress, is cut in the *visite* shape, and is lined with peacock blue satin, and furnished with a large collar and cuffs of peacock blue plush. Bonnet of Havana satin, lined with peacock blue plush, with peacock blue feathers.

An attempt is made to revive large sleeves, flowing for jackets, and gathered at the shoulder and bottom for dresses. The fashion is launched; whether it will prevail is doubtful. I do not think it likely, for the reason that customs have changed during the last half-century; ladies' dress—I mean that of the street, for walking and travelling—tends more and more to adopt what is commodious in that of men, among which is the coat sleeve; and too many causes concur to render these acquisitions valuable—above all, their convenience—for them to be relinquished.

Large white collars are still much worn. They are well suited to young girls and to young and pretty women, but should not be ventured on beyond the age of twenty-five. They are made of very fine batiste. For the theatre and small réunions large fichus of tulle or *mousseline de soie*, trimmed with lace gathered near the ends, are much in vogue. They are tied in front, or fastened gracefully by an adroit hand, these fichus, which encircle the neck and face with a transparent vapor, and embellish the front of the corsage with a cloud of tulle or gauze, are extremely becoming. In all these caprices of fashion even the richest and most elegant women use only the fine imitation lace, which French manufacturers have succeeded in bringing to the highest degree of perfection. The antique Venetian, English, and Alençon laces, family treasures, and sometimes relics, are always employed, set *plain* on rich and elegant fabrics in the guise of panels or tabliers. Large collars and cuffs of white lace are worn, surmounted by standing ruches of tulle. They are often made of two rows of wide lace, pleated rather than gathered; these fall to the upper part of the sleeve, and are closed in front, resembling in shape the Crispin collars.

Paris has had its Congress—of hair-dressers, who have declared war on plain low coiffures. We need not laugh at these decrees, to which we shall probably be forced to submit. Already the effects are beginning to be seen; the hair is again piled on the top of the head, and flat bandes are diminishing, while, on the contrary, waved, curled, puffed, frizzed heads are in the majority. For the theatre, or dinners, poufs made of small feathers and an aigrette—a revival of the Louis XV. style—are worn in the hair. This fashion is only becoming to the piquant, irregular kind of beauty which was the distinctive style of that epoch. Poufs or tufts set rakishly on one side of the head are ill suited to regular features, or to a calm and grave physiognomy. When feathers are worn in the hair, the corsage bouquet is likewise of feathers. A pretty way of dressing the hair, which is very simple in itself, but which gives scope for much splendor, is to twist the hair and arrange it on the top of the head in a bow, fastened by a comb of shell, gold, gold and pearls, or gold and precious stones, either colored or diamonds. In place of a single bow, two bows are also made, and the front hair is waved to render it light and fluffy. Ladies who do not wish to go to the theatre in full dress, but like, nevertheless, to display a certain degree of elegance, wear light or white bonnets, oftenest of white crape, trimmed with gold-lace, or with lace embroidered with white chenille and white jet. The trimming is almost invariably composed of a long, fluffy, white feather, called a willow plume from its flexibility; at the bottom of this feather an aigrette is fastened with a clasp of diamonds or colored gems.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.



TYPES OF BEAUTY.—No. 2.—FROM A PAINTING BY P. H. CALDERON, R.A.

TYPES OF BEAUTY.—No. 2.

COME time since the proprietors of the London *Graphic* commissioned several of the best-known English painters each to produce a picture which should portray his own conception of female loveliness. The result was a notable collection, which was publicly exhibited, embracing alike blonde and brunette, majesty and simple grace, and numbering among its contributors the first names in English art, such as Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, Messrs. Alma-Tadema, R.A., E. Long, A.R.A., P. H. Calderon, R.A., G. D. Leslie, R.A., J. J. Tissot, G. Storey, A.R.A., Arthur Hopkins, C. E. Perugini, Marcus Stone, A.R.A., Philip R. Morris, A.R.A., and Frank Dicksee. A fine engraving of the picture by the last-named artist, printed from an electrotype of the original plate, and forming the first of the series of engravings, was published in *Harper's Bazaar* No. 39, Vol. XIII. We give the second this week, from the painting by the distinguished Franco-English artist Philip H. Calderon, and the others will follow in due season. It is interesting to know that the enterprising London *Graphic* proprietors have similarly commissioned a number of the most eminent French artists to paint their ideals of beauty, so that an opportunity will be offered to contrast the differ-

ence of taste between England and France in this particular. They will scarcely present more dissimilar types than Mr. Dicksee's stately brunette and the bright blonde depicted by Mr. Calderon.

Mr. Calderon, who has lived in England since boyhood, was born in France in 1833. He first exhibited at the London Royal Academy in 1857. In 1866 he was made Associate, and in 1868 he was raised to the rank of Royal Academician. Some of his paintings have been brought to this country. His "After the Battle," "Desdemona," and "The Siesta" were in the Centennial Exhibition.

(Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR NO. 13, Vol. XIII.)

SUNRISE.

By WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHANTOM," "MACLEOD OF DALE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AN EMISSARY.

ONE warm, still afternoon Calabressa was walking quickly along the crowded quays of Naples, when he was beset by a more than usually im-

fortunate beggar—a youth of about twelve, almost naked.

"Something for bread, signore—for the love of God—my father taken to heaven—my mother starving—bread, signore—"

"To the devil with you!" said Calabressa.

"May you burst!" replied the polite youth; and he tried to kick Calabressa's legs and make off at the same time.

This fear he failed in; so that as he was departing, Calabressa hit him a cuff on the side of the head which sent him rolling. Then there was a howl, and presently a universal tumult of women, calling out, "Ah, the German! ah, the foreigner!" and so forth, and drawing threateningly near.

Calabressa sought in his pockets for a handful of small copper coins, turned, threw them high in the air, and did not stay to watch the effect of the shower on the heads of the women, but walked quietly away.

However, in thus suddenly turning, he had caught sight—even with his near-sighted eyes—of an unwholesome-looking young man, pale, clean-shaven, with bushy black hair, whom he recognized. He appeared to pay no attention, but walked quickly on.

Taking one or two unnecessary turnings, he became convinced that the young man, as he had suspected, was following him. Then, without

more ado, and even without looking behind him, he set out for his destination, which was Posillipo.

In due course of time he began to ascend the wooded hill with its villas and walls and cactus hedges. At a certain turning, where he could not be observed by any one behind him, he turned sharp off to the left, and stood behind a wooden gate. A couple of minutes afterward the young man came along—more rapidly now—for he no doubt fancied that Calabressa had disappeared ahead.

Calabressa stepped out from his hiding-place, went after him, and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned, stared, and endeavored to appear angry and astonished.

"Oh yes, to be sure," said Calabressa, with calm sarcasm. "At your disposition, signore! So we were not satisfied with selling photographs and pebbles to the English on board the steamer; we want to get a little Judas money; we sell ourselves to the weasels, the worms, the vermin!"

"Oh, I assure you, signore—" the shaven-faced youth exclaimed, much more humbly.

"Oh, I assure you too, signore!" Calabressa continued, facetiously. "And you, poor innocent, you have not been with the weasels six weeks when you think you will try your nose in tracking me. Body of Bacchus, it is too insolent!"

"I assure you, signore—"

"Now, behold this, my friend. We must give children like you a warning. If you had been a little older, and not quite so foolish, I should have had you put on the Black List of my friends the Camorristi—you understand?"

"But you—we will cure you otherwise. You know the Englishman's yacht that has come into the Great Harbor—"

"Signore, I beg of you—"

"Beg of the devil!" said Calabressa, calmly.

"Between the Englishman's yacht and the Little Mole you will find a schooner moored—her name *La Svezia*. Do not forget—*La Svezia*. To-morrow you will go on board of her; ask for the captain; go down below; and beg him to be so kind as to give you twelve stripes—"

"Signore—"

"Another word, *mouchard*, and I make it twenty. He will give you a receipt, which you will sign, and bring to me: otherwise, down goes your name on the List. Which do you prefer? Oh, we will teach some of you young weasels a lesson!"

"I have the honor to wish you a good-morning."

Calabressa touched his hat politely, and walked on, leaving the young man petrified with rage and fear.

By-and-by he began to walk more leisurely and with more circumspection, keeping a sharp look-

out, as well as his near-sighted eyes allowed, on any passer-by or vehicle he happened to meet. At length, and with the same precautions he had used on a former occasion, he entered the grounds of the villa he had sought out in the company of Gathorne Edwards; and made his way up to the fountain on the little plateau. But now his message had been previously prepared; he dropped it into the receptacle concealed beneath the lip of the fountain; and then descended the steep little terraces until he got round to the entrance of the grotto.

Instead of passing in by this cleft in the rock-work, however, he found awaiting him there the person who had summoned him—the so-called General Von Zoesph. Calabressa was somewhat startled; but he said, "Your humble servant, Excellenza," and removed his cap.

"Keep your hat on your head, friend Calabressa," said the other, good-naturedly; "you are as old as I am."

He seated himself on a projecting ledge of the rock-work, and motioned to Calabressa to do likewise on the other side of the entrance. They were completely screened from observation by a mass of olive and fig trees, to say nothing of the far-stretching orange shrubbery beyond.

"The Council have paid you a high compliment, my Calabressa," the General said, plunging

at once into the matter. "They have resolved to intrust you with a very difficult mission."

"It is a great honor."

"You won't have to risk your neck, which will no doubt disappoint you, but you will have to show us whether there is the stuff of a diplomatist in you."

"Oh, as for that, Excellenza," Calabressa said, confidently, "one can be a *bavard* at times, for amusement, for nonsense; and one can at times be silent, when there is necessity."

"You know of the affair of Zaccatelli. The agent has been found—as we desired, in England. I understand you know him; his name is Brand."

Calabressa uttered an exclamation.

"Excellenza, do you know what you have said? You pierce my heart. Why he of all those in England? He is the betrothed of Natalie's daughter—the Natalie Berezolyi, Excellenza, who married Ferdinand Lind."

"I know it," said the other, calmly. "I have seen the young lady. She is a beautiful child."

"She is more than that—she is a beautiful-souled child," said Calabressa, in great agitation. "And she has a tender heart. I tell you it will kill her, Excellenza. Oh, it is infamous! it is not to be thought of." He jumped to his feet, and spoke in a rapid, excited way. "I say it is not to be thought of. I appeal—I, Calabressa—to the honorable members of the Council. I say that I am ready to be his substitute; they can not deny me. I appeal to the laws of the Society."

"Calm yourself—calm yourself," said the General; but Calabressa would not be calm.

"I will not have my beautiful child have this grief put upon her!—you, Excellenza, will help my appeal to the Council—they can not refuse me—what use am I to anybody or myself? I say that the daughter of my old friend Natalie shall not have her lover taken from her—it is I, Calabressa, who claim to be his substitute!"

"Friend Calabressa, I desire you to sit down, and listen. The story is brief that I have to tell you. This man Brand is chosen by the usual ballot. The young lady does not know for what duty, of course, but believes it will cost him his life. She is in trouble; she recollects your giving her some instructions; what does she do but start off at once for Naples, to put her head right into the den of the black bear Tommaso!"

"Ah! the brave little one! She did not forget Calabressa, and the little map, then?"

"I have seen her, and her mother."

"Her mother also? Here, in Naples, now?"

"Yes."

"Great Heaven! What a fool I was—to come through Naples, and not to know—but I was thinking of that little viper."

"You will now be good enough to listen, my Calabressa."

"I beg your Excellency's pardon a thousand times."

"It appears that both mother and daughter are beset with the suspicion that this duty has been put upon their English friend by unfair means. At first I said to myself these suspicions were foolish; they now appear to me more reasonable. You, at all events, are acquainted with the old story against Ferdinand Lind; you know how he forfeited his life to the Society; how it was given back to him. You would think it impossible he would risk such another adventure. Well, perhaps I wrong him; but there is a possibility: there are powerful reasons, I can gather, why he should wish to get rid of this Englishman."

Calabressa said nothing now; but he was greatly excited.

"We had been urging him about money, Calabressa mio—that I will explain to you. It has been coming in slowest of all from England, the richest of the countries, and just when we had so much need. Then, again, there is a vacancy in the Council, and Lind has a wish that way. What happens? He tries to induce the Englishman to take an officership and give us his fortune; the Englishman refuses; he says then, 'Part from my daughter, and go to America.' The daughter says, 'If he goes, I follow.' You perceive, my friend, that if this story is true—and it is consecutive and minute as I received it—there was a reason for our colleague Lind to be angry, and to be desirous of making it certain that this Englishman who had opposed him should not have his daughter."

"I perceive it well, Excellenza. Meanwhile?"

"Meanwhile, that is all! Only when an old friend—when one who has such claims on our society as a Berezolyi naturally has—comes and tells you such a story, you listen with attention and respect. You may believe, or you may not believe; one prefers not to believe, when the matter touches upon the faith of a colleague who has been trustworthy for many years. But at the same time if the Council, being appealed to, and being anxious above all things that no wrong should be done, were to find an agent prudent, silent, cautious, who might be armed with plenary powers of pardon, for example, supposing there were an accomplice to be bribed—if the Council were to commission such a one as you, my Calabressa, to institute inquiries, and perhaps to satisfy those two appellants that no injustice has been done, you would undertake the task with diligence, with a sense of responsibility, would you not?"

"With joy—with a full heart, Excellenza!" Calabressa exclaimed.

"Oh no, not at all—with prudence and disinterestedness; with calmness and no prejudice; and above all with a resolution to conceal from our friend and colleague Lind that any slight of suspicion is being put upon him."

"Oh, you can trust me, Excellenza!" Calabressa said, eagerly. "Let me do this, for the sake of the sweetheart of my old age—that is that beautiful-souled little one. And if I can not bring her peace and security one way—mind, I go without prejudice, I swear to you I go without

bias—I will harm no one, even in intention; but this I say, that if I fail that way, there is another."

"You have seen the two men, Beratinsky and Reitzei, who were of the ballot along with Lind and the Englishman. To me they are but names. Describe them to me."

"Beratinsky," said Calabressa, promptly, "a bear, surly, pig-headed; Reitzei, a fop, sinuous, petted."

"Which would be the more easily startled, for example?" the tall man said, with a smile.

"Oh, your Excellency, leave that to me," Calabressa answered. "Give me no definite instructions. Am I not a volunteer? Can I not do as I please, always with the risk that one may knock me over the head if I am impudent?"

"Well, then, if we leave it to your discretion, friend Calabressa, to your ingenuity, and your desire to have justice without bias? Have you money?"

"Not at all, Excellenza."

"The Secretary Granaglia will communicate with you this evening. You can start at once?"

"By the direct train to-morrow morning at seven, Excellenza." Then he added, "Oh, the devil!"

"What now?"

"There was a young fellow, Excellenza, committed the imprudence of dogging my footsteps this afternoon. I know him. I stopped him, and referred him to the captain of the schooner *La Svezia*; he was to bring me the receipt tomorrow."

"Never mind," said the General, laughing; "we will look after him when he goes on board. Now do you understand, friend Calabressa, the great delicacy of the mission the Council have intrusted to you? You must be patient, sure, unbiased; and if, as I imagine, Lind and you were not the best of friends at one time in your life, you must forget all that. You are not going as the avenger of his daughter; you are going as the minister of justice. Only, you have power behind you; that you can allow to be known, indirectly. Do you understand?"

"It is as clear as the noonday skies. Confide in me, Excellenza."

The other rose.

"Use speed, my Calabressa. Farewell!"

"One word, Excellenza. If it is not too great a favor: the hotel where my beautiful Natalushka and her mother are staying?"

The other gave him the name of the hotel, and Calabressa, saluting him respectfully, departed, making his way down through the terraces of fruit trees, under the clear twilight skies.

Calabressa walked back to Naples, and to the hotel indicated, which was near the Castello dell'Ovo. No sooner had the hotel porter opened for him the big swinging doors, than he recollects that he did not know for whom he ought to ask; but at this moment Natalie came along the corridor, dressed and ready to go out.

"My little daughter!" he exclaimed, taking her by both hands. "Did not I say you would soon find me, when there was need?"

"Will you come up stairs and see my mother, Signor Calabressa?" said she. "You know why she and I are together now?—my grandfather is dead."

"Yes, I will go and see your mother," said he, after a second; she did not notice the strange expression of his face during that brief hesitation.

There was a small sitting-room between the two bedrooms; Natalie conducted him into it, and went into the adjoining chamber for her mother. A minute after these two friends and companions of former days met.

They held each other's hand, in silence, for a brief time.

"My hair was not so gray when you last saw me," the worn-faced woman said at length, with a smile.

Calabressa could not speak at all.

"Mother," the girl said, to break in on this painful embarrassment, "you have not seen Signor Calabressa for so long a time! Will he not stay and dine with us? the *table d'hôte* is at half past six."

"Not the *table d'hôte*, my little daughter," Calabressa said, quickly. "But if one were permitted to remain here, for example—"

"Oh yes, certainly."

"There are many things I wish to speak about, and so little time. To-morrow morning I start for England."

"For England?"

"Most certainly, little daughter. And you have a message, perhaps, for me to carry? Oh, you may let it be cheerful," he said, with his usual gay optimism. "I tell you—I myself, and I do not boast—let it be cheerful. What did I say to you? You are in trouble. I said to you, 'Count upon having friends.'"

Calabressa did stay, and they had a kind of meal in this room, and there was a great deal to talk over between the two old friends. But on all matters referring to the moment he preserved a resolute silence. He was not going to talk at the very outset. He was going to England—that was all.

But as he was bidding good-bye to Natalie, he drew her a step or two into the passage.

"Little child," said he, in a low voice, "your mother is suffering because of your sorrow. It is needless. I assure you, all will be well. Have I spoken in vain before? It is not for one bearing the name that you have to despair."

"Good-bye, then, Signor Calabressa."

"*Au revoir*, child: is not that better?"

CHAPTER L.

A WEAK BROTHER.

GEORGE BRAND was sitting alone in these rooms of his, the lamps lit, the table near him covered with papers. He had just parted with two visitors

—Molyneux and a certain learned gentleman attached to Owen's College—who had come to receive his final plans and hints as to what still lay before them in the North. On leaving, the fresh-colored, brisk-voiced Molyneux had said to him:

"Well, Mr. Brand, seeing you so eager about what has to be done up there, one might wonder at your leaving us and going off pleasureing. But no matter. A man must have his holiday; so I wish you a pleasant journey; and we'll do our best till you come back."

So that also was settled. In fact, he had brought all his affairs up to a point that would enable him to start at any moment. But about Natalie? He had not heard from her through any channel whatever. He had not the least idea whether she had gone. Moreover, he gathered from Reitzei that her father—who, in Reitzei's opinion, could at once have discovered where she was—refused to trouble himself in the matter, and, indeed, would not permit her name to be mentioned in his presence.

He leaned back in his chair, with a sigh. Of what value to him now were these carefully calculated suggestions about districts, centres, conveners, and what not? And yet he had appeared deeply interested while his two visitors were present. For the time being the old eagerness had stirred him; the pride he had taken in his own work. But now that was passed from him; he had relinquished his stewardship; and as he absently gazed out into the black night before him, his thoughts drifted far away.

"But he pays his rent, doesn't he?" Brand remonstrated.

"Oh yes, he paid his rent. But she didn't like a wild beast in the house. It was decent lodgings she kept, not a Wombwell's Menagerie."

"I am sure he gives you no trouble, ma'am," said Edwards, who had seen something of the meek and submissive way the Russian conducted himself in his lodgings.

This she admitted, but promptly asked how she was to know she mightn't have her throat cut some night. And what was the use of her talking to him, when he didn't know two words of a Christian language?

They gathered from this that the good woman had been lecturing her docile lodger, and had been seriously hurt because of his inattention. However, she at last consented to give them the name of the particular public-house in which he was likely to be found; and they again set off in quest of him.

They found him easily. He was seated in a corner of the crowded and reeking bar-room, by himself, nursing a glass of gin and water with his two trembling hands. When they entered, he looked up and regarded them with bleared sunken eyes; evidently recognized them; and then turned away, sullenly.

"Tell him I am not come to bully him," said Brand, quickly. "Tell him I am come about some work. I want a cabinet made, by a first-class workman like himself."

Edwards went forward, and put his hand on the man's shoulder, and spoke to him for some time. Then he turned to Brand.

"He says, No use, no use. He can not work any more. They won't give him help to kill Pavel Michailoff. He wishes to die."

"Ask him, then, what the young lady who gave him her portrait will think of him if she hears he is in this condition. Ask him how he has dared to bring her portrait into a place like this."

When this was conveyed to Kirski, he seemed to arouse himself somewhat; he even talked eagerly for a few seconds; then he turned away again, as if he did not wish to be seen.

"He says," Edwards continued, "that he has not—that he would not bring that portrait into any such place. He was afraid it might be found—it might be taken from him. He made a small casket of oak, carved by his own hands, and lined it with zinc; he put the photograph in it, and hid himself in the trees of St. James's Park—at least I imagine that St. James's Park is what he means—at night. Then he buried it there. He knows the place. When he has killed Michailoff, he will come back and dig it up."

"The poor devil! his brain is certainly going, drink or no drink. What is to be done with him, Edwards?"

"He says the young lady has gone away. He cares for nothing. He is of no use. He despairs of getting enough money to take him back to Russia."

After a great deal of persuasion, however, he got him to leave the public-house with them, and return to his lodgings. They got him some tea and some bread-and-butter, and made him swallow both. Then Edwards, under his friend's instructions, proceeded to impress on Kirski that the young lady was only away from London for a short time; that she would be greatly distressed if she were to hear he had been misconducting himself; that, if he returned to his work on the following morning, he would find that his master would overlook his absence; and that finally he was to abandon his foolish notions about going to Russia, for he would find no one to assist him, whereas, on the other hand, if he went about proclaiming that he was about to commit a crime, he would be taken by the police and shut up.

"What?" Edwards asked, as he opened the door.

"I have made him a little bequest, that would have produced him about twenty pounds a year, to pay his rent. It will be no kindness to give it to him, until we see him straight again."

But Edwards pushed the door to again, and said, in a low voice:

"Of course, Mr. Brand, you must know of the Zaccatelli affair?"

Brand regarded him, and said, calmly:

"I do. There are five men in England who know of it; you and I are two of them."

"Well," said Edwards, eagerly, "if such a thing were determined on, wouldn't it have been better to let this poor wretch do it? He would have gloried in it; he had the enthusiasm of the martyr just then; he thought he was to be allowed to do something that would make Miss Lind and her friends forever grateful to him."

"And who put it into his head that Miss Lind knew anything about it?—Calabressa, I suppose."

Edwards colored slightly.

"Well, yes—"

"And it was Calabressa who intrusted such a secret as that to a maniac!"

"Pardon me, Kirski never knew specifically what lay before him; but he was ready for anything. For my own part, I was heartily glad when they sent him back to England. I did not

wish to have any hand in such a business, however indirectly. And, indeed, I hope they have abandoned the whole project by this time."

"It might be wiser, certainly," said Brand, with an indifferent air.

"If they go on with it, it will make a fearful noise in Europe," said Edwards, contemplatively. "The assassination of a cardinal! Well, his life has been scandalous enough; but still, his death, in such a way—"

"It will horrify people, will it not?" Brand said, calmly. "And his murderer will be exonerated and howled at throughout Europe, no doubt."

"Well, yes; you see, who is to know the motives?"

"There won't be a single person to say a single word for him," said Brand, absently. "It is an enviable fate, isn't it, for some wretched mortal? No matter, Edwards; we will go and look up this fellow Kirski now."

They went out into the night—it was cold and drizzling—and made their way up into Soho. They knocked at the door of a shabby-looking house, and Kirski's landlady made her appearance. She was very angry when his name was mentioned; of course he was not at home; they would find him in some public-house or other—the animal!

"But he pays his rent, doesn't he?" Brand remonstrated.

"Oh yes, he paid his rent. But she didn't like a wild beast in the house. It was decent lodgings she kept, not a Wombwell's Menagerie."

"I am sure he gives you no trouble, ma'am," said Edwards, who had seen something of the meek and submissive way the Russian conducted himself in his lodgings.

the door with his latch-key, when, out of the dusk beyond, there stepped forth a tall figure. He was startled, it is true, by the apparition of this tall, white-haired man in the voluminous blue cloak, the upturned hood of which half concealed his face, and he turned with a sort of instinct of anger to face him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DECLARATION.

WHAT makes my heart so wildly throb?
I'm glad, not sorry—yet I sob.

What ails me that I can not rest?
He told me what I partly guessed.

Why will the tears o'erflow my eyes?
It must have been the glad surprise:
Surprise to find I rightly guessed;
Delight to hear he loved me best.

A sudden joy affects like grief.
But with joy's tumult comes relief
To feel all fears are set at rest,
As when he drew me to his breast.

THE ILLUMINATED DRESS.

IT'S an awful nuisance to be poor, that's a fact.
And to be poor and to be pretty and to be proud—hard lines can go but little further, and I had gone to the extremity of hard lines.

I suppose you'll think no good of me for saying that I was pretty. But I didn't say it first. The glass said it every morning. And when one sees a cheek like the rosy down on a peach, eyes soft and dark as a black pearl, their dark fringes almost too heavy for the white lids to lift, features like sculpture, and yellow hair shining like satin folds in its braids, and all that sort of thing, one would have to be a fool not to know whether the picture was good, bad, or indifferent. And so I knew that I was pretty; but I didn't take much satisfaction in it; it never gave me a thrill of what I call vanity; it was the source of almost constant mortification, on the other hand, and I would rather have been plain as Susan Winckworth, and have had plenty to wear.

Drab doesn't show the dirt, and so my dresses were always drab. Remnants are cheaper than whole patterns, and so my dresses were combinations of two or three remnants. As for bonnets, I don't believe I'd ever had an entirely new one. I made my own gloves—but it's of no use going through the category of my wants: I wanted everything.

And then you can't keep a pretty girl shut up from the rest of the human race, unless you put her in a convent; people will find her out; and by people I mean John Rokesby, and Paul Ventnor, and all the rest. To tell the truth, I didn't so much mind John and Paul and all the rest, because they had known me as a little rag-bag ever since I was born, and dear old John would have been only too glad to take me for better or worse, rags and all; and Paul I wouldn't have had, you know, to save his soul—besides, Susan was in love with Paul.

But when a whole parcel of gay and wealthy people came to the lovely little town for a two months' visit, some at the Rokesbys', and some at the inn, and some camping out on account of the survey of a line they were running from somewhere to nowhere, then it was different. I knew the first thing they'd say would be, "What a pretty girl!" and the next thing would be, "But isn't she quite too awfully shabby!" And I couldn't keep out of their sight; for I had to go to the mail, and to the store, and to the mill, and to the station, and had to be seen outdoors, superintending the boys in picking and boxing and packing; for all the income we had, mother and I and the children, was what we could make from our strawberry beds and orchard, and it was mighty little anyway, and mother was delicate, and I had to see to everything.

It happened that I was down at the station, arranging with the freight agent for my strawberry crates, on the day those people came; and I saw them, every one, and all their gay bustle, and all their pretty dresses—the girls', I mean; and I suppose they were travelling dresses too—

likely the worst they had, and their worst so passing my best that they didn't seem to be to the same order of things. I had heard the Rokesby girls talking of the arts of these people, and of all the fine doings were to be; but I saw at a glance that I have no share in the fine doings, unless it'd be in a pillow-case party, or something of kind, where everybody looked alike. They never heard of me, and so I looked at them impunity that day at the station, and decided the tall dark fellow was Mr. Paget, and that hitherto stylish tall sallow girl, in a dark blue card, all puffs and ruffles and shirrings and ribbons, was his sister Miriam, and that blue-eyed beauty was Miss Mervin, and the red-headed girl was Maria, and the straight young men were the surveyors. I needn't have spent much time in guessing, either, for my ears are as good as telescope tubes, and I couldn't help hearing what some of them were saying, as they stood waiting for somebody to classify their luggage. "Deuced pretty girl, with the red gold hair there! Say, Sammy, wager a case of claret I'm on visiting terms with her before to-morrow."

"You're a regular heart-breaker, Meare; but I take you up."

"She's one of ours, at any rate," said another. "There's John Rokesby going to speak with her. What uncommon luck that fellow has!—nothing to do, independent fortune, sound health—"

"And knows a pretty girl besides, Mervin."

But I didn't let on, when mamma asked me if I had seen them, that that dark blue foulard had nearly smothered me with envy.

"What sort of looking people were they, Alice?" she asked.

"Oh, city folks."

"Nicely dressed, I suppose?" said mamma, timidly.

"Oh, beautifully!" And then mamma sighed, and began to speak, but thought better of it. I wouldn't have you think that mamma was a silly or weak-minded woman; she wasn't; but she had been young herself, and knew how young folks felt. But I guessed what she was going to say, and ran and threw my arms round her dear old neck, and cried, "I don't care about their fineries, not but the least bit; I'd rather have you and—"

"I reckons of you was all rigged out too, you'd look as scrumptious as any of them, Miss Al," said Sissy, our little colored help.

"We must find some way to get you a new dress, dear," sighed mamma.

"Oh, a new dress won't signify," I said. "I'm not likely to see them—"

"Not likely to see them?" said mamma, up on one elbow. "I should like to know why not, intimate as you are with the Rokesbys, and all? Of course you'll see them, and meet them frequently. Mrs. Rokesby has sent for you to come up and spend the day to-morrow."

"Oh, it's no use. I can't go."

"Yes, you can. I've had old Margot do up your white dress to-day, and there's nothing any prettier than white. We got out the strawberry stains. Speaking of them, we might give an afternoon strawberry garden party while they're here, Alice, and that would make you feel independent."

"Very," said I, "when we'd have to go without butter and sugar, and live on beans for a month, to pay for the cake."

"I'd just as lief," cried Egbert.

"And so'd I," said Alec.

"I doesn't mind the beans," said Sissy, "but sugar's right hard to spare, Miss Al."

"Oh, well," said I, "I guess you won't have to spare it." And then I went to meet John Rokesby, who was coming round the lilac bushes, and I just had time to shut the wicket gate before a couple of gentlemen were at the other side of it, and he had turned, and hesitating half an instant, had introduced to me Mr. Paget and Lieutenant Savary and Mr. Mervin, and then an older gentleman joined them, and he was Colonel Meare. I knew John didn't like it, but he couldn't help himself, and as soon as I saw his annoyance I began to enjoy it. I didn't mind them, if I was in my old gardening suit; but if it had been their sisters! However, I didn't unlock the gate, or ask them across it.

"Rokesby stole a march on us, Miss Lamarte," said Mr. Paget. "But he'll find that sort of thing won't answer. We had heard from Miss Marcia all about you."

All about me! Did that mean my dresses too? Well, if I had had all the purple and fine linen of the Queen of Sheba, I could not have held my head any higher than I did at that speech, although I knew how inconvenient it would be to keep up that style. And then I saw John's eye twinkle, and I faced about in a second. "So have I heard all about you, Mr. Paget."

"What have you heard, may I ask?" said he. "That I, Alfred Paget, am poor, but confoundedly aristocratic." Poor! I suppose he wasted more than we had to live on. "That—"

"That Colonel Meare is a real heart-breaker, and that John Rokesby has uncommon luck. But, luck or not, I can't ask your friends in, John, for it wouldn't be luck at all if I caused Lieutenant Savary the loss of his case of claret. So I must say good-evening"; and I left them all aghast, and John the most of any; and wild horses wouldn't have drawn me to Mrs. Rokesby's next day, if she had not come after me with a pair of tame ones, and made such a fuss about it—for she was fond of me—and mamma setting in about it, and crying, and saying I was losing all my chances—that it was less trouble to go than to stay. But I can assure you that if I had really been the Queen of Sheba, I couldn't have been treated thereafter with more propriety; although John said, when he had a chance, that it was only the society manner of his friends, and I was very foolish to show temper; that they were all good fellows, and Colonel Meare was an excellent match.

"Colonel Meare!" said I; "why, he's bald! One would as soon think of marrying you, John."

"Well," said John, "am I, then, really so entirely out of the question? Have romance and I bade good-bye?"

"As if there were any romance possible where people have known each other ever since they were born! Why, when I was two years old, you used to feed me with a—"

"Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes," quoted John. "Yes, it's uncommon luck to seem no better than an old man to—"

"Now, John, I heard your mother say you were getting morbid. Everybody grows old—if they live long enough. And truly I don't think those grizzled curs of yours the least bit unbecoming." And I couldn't imagine why John left me in that sudden way. But I saw him presently leaning over that tall sallow Paget girl, and playing with her fan, and I felt as if I always had hated that girl from the beginning of time. Still, I must acknowledge that by-and-by, when John took her to the piano, she did sing most deliciously; but then, in the evening, when everybody was dancing—well, I never saw such dancing before, and hope I never shall again. Mrs. Rokesby said Herodias's daughter couldn't have done anything more shameful, and she was glad neither Marcia nor I flung herself round in that style. But John and her other partners liked it, I noticed—at least everybody wanted to dance with her. Somehow, if she was lean and sallow, she was awfully handsome, and so was her brother, as I said once to John.

"He's young too," said John, "and that seems to be your *sine qua non*, Alice."

"It isn't yours," said I, "for Miriam Paget's thirty if she's a day."

And then John laughed, and went to take the seat that was always kept for him by Miriam Paget's side.

So the time went on, with rides and rows and picnics and parties; but it wasn't very pleasant to me, and I excused myself from all I could; and the way that Miss Paget conducted herself about John was simply—simply outrageous! And it was no wonder that Mrs. Rokesby and Marcia were worried to death about it, while he hung round her like a moth round a candle, so dazzled that he was entirely unable to see her as she was.

Marcia and her mother were to give a dinner party one day, and as our places adjoined, it was mamma who recurred to her former proposition that I should invite them all afterward into our garden, and wind up the evening out-doors with peaches and cream, for we had the first ripe peaches in that part of the country. I protested; but mamma had gotten it into her head, and said the peaches were there, and the cream wouldn't cost two dollars, and we could nip and save that from something else. And nobody but Sissy dissent, except myself, and I not because of the nipping and saving, but because I was tired of doing up that everlasting white dress overnight, and I did want a new one, after all.

"I'm sure," said mamma, "your white dress is a great deal prettier than Miss Mervin's patch-work affair, that new thing—"

"The 'Illuminated Dress'?" Oh, mamma, it was perfectly lovely! It looked just like a page from an old missal."

"I never saw an old missal," said mamma, dryly.

"Well, you know what I mean. Just a perfect harmony of rich colors."

"It might have been made of an old bed-quilt," persisted mamma.

"What a shame," I said, "that we haven't any old trunks and chests full of brocades and feathers and things, the way girls in stories always have them turn up to fall back on! Just think what toilettes one could get up nowadays from such rich odds and ends!"

"There's the old chintz curtains in the attic," said mamma, satirically. "Nobody could tell that stuff from Miss Mervin's."

And what mamma said made me think; and as soon as I began to think, I began to act; and before night I had the old chintz curtains washed and dried and starched, and cut out and bastled together, and the sewing-machine was rattling away, and bands of plain colored cambric, that cost me just ten cents, contrasted with the great Oriental pattern, and there was some old inserting that I had, and ruffing here and puffing there, and when it was all done, and looped and draped, it really looked as if it might belong to some woman of wealth and style, for nobody else would dare to wear it. And then I remembered Alec's old broad-brimmed fishing hat, discolored as dust and tan could make it. "All the better," said I to mamma's remonstrance. And I lined it with my plain cambric, and there was some yellow mosquito-netting in the house that had grown dull and dingy too. I took good care not to wash that, but I wrung it out of some mucilage water, and clapped it dry, and pulled it out, and wrapped it round that hat, and tied it down over the brim in a huge bow under my chin. "There," said I, "that will set off my eyes, and deaden my hair—my hair's too bright to be fashionable in this old gold mania. Don't I look as if I'd just stepped out of an old illuminated manuscript, the *Romance of the Rose*, or—"

"That you do!" said mamma. "And I'm well enough to see to the peaches, and I'll have the chairs all in the garden at seven o'clock." And off I went.

"Oh!" said Miss Paget. "If you don't look just like one of Burne Jones's women!"

"You look as if you had stepped out of one of William Morris's mediæval stories, dear," said Marcia.

But I saw Miss Mervin going over me critically, and I saw a twinkle in John's eye—for John was in the secret of the white dress—and I carried my head all the higher. He wouldn't be in the secret of this dress; I should not tell him a word about it, for the sake of having him tell Miss Paget what he'd think a good joke enough.

Well, as I don't care a copper now, although perhaps I did then, I will venture to say, vanity to the right about, that I couldn't step without stumbling over some victim that day, and without ripping a seam as well. All the gentlemen kept about me, before and after dinner, and I was just simpleton enough to like it, and to feel it rather a triumph than otherwise over the rich and fortunate girls. Alfred Paget was on one side, and Colonel Meare on the other, and Lieutenant Savary hovering about, and Mr. Mervin was pulling me Japanese lilies, and Miss Mervin was hanging behind and saying disagreeable things to Maria, as we went down the terraces and through the wicket into our own garden, where the boys and Sissy were ready to wait on us with peaches and cream, and where mamma looked lovelier than all the rest of us, lying in her white wrapper on the straw sofa under the tulip-tree.

But of course as soon as I was there, I had to drop my rôle of fine lady and belle for that of hostess and waiting-maid, and I was moving here and there, making this person and that more comfortable, when all at once I caught my dress in a thorn, and such a slit as rent its way through that old stuff you never saw short of zigzag lightning in a thunder-cloud. I ran into the house for some pins to catch it together, but thought then I had better take a hasty needle and thread; and I was behind the window-screen, hurrying for dear life, when I heard voices, and there was Miss Mervin, with the party round her, giving some ribbons off her dress to Sissy, and mildly quizzing her the while. I stuck the needle in, and sallied out, for there was no knowing where that sort of

thing would end. "You haven't given me any peaches and cream, Sissy," said I, coming up.

"Deed, miss," said Sissy, "I'm that sorry!"

"But the cream's all done gone."

"Gone?" I said, placidly. "Then run and get some more."

"For sure, Miss Al—wat'll I get it wif? Missus gib me the very lastest cent she had for the cream for dese yer—"

"Sissy!"

"Poor Sissy!" murmured Miss Mervin. "Won't she pay for this with more than her last cent!"

"There's plenty more cream—"

"Plenty more?" cried Sissy, joyously. "Whar's it at?"

"In the milk-room, to be sure. Make haste, Sissy."

"Lors, Miss Al! Ef you ain't allus the one ter sabe 'pearances! I'd orter known you'd hab some lef'. Miss Al's jess de cutest case," said Sissy, then, to the assembled group, "for getting somfin' outen nuffin'! Dis yer gown she's got on she made ob an ole bed-curtin'; an' yer wouldn't neber dreamed 'twas ob ole mosquito-netting roun' Mars' Alec's ole hat—she wouldn't hab it done washed nowways—"

Struck to stone, if ever I was thankful in my life it was when John suddenly appeared, and taking Sissy's shoulder, gave her a twist round the corner of the house and out of sight.

"Is it really true?" said Miss Mervin, with sprightliness; "and did you make that—peculiar dress from an old bed-curtain? and is it mosquito-netting round Alec's hat?"

"What a triumph of art, Miss Lamarte!" simpered Maria Vergnes.

"No," said I then, recovering myself; "it's the triumph of poverty. But it's very good of you to take so much interest in my dress. I'll teach you all my art any day."

"Thanks," said Maria, who wasn't ill-natured herself. "But we shouldn't look like you in it, if you did. And, indeed, I'd rather be able to get up such a dress as you have done than to be able to buy out Worth."

And at that little bit of kindness of course I burst into tears, and ran away as fast as I could to hide them. I didn't know where, and never stopped till I found myself at the bottom of the orchard, face down on the grass, beneath the old hickory-tree.

But John had come stalking close behind me, and in a minute there he was, lifting me from the grass.

"Oh, let me alone! let me alone!" I sobbed. "Oh, let me go! I want to get these rags off, and burn them up."

"What?" he cried, gayly. "This Illuminated Dress?"

"Yes, yes; it's only shown me what a fool I was, trying to go where I didn't belong. And I don't care. I don't want to belong there. I hate them all. I—"

"You hate them all, Alice?" he laughed.

"You hate Marcia? My mother? Me?"

"It's no matter whether I hate you or not; it's nothing to you. Nothing is anything to you, so long as you can have Miss Paget beside you."

"I don't want Miss Paget



Fig. 1.—SORCERESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL.—[For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 30-32.]

Figs. 1 AND 2.—MASQUERADE COSTUMES.

herring-bone stitch with old gold silk, and edged with a thread of yellowish-brown filoselle silk sewn down with similar silk in overcast stitch; the edge above them is worked in button-hole stitch with réséda wool, and in herring-bone stitch with black silk, while the spray proceeding from it is in herring-bone stitch of pink wool. The palm projecting from above and below the one just described is outlined in chain and stem stitch with red wool, ornamented as shown in the illustration in stem and herring-bone stitch with old gold silk; the centre is worked with brown, blue, and pink wool in herring-bone and button-hole stitch, and edged in stem stitch with old gold silk; the point Russe in the leaf points below it is worked in similar silk. The stem and the calyx of the drooping flower are worked in chain stitch with réséda wool, and edged in stem stitch with wool of a lighter shade; the centre is worked with blue, brown, and pink wool in chain and button-hole stitch, and with old gold and light brown filoselle silk in herring-bone stitch. The stems of the leaf sprays are worked with brown wool in stem stitch, the leaves in chain stitch with olive wool in several shades and filoselle silk in similar shades. The remaining flowers, buds, and leaf sprays are executed in a similar manner. The narrow border at the lower edge of the lambrequin is worked in satin, stem, chain, herring-bone, and button-hole stitch with wool and silk in colors to correspond with those used in the embroidery above it.



Fig. 3.—PRINCESS CARNIVAL.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—FRENCH PEASANT GIRL.
For description see Supplement.

Figs. 3 AND 4.—MASQUERADE COSTUMES.



Fig. 1.
CORAL PIN.

Fig. 2.—SHELL AND GOLD LACE PIN.

Hair-Pins and Brooches, Figs. 1-4.

Figs. 1-4 show ornaments of various kinds for the hair and neck. Fig. 1, to be worn in the hair, consists of a branch of red coral encircled by gold beads, mounted on a long, stout pin. The lace pin Fig. 2 simulates an antler's tip wreathed with oak leaves. The pin is of tortoise-shell, with acorns and leaves in gold. Figs. 3 and 4, brooch and hair-pin to match, are made of either gold or silver coins, a large one being used for the top, and one of smaller size for the pendant, as shown in the illustration.

Monograms, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 116.

THESE monograms are worked on batiste or linen in satin stitch with fine embroidery cotton in a single color or in contrasting colors.

Lambrequin for Work-table Covers, Baskets, etc.—Chain, Stem, and Herring-bone Stitch Embroidery.

See illustration on page 116.

THIS lambrequin is worked on a foundation of black cloth with double crewel wool and filoselle silk. After the design has been transferred to the material from Fig. 44, Supplement, the uppermost palm in the middle point is outlined in chain stitch with blue wool, which is run in back stitch with old gold silk; the chain stitch is bordered on the outer edge with herring-bone stitch in old gold silk, and on the inner edge with stem stitch in blue wool, and herring-bone stitch in brown wool; for the centre the three leaflets are worked in diagonal button-hole stitch with red wool, ornamented in



Fig. 1.—LADY'S DOMINO.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 19-25.

Fig. 2.—GENTLEMAN'S DOMINO.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 26-29.



Fig. 3.—HAIR-PIN WITH COINS.

Linen Gauze and Lace Collar.

See illustration on page 117.

THE collar of white linen gauze is faced an inch wide on the wrong side with white batiste, which is fastened down with herring-bone stitches worked from the right side. The collar is edged with lace three inches wide, and is attached at the right side to a jabot, which consists of a straight strip of linen gauze ten inches long and two inches wide, ornamented in herring-bone stitch with white cotton, and edged with lace set on in curves. The jabot is held together in front by two folded cross pieces of linen gauze.

HOW TO RE-COVER CHAIRS

OFTEN would we re-cover some of old, faded chairs, but dare not a tempt it, lest we make, in our inexperience, a sorry job. A few hints on the subject will enable the most timid to become with success their own upholsterers. The nails must first be drawn from the old cover, and this is best accomplished by first loosening them, placing a screw-driver or chisel against their sides, and hammering them. When the old cover has been removed, lay it over the new material, and cut the latter carefully out, making all the slits and markings with pins where the arms are to come, so that in placing it on the chair it will not be drawn either to one side or the other. There are three pieces—one for the bottom, one for the back, and the third for the outside and back part of the chair. For buttons, button-moulds

covered with the material used for the chair would do, but the prunella or velvet buttons, which all the upholsterers have, are better. After carefully placing the piece cut out for the seat of the chair over it and fitting it exactly, begin to button it down. Take a long mattress needle, thread it with string, and push it from the under side of the chair up in the place which marks the position of the old button through the new cover. Then force the button on the needle and twine,



SURAH OPERA HOOD.

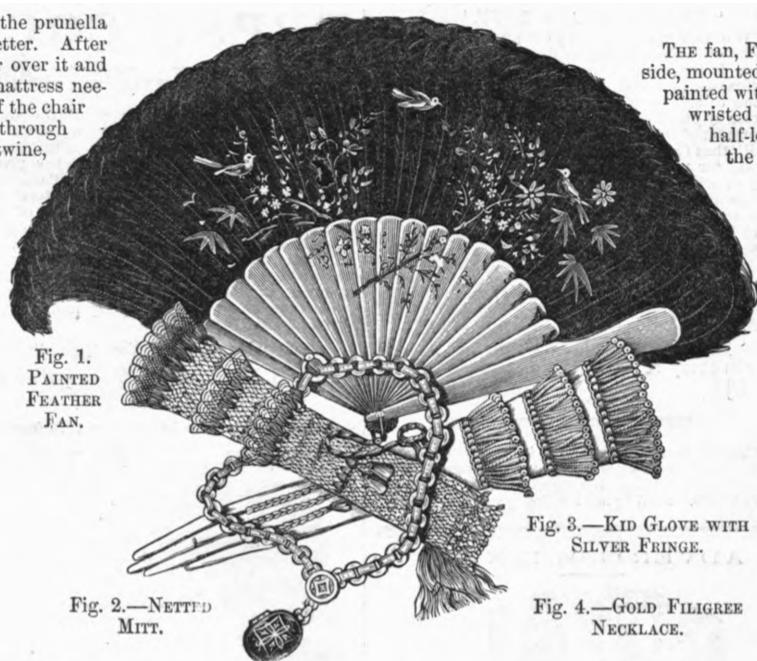
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Figs. 17 and 18.

and pass the needle down again through the cover one-eighth of an inch from where it came up; pull the twine very tight, and tie in a tight knot. A knot used by the trade, which is better, is made by holding one end of the string in the left hand, passing the twine under and through the loop from the under side. This knot will run up close, and can be tied fast without slipping. The cover must be folded by the buttons, and made to lie smoothly. After the buttons are all fastened, nail on the cover



CASHMERE DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1^a, 1^b-2^a, and 2^b.

Fig. 1.
PAINTED
FEATHER
FAN.Fig. 2.—NETTED
MITT.

Fan, Gloves, and Necklace, Figs. 1-4.

THE fan, Fig. 1, is made of black feathers, with the tips curled on one side, mounted on ivory sticks; both the sticks and the feather cover are painted with sprays of bright-colored flowers and birds. Fig. 2 is a long-wristed mitt in hand-made netting of light silk, to be worn with half-long sleeves. The kid glove, Fig. 3, has heavy stitching on the back, and is trimmed at the wrist with three rows of silver

Fig. 3.—KID GLOVE WITH
SILVER FRINGE.Fig. 4.—GOLD FILIGREE
NECKLACE.

CHENILLE CLOTH OPERA HOOD.

For description see Supplement.

bullion fringe, as seen in the illustration. Fig. 4 shows a neck chain and locket in gold filigree.

PAINTING ON BROWN PAPER.

BROWN paper of the darkest shade and thickest texture, and gray paper of a cool granite tint, are just now much in demand as materials for painting upon for dados, panels, cornices, book-covers, and other things. They give a background on which the light and

Figs. 1 and 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD.
BACK AND FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 6-16.



LADY'S CORSET.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IX., Figs. 35-43.

of the back, pinning it to keep it in place, and button it down in the same way. Pin the outside of the back on, which requires no tufting, and nail it smoothly with the tacks quite close together, turning a little of the material under to make it stronger. The braid is put on last of all, and can be either tacked on with gimp tacks or sewn. If it is sewn, the needle used is shaped like a crescent. And now our chair is finished, and will quite pay for the trouble.



HANDKERCHIEF APRON.

For description see Supplement.

shade are at once relieved; and while gray paper is the softest, brown paper, partly by the contrast of its rough surface, gives the most relief. The best brown paper for the purpose is the stout, continuous kind used by paper-hangers and upholsterers for backing.

The colors are oil-paints, in tubes, or water-colors, well ground with Chinese white, used with fine bristle or red sable brushes. Another method is to lay on the Chinese white, well ground to the consistence of thin cream, and when it is dry, to paint over it with ordinary water-colors. Red sable brushes are also the best for both the latter. Minute finish is out of character with the kind of work; the effects should be put in broadly, and the designs be distinct and of few large objects. Brown paper will not bear much India rubber, and in laying on the Chinese white it is better, if possible, to do so without any outline at all. If one is necessary, it should be either transferred or sketched in with charcoal, which can be dusted off if a mistake is made. Neither paper requires sizing previously or varnishing afterward. All water-color painting, on whatever material, can be removed, and therefore smudged, with water; therefore door panels, book covers, or anything else to be painted, must be carefully cut out, fixed in place with embroidery paste, and left to dry thoroughly before the coloring is begun. A dado can only be properly put up by the paper-hanger. Book covers should be turned over the edges, and faced with colored paper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DONNA.—An article about painting in oil on satin and silk was published in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. XIII. **Beige-color** is the light brown of natural wool. **Réséda** is mignonette-color, which is grayish-green, almost olive, in hue.

ANNIE.—Brown canvas bound with darker brown braid is suitable for a travelling bag, but gentlemen prefer the larger valises that are made of leather.

Mrs. M. L.—The front windows should all be furnished alike with white or écrù holland shades, and scrim curtains that are trimmed down the inside with antique insertion and lace. These are used all winter in the city, but you can have warmer draperies inside the rooms if you like. If you are fond of color, you might have the dark red or green shades that are now trimmed with white lace across the bottom, and instead of scrim you can use Madras muslin for curtains. In your bay-window the shades are next the glass, and the drapery curtains hang in the arch. The other "necessary articles in the parlor" are a sofa, or perhaps two, with easy-chairs of two or three sizes, upholstered like the sofas, and some light fancy chairs of various kinds. A table for a card-receiver and for flowers, and a cabinet for bric-à-brac, with some attractive pictures, vases, and brases, can be added at your leisure.

E. M. Y.—Your ideas about making the plain and striped dress are excellent. A dress similarly made will answer for a party dress, as rich satins—white, blue, or pink—are now made in this peasant fashion, and trimmed with shaded bead passementerie, and with velvet or plush facings.

A CONSTANT READER.—A lady who invites a gentleman to be her escort should properly provide the carriage, while it is his part to attend her to the supper-room, and to offer her all needful attentions, without interfering with her liberty of action. It should, however, be borne in mind that the usages of the best society do not permit a young lady to go to a party without a chaperon, and escorted only by a young gentleman.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Very pretty thin spreads for beds, with pillow-shams to match, are made of scrim, with antique lace centre, a wide insertion of the same lace, and an edging. There are also many entirely made of the lace, but you will find most ladies like them with part of white muslin. These are worn over a color to match the prevailing color of the room.

BERKSHIRE.—All hand-made laces are called real lace; imitation laces are those that are made by machine.

Mrs. J. M. N.—A coat-basque with box pleats behind is best for the black cashmere dress. Have the skirt with full back breadths, a narrow side gore each side, and a gored front breadth. Then use either black plush or else the less expensive striped or brocaded velvet, that is sold for \$3 a yard, for a Byron collar, square pockets, cuffs, and side panels that nearly meet at the top of the skirt in front, and have a sash of soft Surah satin hang down the front between the panels.

E. W. G.—Read *New York Fashions* of *Bazar* No. 3, Vol. XIV., for hints about the pretty dark warm dresses of cashmere and plush that are worn by small children—both boys and girls alike—from two or three years of age upward. Plush and cloth are most used for their walking coats, but those of velvet are also seen. White thick lace is preferred for trimming, but fur is also used. The shape of these coats is very simple. They are long, with double or single breasted front, and wide French back with pleats below the waist, or without them if the child is a plump figure. Colored dresses, with flannel for general use, are now as much used as white dresses for small boys. Black buttoned boots, without heels, and leggings to match the cloak, are chosen. Put a quilted silk lining in French cap for a baby of six months. Long cloaks are retained for such babies until spring. Sashes are little used with their white slips of muslin.

ARCHERY.

The Executive Committee of the National Archery Association of the United States is now in session at the office of the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. G. F. E. PEARSALL, No. 298 Fulton St., Brooklyn, prepared to receive applications from archery clubs in any State of the Union for admission into the National Association.

As the Grand Annual Meeting of the National will be held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, during the second week of July, at which none but members of National Clubs will be allowed to compete, it is advisable that applications for membership be made immediately to the Corresponding Secretary, who will afford all necessary information, with copies of the Constitution, By-laws, etc.—[Com.]

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Hon. Wm. D. KELLEY says in a letter to Dr. STARKEY: "Gratitude to you and duty to those who may be suffering as I was from Chronic Catarrh and almost daily effusions of blood, in greater or less quantities, impel me to say to you, and to authorize you to give any degree of publicity to my assertion, that the use of your Compound Oxygen at intervals has so far restored my health that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year; and my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Phila., Pa.—[Com.]

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An old East Indian captain gave up sea-faring, and was having a house built in which to end his days in peace. One morning, while watching the carpenters, he noticed that they let bits of lath and the like drop down between the partitions, and he ordered them to take all the loose pieces out. The workmen obeyed, grumbling that they did not see what difference it made. "All the difference in the world, you lubbers!" retorted the irate captain. "Do you think I want to be annoyed, whenever she rocks, by the rattles of the rubbish in the partitions?"

"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer, the other day: "the plaintiff will swear that I hit him; I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?"

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A GROWING INDUSTRY—Farming.

When old Mrs. Bunsby had got through reading in the paper an account of the last great fire, she raised her spectacles from her eyes to the top of her head, and remarked, "If the city firemen would wear the genuine home-knit stockin's, such as we make and wear in the country, they wouldn't be a bustin' of their hose at every fire."

A STRANDED HEELANMAN.—A drover fresh from the land of heather, whose knowledge of the sea and its ebb and flow was confined to a grand idea of its magnitude, arrived one day at the Craig Pier, Dundee, with a flock of sheep, intending to cross over to Fife. It being low water, and the boat already well laden, the captain told him that he must wait for an hour, as he was afraid he would not have water enough to float from the pier. "Water enough!" quoth John Highlandman, with amazement. "Och, man, if she dinna ha'e water enough in ta big muckle sea, whar will she get it?"



One can not be rude to a lady, even though she be a book canvasser.

"I think I heard the gentleman who runs the powder-mill in the next office frequently say he would like one of those very books."

[Ha! it works. She goes.

The proprietor of a mineral spring at Carlbad knows some English; and he writes what he knows with a fluent ease and freshness which can not be too much admired. The following specimen of his literary skill—an advertisement copied from one of his bottles—seems to possess, as it were, some of the sparkle of the mineral waters themselves: "Warning. Only the above-mentioned packet up is the very pure salt of the Sprudel, because it is produced by the inspection of the town officers. But that salt packet up in wooden boxes, and also trading with that is false and counterfeit; and it is our duty to let this be a warning to the gentlemen and ladies to buy it."

A DRY SUBJECT—An Egyptian mummy.

MATERFAMILIAS. "You've got the basket. Now go and take my compliments to Mrs. Hodge, and ask if she can oblige me with a dozen new laid-eggs. Well, what are you waiting for?"

BRIDGET. "Please, mum, where's the compliments?"

"Is it law you're talking about? Look, now: when I was a saundier I shot twenty men for the nation, and it gave me a pinshun; but if I was only to shoot wan stray fellow for myself, bedad, I'd be tried for murther. There's law for yez."

A SOUND THRASHING—Beating a drum.

Of course there are some of us who are a trifle bored when compelled to listen a second time to the same sermon. The weariness would be a little alleviated if repeaters would bear in mind the answer of a little girl of twelve years, the daughter of a clergyman, who was asked, "Sadie, does papa ever preach the same sermon twice?"

After thinking a moment, Sadie replied, "Yes, I believe he does; but I think he hollers in different places."

When a revolver is aimed at a man in the heat of a discussion, he generally looks at it as a pointed argument.

A Southern darky recently made application for divorce from his wife. When asked on what ground he demanded a divorce, he explained as follows: "De ground ob dis occasion is sufficient enough. When I rented ten acres an' worked one mule, I married a woman suitable for de occasion. Now I rent sixty acres of land an' work five mules. My wife is a mighty good ten-acre wife, but she don't suit de occasion ob sixty acres. I needs a woman what can spread more."



SOME OFFICE BORES.

This, if you please, is a Comic Artist—mentioning no names—trying to concentrate his mind upon the truly beautiful, when—

Enter (or partially enter) a Kindling-wood Man.
K. M. "Kinlinwood, Boss?"
Boss. "No, no wood."
K. M. "Sell ye five barls fr a dollar."
Boss. "No, not any to-day."
K. M. "'Ll ye want any to-morrer, then?"
Boss (desperately). "Shouldn't wonder; better call to-morrer."
[Exit K. M., full of hope.



Enter a strong smell of rum, and a man with nothing between him and starvation but a few worthless pencils. After five minutes lost in the hopeless search for a penny for this gentleman, our artist resumes, amid the aroma of rum, which pervades his studio.



Ten minutes more of concentration, when enter a City Missionary, who, after sniffing suspiciously the atmosphere left by the last caller, leaves a tract on the "Evils of Intemperance."



This time it is a party who wants to know where Mr. Brown's office is.

"Can't tell you, sir."

"Thanks."

Is about to leave, when an unlucky glance at the drawing-board excites his curiosity. He is good enough to draw nearer, and for half an hour pries the worker with questions that would put an infant to the blush.



do so unwarrantable a thing as to mimic his Majesty, and, pale with fright, begged to be excused. The king was inexorable, however, and said, "Let there be no more delay, sir. I command you to begin."

Herr Lang, seeing no way of escape, assumed the attitude of the king, and said, in a loud voice, "By-the-way, Secretary Schmidt, I should like to have you send a few dozen bottles of my best wine down to the Actors' Club to-morrow; and while you are about it, you may draw a check for a couple of hundred guilders and send them to Herr Lang, a very worthy and comical fellow."

At this point Ludwig stopped him with, "There, there, Herr Lang, you have mimicked quite enough to suit my fancy, and what you have said has been well said, and to the point."

The next day the wine was delivered to the club, and the guilders to Lang; but the king never again asked him to give an exhibition of his powers of mimicry.

THE HERO AND THE DOG.

A dozen men were watering their throats in a Monroe Avenue saloon yesterday, when two strangers entered, and one of them raised his voice and called out, "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to Captain Green, of Chicago, the hero who was locked up in a room with a dog for two long hours, armed only with a piece of lath."

Several persons at once stepped forward and shook hands, and invited Captain Green to drink. He had imbibed three glasses of beer and got two cigars in his pocket, when one of the men queried, "You must have felt party skeary?"

"Yes."

"Was the dog mad?"

"I don't think he was."

"And you kept him off with the lath?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't want any of that."

"Locked in, were you?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't have got out if the dog had been too much for you?"

"No."

"Well, you were a hero, and that's fact. What breed of a dog was it?"

"I think they call it a poodle," quoth the hero, as he slid for door.

The crowd slid after him, but the man out of doors always has to show to use his legs.



Next an invoice of "Soap, matches, shoe-blackin', fedder dusters, vis-brooms," and what not else, has to be put out by main force.

This gentleman has, it appears, recently got out some sort of patent arrangement for digging graves, and wants a design, "something awfully funny and striking, you know," to use in an advertisement of it. Time lost on this man—or rather lost by this man—forty-five minutes and ten seconds.



Time lost in parleying with, struggling with, and finally kicking down stairs, an insurance gentleman, fifty-nine minutes.

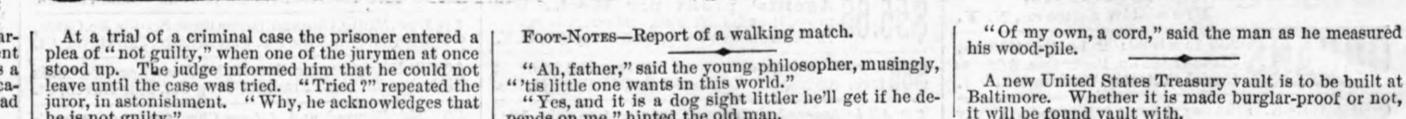
Of course the man with the new "process" to supersede wood-engraving does not fail to drop in with his myriads of proofs. Time, one hour and twenty minutes.

FOOT-NOTES—Report of a walking match.

"Ah, father," said the young philosopher, musingly, "tis little one wants in this world."
"Yes, and it is a dog sight littler he'll get if he depends on me," hinted the old man.

"Of my own, a cord," said the man as he measured his wood-pile.

A new United States Treasury vault is to be built at Baltimore. Whether it is made burglar-proof or not, it will be found vault with.



At length night overtakes the ill-starred being, and finds him sitting before the blank page, on which no result of concentration has been allowed to appear.

SHARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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GARDEN SOILS AND HOW TO IMPROVE THEM.

THE selection of a site for a garden is not always a matter of choice, but has often to be governed by circumstances and considerations which are imperative upon the owner of the land, and to which he must yield his preferences. The district in which he resides may be one in which a heavy clayey soil prevails, with or without good underdrainage; it may be a sandy soil upon a substratum of gravel, or it may be upon a heavy clay; it may be a ferruginous soil, overcharged with iron; a peaty soil, overcharged with acids arising from the decomposition of the vegetable matters it contains; a limestone soil, in which

lime predominates; or a magnesian soil, in which magnesia prevails. It will readily be seen that soils of such diverse characters must receive diverse treatment, for what may be the best of treatment for the one may be the very worst for another, and produce success or failure in their cultivation accordingly.

Soils are usually divided into two general classes, namely, mineral soils and vegetable soils, and these again into several sub-classes. Mineral soils are as follows:

Clayey soils are such as do not contain less than one-sixth part of aluminous matter, and do not effervesce with acids.

Sandy soils are those which contain at least three-fourths of sand. If they effervesce with

acids, they contain lime or chalk, and are termed either calcareous or silicious, as they effervesce or not.

Limestone soils are those which contain a large quantity of lime in some form or other, and produce a decided effervescence when treated with acids. Water filtered through them will throw down a white sediment when boiled and allowed to settle.

Marly soils are such as contain decomposed limestone or shells in a state similar to clay. They effervesce with acids, like limestone soils, and are similar in character to them.

Vegetable soils are divided as follows:

Loamy soils, or those which contain not less than one-third of fine earthy matter, combined

with decayed vegetable matter, or with animal manure in the proportion of not more than one-half. They will usually effervesce with acids. They are generally designated by the character of the earthy portions which they contain, such as clayey loam, sandy loam, granitic loam, marly loam, ferruginous loam, etc., and sometimes by their color and texture, as a stiff yellow loam, or a light friable loam.

Peaty soils contain at least one-half decayed vegetable matter, and are designated either boggy or dry peat, according as they contain or will hold more or less of water.

It is commonly thought that all clays, by kneading with water, can be made into a tenacious, compact ball, but this is by no means the case. Pipe-



Figs. 1 and 2.—SURAH EVENING DRESS.—BACK AND FRONT.

For pattern and description see Suppl. No. VII., Figs. 45-48.

Fig. 3.—FAIILE AND SATIN EVENING DRESS.

For description see Supplement.

Figs. 4 and 5.—SILK AND GAUZE EVENING DRESS.—FRONT AND BACK.

For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1-5.—LADIES' EVENING DRESSES.

clay and fuller's earth are by no means tenacious, being but slightly so. Some are so firm, hard, and tenacious as to be almost impervious to water; others imbibe water so freely as to be readily cut with any sharp instrument; some, as granitic clays, are stiff, refractory, and retain moisture, and are consequently sterile; others, again, as basaltic clays, are soft and ductile, and part with the water they contain. These are generally fertile. Color is also an indication of the fertility or sterility of a clayey soil. Fertile clays are generally light, as they contain more or less of carbonate of lime. Red, blue, or yellow clays do not contain much, if any, lime, but contain iron in some form in a greater or less degree, and in proportion as they do so are consequently sterile. When very tenacious, all clays are naturally barren, because in wet weather they do not permit the rain to permeate them, and in dry weather they bake so hard that the roots of the plants can not penetrate them.

The way to improve such lands is to render them lighter by frequent digging or ploughing when it is neither too dry nor too wet. If dug or ploughed when wet, they are more injured than benefited, as they are rendered still more tenacious. Ridging up such soils late in the autumn in order to expose them to the alternate freezings and thawings of winter, is very useful in some cases, but not in all. Whether it is so or not can only be found out by actual experiment, as no certain criteria are known by which we may judge of its propriety. Sand and coal ashes are very injurious unless laid on in very large quantities, as they have a tendency to bind clays together when in small quantities. A most excellent way of rendering such soils more friable is to dig or plough in large quantities of green vegetable matter, such as buckwheat or clover. Horse or cow manure is best for such soils, and should be ploughed in when quite fresh, before or during warm weather, as then its fermentation in the soil has a tendency to lighten it, as bread is lightened by any ferment.

When sandy soils have some proportion of clay, loam, or other earthy substances in their composition, they are called heavy sands, but where these materials are to a great extent wanting, they are called light sands, and where they are entirely wanting, they are called loose, or blowing, sands. Sandy soils are best improved by incorporating into them clays or other tenacious soils. Peat is also a most excellent article for their amelioration, especially if they be very light. Lime and especially marls are of great service, particularly when there are indications of iron in the soil, as the lime decomposes the oxide of iron, and neutralizes its bad effects. Composts of animal and vegetable manures and heavy earths, particularly clay and marl, are excellent improvers of sandy soils. Another excellent mode of improving them is to fold sheep upon them, feeding them with green food; their continued tread compacts the soil, and their droppings manure it at the same time.

Limestone soils vary much in hardness and friability. Some are very fertile, whilst others, especially those which contain much magnesia, are sterile, although on some soils magnesian limestone appears to act as a useful manure. Lime acts, however, more as a solvent for vegetable and animal matters in the soil than as a direct manure, and if too frequently applied is injurious. It is an excellent application to the soil when green crops are ploughed under for fertilizing purposes, and also when peat is applied. The treatment for ameliorating them is similar to that indicated for clayey soils.

There are several varieties of marls, the principal being clay marl, sandy marl, slaty marl, shell marl, and green-sand marl. The first and third are apt to be heavy and wet, and for their amelioration require large quantities of sand to be incorporated with them. Sandy marls, on the contrary, require large quantities of clay. Shell marls and green-sand marls are generally used as manures. The latter contains a large quantity of silicate of potash, as well as lime in different forms, and is a most admirable fertilizer, especially for sandy soils, and those worn out by overcropping.

Loamy soils are the most common, and do not require any special notice, as they only require good cultivation and proper manuring to make them fertile.

Peaty soils, if boggy, require to be ridged up in autumn, and exposed to the action of the winter weather. Lime is an excellent ameliorator of such soils, as it acts as a solvent for the vegetable matter they contain. When boggy, great attention must be paid to thoroughly drain them. Dry peaty soils require heavy manures to properly fertilize them.

Whenever the subsoil is clayey, hard, and retentive of water, under-draining must be resorted to. In the case of sandy soils with a gravelly subsoil, or where the lower stratum of sand is permanently moist, this is not necessary, and, indeed, would be injurious. We once planted a large grove of trees on a blowing sand beach, four miles seaward from the mainland, and they did well, because the sand beneath was kept continually moist by infiltration from the ocean. They received annually a light top-dressing of manure, and a mulching of sedge and sea-weed to prevent the sand from blowing away and exposing the roots. When the subsoil is heavy or hard, it should always be broken up by subsoil ploughing or trenching, but in no case should the subsoil be brought to the surface. The surface soil having been exposed to the action of the elements for indefinite periods of time, is always in better condition to support plant life than that which has not been so exposed. Subsoiling increases the depth of the soil by aerating it, and allowing the water which falls upon the surface soil to percolate through it, carrying with it, in a soluble form, a portion of the plant food applied to the surface.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 68 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued February 15, contains "A Ripper," an exciting coasting story, by W. O. STODDARD, illustrated by GRAHAM; Chat No. III. on Philately, that will interest all young stamp collectors; "My First Trifl," a poem, illustrated; Chapter Ten of "Toby Tyler," in which Mr. Stubbs distinguishes himself as a guest at a dinner party, illustrated; "Stanley's Great Journey," an article on the great explorer's discoveries in Central Africa, by WILLIAM L. ALDEN, illustrated; "A Strange Valentine," a charming story for girls; Chapter Three of "Phil's Fairies," by MRS. W. J. HAYS, illustrated; "The End of My Monkey," by Jimmy Brown, with six illustrations; a page of Valentine Sketches; a full Post-office Box, with an especial Valentine design as a heading; and many other attractions.

Our Cut Paper Pattern Department having been reorganized, these patterns will henceforth be numbered in the Catalogues, and ordered by Numbers, instead of Names, as heretofore. Arrangements have also been made to divide the suits, and to sell the different parts thereof separately, as may be desired. Whenever a Cut Paper Pattern is published of a suit illustrated in the BAZAR, the Catalogue Number by which it is to be ordered, and the price of each part, will accompany the illustration.

FIRST LOVE.

THE novel—delightful friend—has outgrown most of the absurdities of its youth. It is no longer an improbable tale of impossible people. It shows virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. But one popular fallacy it still maintains. Of five stories out of six, the theme is "the bloom of young desire, and purple light of love." The hero has not yet forgotten his college Greek. But yesterday the heroine admired her first trained skirt.

"He is a child and she is a child,
In their kingdom there by the sea;
But they love with a love that is more than love,
He and his Annabel Lee."

And when they have triumphed over the forty chapters of hindrances to their union which the well-regulated novel describes, they wed with rapture, and live happy ever afterward.

It is in this conclusion that the fiction misrepresents the fact. For, first, a man is as little likely to marry his first love as if she came within the inhibited degrees of relationship. And second, when he does, both the eager wooer and the responsive maid commonly repent of the alliance in that leisure which the proverb hints at.

Sour-faced Prudence is apt to forbid the banns of these babes in the wood. He has his place to make in the world, or she has duties she can not desert. A long engagement follows; and when his income is secured or her hand is free, behold! he adores Another, and she thinks Smith the better match. Or they have parted in some lovers' quarrel, and when the misunderstanding is at last explained, it is too late. Of course they know that they shall break bread with Sorrow all their days. She expresses that sentiment at the piano through the medium of Chopin, and he grieves in corners. Nevertheless, he comes to find life without her exceedingly comfortable, and in her busy round she almost forgets how he looked in his youth, and before he grew so very red and stony.

But what if love's young dream had been fulfilled? Our eyes are dim with tears over the death-bed of sweet Dora Copperfield. David loves her, and is very sorrowful. Even Aunt Betsey is full of tenderness and pity toward the "Little Blossom" who won all hearts. But if she had lived? For Flora Finch, full-blown, empty, silly, volatile, ineffectually wearisome, is but the mature Dora. If Ethel Newcome was Clive's first love, it was not the Ethel whom he married. Little enough of happiness would the proud, worldly, undisciplined girl and the facile, fickle, indolent, selfish boy have found together.

And suppose the Judge had lingered by the brook-side with fair Maud Muller! Would they have been happier married than he in his lonely splendor, she in her drowsing round? The dream of each, the "might have been," made the one celestial vision of an earth-bound life. In its fulfillment lay the real tragedy.

And here is the danger which lies in first love. Always it is vowed to an ideal. Once in a thousand times, perhaps, the actual

person is found so much to resemble the imaginary being that the exalted sentiment may drop, and rest upon that reality without shock or change. But commonly the difference is world-wide. And if it be the unrelenting test of marriage which discloses it, happy is it for those hasty lovers if character and principle maintain the vows which passion took.

Yet first love, though oftenest a delusion, is not therefore a folly. That rapt existence in upper air, that losing of self in another, is not ignoble, and leaves behind it something sweeter than it takes away, as when our friend dies, his angel comes. It is only when the radiant vision of a lost past degrades the honest present that it can harm. Poor faithful JEAN BURNS, toiling early and late to keep the bairns together and her ROBIN respectable, could not have relished his mooning about under hay-stacks, and wetting his rheumatic feet, in composing songs to his various first loves. Madame GEMMA DONATI DANTE doubtless had her own views as to the fuss which her saturnine husband made over his lost BEATRICE, and if their conjugal differences grew into a separation, who shall say that the patience of that high-born lady with her shadowy rival had not been exemplary? And though Mistress LAURA DE SADE was as proper as St. URSULA, we certainly do not hear of her noble husband making himself unpleasant until the handsome PETRARCH had built mountains of sonnets to her.

If pretty Mrs. Smith fails to make the most of her lord, and of her life with him, because she fancies that Brown alone, disengaged but unforgotten, was the true prince, her folly of first love is fatuous. If Jones, having married that nice Miss Robinson, defrauds her of one kind word, courtesy, or attention because of his early infatuation for the lovely Miss Thompson, he is a deluded and deluding Jones. The chance is that each has "gained profit by losing of his prayers."

Women are more apt than men to fancy that the bloom of life is gone because their first love seems wasted. But Experience, who writes her moral at the end of the story, records that affection is never wasted, but that the only love which is likely to endure and bless is that which springs in disciplined hearts for real beings, not that wild phantasy of youth which creates the idol it worships.

THE LAP OF LUXURY.

THE lap of luxury is no doubt a most comfortable abiding-place, and if there are dangers attending it, there are also safeguards. If luxury is debilitating to the energies, if it stifles genius and fosters self-indulgence, on the other hand it is full of opportunity for those who know how to use it, while some of the negative virtues flourish under its influence, where one has no temptation to envy his fellow-men or to overreach them. And if we happen to be born without energy, or genius, or the spirit of self-sacrifice, it offers a pleasant asylum for our insignificance. Luxury is perhaps a greater test of character than poverty, though few of us would hesitate to accept it, feeling, with the natural conceit of mankind, that we should come forth from the trial like gold from the smelting; and yet he who would misuse the situation would, we fear, be no less unable to grasp the benefits which poverty confers, or wrestle with its disadvantages. If the pure metal is present, neither the lotus-eating effects of the one condition nor the overstimulation of the other can materially injure it. In the mean time, we more heartily commend him who can rise from the lap of luxury and betake himself to the austere life, who, amidst all its allurements, still preserves his enthusiasms and ambitions, and allows no talent to gather rust, no generous impulse to fall into disuse, than we commend his brother, whom want and privation and despair have stung into desperate exertion, whose heart has been kindled into pity by its own sufferings, who has had no choice but to do or die, no siren beguiling him from great enterprises, from hardships and perils, to rest on rose leaves. If poverty, as the Italian proverb preaches, is the mother of all the arts, perhaps we might reply that luxury is their heir. Into her lap are gathered all the beautiful things that genius has devised and skill has executed. All inventors, wrought out of the busy brain by the cunning hand of the poor, minister to her state. Music and the drama wait upon her like gracious handmaidens; at her command the ends of the earth bring tribute. EMERSON has truly said that the love of riches seems to have grown chiefly out of the love of the beautiful. We love wealth, in the first place, because it throws the world open to us; because it introduces us to all that is highest in the realms of beauty; because it grants us leisure to do and to be, to develop our powers, to put ourselves

en rapport with great minds; because it thrusts sordid cares and considerations from us, and leaves us at liberty to love our neighbor as ourselves. But presently we find that its frivolous diversions threaten to deprive us of its higher privileges. We are too readily satisfied, perhaps, with the mean comforts and pleasures it affords, are always promising ourselves to exhaust its splendid opportunities to-morrow, till delay and indulgence become a habit.

LONDON SNOWED UP.

BY MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

ENGLAND was just congratulating herself on having gone prosperously through those months of the year usually dominated by fogs and other winter discomforts, when, after a week or so of frost which in several places hovered in the neighborhood of zero, and here and there went a degree or two below it, the snow began to fall, and kept to work with such un-English assiduity that to-day we are informed that nothing like it has been seen in England within living memory. When anything out of the common way in meteorological phenomena occurs, there are always found people to say that it is the most extraordinary visitation since forty years ago; but in the present instance it was felt that this time-honored expression was inadequate, and the duration of a lifetime has been substituted. To an American eye the quality of this mighty snow-storm seems hardly to warrant the terms in which it is spoken of; it would be considered an exceptionally mild affair in New York or Boston; but, on the other hand, the impotence of the people to grapple with their rough visitor certainly gives him a considerable importance. He is having his own way everywhere, and in the provinces he is, judging from the reports in the newspapers, portentous. Two judges have been snowed up in a train on the way to the Maidstone assizes, and were forced to return to London—a mishap which was probably not entirely unacceptable to the malefactors who were awaiting their doom. Snow-drifts are from seven to seventeen feet deep in the northern and eastern counties; trains and mails are everywhere at a stand-still. On January 18, an engine arrived at Cheltenham without its train, which it had lost somewhere on the way without knowing it! In the near vicinity of London, a gentleman, on arriving at his house in the evening, found access to it impeded by a big snow-drift, which mounted as high as the fan-light over the door; and he had an hour's hard work digging his way in with a shovel thrown to him by his wife out of the bedroom window. Cottages are reported as being entirely buried; and to-day's paper contains an account of a policeman who walked into a huge drift, and was with difficulty extricated. Probably he was on the path of duty, and was too conscientious to turn back. Still more startling tales come to us from outlying districts; but something must be allowed for the astounded imaginations of people who find themselves confronted by a state of things in estimating which they are without that indispensable requisite—a precedent—to go by.

As far as our personal observation goes, nothing very terrific has, up to the time of writing, taken place. The snow may be twelve inches deep on a level, but the wind has drifted it into ridges which here and there attain a height of four to five feet; and as no organized effort has been made to clear it away, the discomfort is not insignificant. But havoc reigns in our houses. On Wednesday, the second day of the snow-fall, no milk was to be had, and for two days and a half (owing to the blocking of all railroads) London was minus even the bluest of London milk. All the water-pipes are frozen, and all water has to be brought in cans from the main pipe in the street, which is opened for an hour in the morning to make even this feasible. Waste-pipes as well are frozen, and what to do with the dirty water of a large household is a query not yet satisfactorily answered. The snow drifted through the (only too numerous) cracks and crevices in our English-made windows and doors, and lay in great banks on the carpet and window-sills. Certainly the English may boast, if not the greatest snow-storm ever known, a greater discomfort than that ever caused by the greatest. Vehicles of all kinds have for the most part ceased running, cars, omnibuses, all metaphorically upset by the snow. On the fourth day, two or three sleighs (the only things on runners seen for a century in London) turned out in the Park, one owned by the Prince of Wales, who probably remembers seeing a few snow-storms in America, and is not alarmed by this one. The whole duty of carrying passengers about the city has devolved upon the under-ground railways, which are thereby thrown into helpless disorder; so far from putting additional cars on the train, they seem to have diminished the ordinary supply, and the compartments are crowded to twice and three times their legitimate holding capacity. In one instance we saw a gentleman riding on the engine. He must have been an American, we think. A few cabs and hansom may occasionally be seen on the streets, dragged at a walk by a pair of half-alive cab-horses, tandem fashion, the drivers of two vehicles having combined their forces, and occupied their charges, the price per mile being four shillings, instead of sixpence. People's faces wear an anxious and bewildered expression; the very street boys are subdued, and have given up snowballing; many of the shops are closed, as at a time of civic revolt or other calamity, and the aspect of the greatest city in the world is deserted and gloomy, and its roar is hushed. Some attempt is beginning to be made to carry off the snow in carts; we had an extemporized snow-plough, drawn by sixteen horses, pass down the large street on which we live, and a large number

of ragged and uncomely figures are to be seen scratching about with shovels and picks, but the result of their labors is hardly perceptible. Meanwhile the Thames has risen above its banks, and the low-lying districts, occupied by the poorest classes, are under water. Gangs of ten or twelve laborers, thrown out of work by the frost and snow, haunt the streets, soliciting alms for their starving families. Bad as all this is now, it will be infinitely worse as soon as the thaw sets in. London will then become a grimy lake of unutterable slushy misery. But it is curious to observe the helplessness of the richest and best-equipped municipality in the world in the face of so trifling an embarrassment as a fifth-rate snow-storm. They are not accustomed to it, and in England novelty means despair. By next July they will have discussed the matter sufficiently to have made up their minds what ought to be done, but (unless the present winter be the introduction to a permanent change of climate) they will have forgotten their wisdom long before they have another opportunity to take advantage of it. Meanwhile they are as much interested in their crippled condition as a victim of dyspepsia in his ailments; the papers are full of alarming statistics and rumors, and are so widely read that at three o'clock on the second day not a single copy of the *Daily News* was to be bought in London—not even at the publishing office itself. The only class of the community who seem likely to derive a temporary profit from this ill wind are the postmen; for, as no mails can come in, there are no letters to deliver, and for once the poor letter-carrier may take his ease.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING MILLINERY.

POKES of medium size, some small bonnets, and very large flaring round hats make up the bulk of the first importations of spring bonnets. The pattern bonnets shown are meant for the earliest spring days, and are of the closely woven Tuscan and Leghorn braids, or the split Belgian straws, rather than the open lace-like fancy straws that will be used when summer comes. The pokes are not extravagantly large, and are of much better shape than those worn in the autumn; the front projects very slightly, the ears are short, and the crown is quite close, with either a revers turned up on it, or else a very close curtain band. The novelty in such bonnets is the return to face trimmings for them, arranged in the styles of a hundred years ago, and the use of ribbons and soft satin trimmings that are reproductions of fabrics made at Lyons and at St. Etienne at the same period. A tiny bouquet of roses just inside the brim is very becoming to a young face; sometimes this is omitted, and there is a soft puff of satin merveilleux forming a face trimming, while in others the satin is a smooth lining on which wide white lace is pleated and sewed flat; quaintest of all is a coquettish bow of ribbon inside, quite far back in the poke, with the ends rolled like a curl, and sewed down each side, then coming out at the ears to form strings. A great deal of ribbon is used for trimming pokes, and this is from five to seven inches wide; especially is it wide for strings, and all pokes have strings. A flat effect is given in trimming pokes, though sometimes an exaggerated bow somewhat in Alsacian style is placed directly on top, with sharply notched ends hanging down on the sides. Feathers and flowers are also largely used. Ostrich feathers have taken the place of the fancy feathers of the winter. Two semi-long plumes begin on the left side of the poke, and cross the top to the right, resting there flatly in the way now seen on the Bernhardt pokes; sometimes a single plume begins on the right side, and hangs almost straight down behind, while in other cases a very long plume surrounds the crown. Straw gimp edges the brim of smooth pokes, or sometimes beaded lace is used, or beaded galloon binds the edge, or else tinsel lace is pleated on, and studded with one or two rows of silver or gold faceted beads that are as large as bullets. Flowers are most often placed close against the left side, and quite low down; a smaller cluster then peers from beneath the brim, and is repeated on the strings.

The small bonnets shown are very similar in shape to those with broad flat crowns worn during the winter, and are meant for dress hats. They are laden with trimmings that take on the Alsacian bow shape; for instance, a Tuscan straw bonnet has two loops of Tuscan braid (lined with satin and with Mechlin lace) forming one side of an Alsacian bow, while the other side of this bow is made of the loveliest white ostrich tips. A faceted gold clasp forms the centre of the bow; the curtain band turns up like a revers, and has lace upon it; similar lace is pleated inside the brim, and this distinguished little bonnet is completed by white satin merveilleux ribbon strings six inches wide, and more than a yard long. Another small bonnet is made up of some of the newest fancy materials, and although silver net and jet are introduced, the prevailing color is red—the new Vandyck red—as this appears in the satin merveilleux which is pleated on the foundation beneath the jet and silver lace, and also in the strings of *ombré* red satin, shaded from deepest Vandyck up to pink. A cluster of shaded poppies trims the back of the crown like a comb. Another little bonnet, scarcely more than a fan-chon, of silver lace, has for its only trimming a monture of red poppies, branched to show four shades, arranged in a huge bow, and tied in the centre with striped grass.

The round hats are made in large picturesque shapes with soft brims not wired, and lined with a pleated lace frill, or else fully puffed satin; or in contrast to this there is a stiff brim rolled to flare all around, lined with velvet, edged with beaded lace and great faceted beads, and half hidden by the small nodding plumes that fall over

it from the crown. The feathers on such hats are massed in profusion that exceeds even the styles of the winter; both small tips and large shaded plumes are used. A novelty in such hats has a Marie Stuart point in front. Flowers are mixed with feathers on hats, a wreath sometimes passing along the brim on the inside, and sometimes outside. White Mechlin and Languedoc laces, edging net or mull form scarfs for trimming light hats that have pompons of flowers finished with feathers, or else they are trimmed on one side with six or eight tiny ostrich tips. Again, there are large scarfs of satin merveilleux shaded in stripes and plaids of Madras colors, with bars of gold, silver, or steel; these are used also on dark bonnets for travelling and for morning shopping. For black round hats there are steel trimmings, and voluminous scarfs of Spanish lace put on to cover nearly all the top of the crown, as well as to surround it. The *acajou*, or mahogany red shades, are seen in the Tuscan straw and ostrich trimmings of very expensive round hats. There are other straws colored the stylish condor brown, which is one of the new golden brown shades, and made into large hats that require the *ombré* satin merveilleux scarfs of yellow, shading from maize into brown, for trimming; a little straw-colored lace and some condor brown velvet trim the brim, and there is a long shaded plume on the left side.

THE NEWEST MATERIALS.

Satin merveilleux, which is really satin Surah, is the soft, pliable fabric used for wide ribbons and for "piece trimmings." *Ombré* or shaded effects promise to be as great a feature for the summer season as plush has been during the winter, and this novelty makes dealers anxious to dispose of all broché and damask stuffs, except a few quaint things that are already made famous as the reproduction of the styles of a hundred years ago. There is an effort to introduce a line or stripe of plush in *ombré* stuffs and in plaids, but this seems too heavy for summer materials, though the same objection is not offered when the stripes are of gilt or silver, and especially of steel. The shaded fabrics are especially liked in the red and yellow hues; the former are in the glowing Vandyck tints, or in the dull cinnamon reds known as mahogany-colors; for the yellow shading the palest begins with bright maize rather than with beige or cream-color, and gradually darkens to condor brown, named by fanciful French manufacturers for the South American vulture, which is said to fly higher than any other bird. Sometimes the shading is across the ribbons, but it is more often lengthwise, and is so imperceptibly graduated that it does not form hard stripes; nevertheless, stripes, blocks, and bars are preferred to brocaded designs, and even to those ribbons of a single tint. *Bronze d'art* is the French label on artistic green shades that are seen in soft satins. Black is shaded through steel into white for black bonnets that will have steel laces for trimming. The plush stripes, though heavy-looking, are very effective, and are seen in the dark ribbons that will be used on dark-colored straws. There is a great deal of *réséda*, or mignonette, seen both in the fabrics and in the flowers themselves. Tubular ribbons woven double without any evidence of a seam are the novelty for strings. There are also tape edges and thick cords on ribbons. The *domino* or checker-board blocks are effective in two contrasting colors for ribbons. Stars of gilt or steel are on dark satin ribbons; rainbow stripes, with a plush or gilt stripe, are on others; a great deal of green, black, and gold is combined in the Madras plaids; and diagonal striped satin ribbons of the richest dark colors are shown for trimming rough straw hats.

Steel and silver laces, made of the beads wrought in black net, promise to be more used than jetted laces for black bonnets; but these do not harmonize with the yellow braid bonnets, hence their use is limited; they are, however, more largely imported than any other laces, and come in nets for covering crowns as well as in trimming widths.

New ornaments of old gold, steel, and red, bronze take on most antique styles, with comical suggestions of prehistoric man in profile brooches, while others group clubs, battle-axes, and the drinking cups, jugs, and vases of the earliest times. A preference, however, is shown for ornaments of Egyptian designs, representing the Sphinx, scarabæi, pyramids, Cleopatra's asp, obelisks, the lotus, etc. A long slender bug fastens each string to the sides of the bonnet; a brooch which may be a sphinx or a dragon, or only a clasp, rests directly on top in the front, while at the back a dagger is thrust to the hilt through a scarf, or else the drapery is held by a slender comb with a crown-like top in Spanish fashion.

A flower season is predicted for summer because feathers have been worn so long. The ingenious French send beautiful flower pompons of great size with a few stiff heron feathers standing up in the centre as an aigrette. Another novelty is the use of maize, six tiny ears of corn, three red and three yellow, being tied to form an Alsacian bow, held by ribbon-grass. Daisy chains and wreaths of large yellow-white marguerites have pale green fern leaves for their only foliage. *Réséda* is shown in several shades, such as gold *réséda*, green *réséda*, etc. Soft poppies and tulips that are almost crushed are arranged in clusters, the latter showing pink, yellow, and dark red grouped together. The *ombré* effects are also conspicuous in flowers, the shading being in the branching, not in the flowers themselves; thus four poppies, each of a different red shade, are on each side of a floral bow that is tied with ribbon-grass strings.

DRESS GOODS.

Louise silks in a beautiful *mélange* of color are among the dressiest low-priced goods shown for spring and summer. They are neither stripes nor checks, but have dashes and bars of a single

thread, combining Madras colors of rich hues, yet producing most quiet effects. A thread of gold, next green, then red, then pale blue, irregularly barred, is one pretty mixture, while another is all olive, blue, gold, and deep green without red. These silks are eighteen inches wide, 85 cents a yard, and are to be made up without combining with other fabrics, having merely facings, bows, and scarf sashes of a solid color.

"Mountain bunting" at 25 cents a yard is shown in stiff, wiry mohair, and in the old-fashioned colors of mohair, such as gray and brown. This has a bamboo-like fibre, and is being sold for serviceable travelling dresses and mountain suits for midsummer.

Figured linens in damask and checked designs, and in porcelain blue and white shades, will be welcomed by ladies who cling to the buff and gray linens so long used for summer dresses; these are 40 cents a yard. Linen lawns are shown again in the stylish polka dots of black, red, brown, or blue, and in sprays, and outline figures, with also many stripes. The nice qualities cost from 25 cents to 35 cents a yard, and are among the most serviceable fabrics for summer, as they wash well, and wear indefinitely. The American seersucker gingham in the characteristic blue and white stripes are also excellent for plain dresses, costing 12½ cents a yard; those that combine pink stripes with the blue are usually a coarser fabric, and do not wash as well as those having clear blue and white stripes. With cambrics of fast colors selling at 9 cents, and calicoes for much less, a number of cleanly, neat cotton dresses is within the reach of most women, especially if they will make them up simply, with gathered belted waist, and a full round skirt, escaping the floor, and merely hemmed, without flounces.

NOVELTIES.

The new lace, point d'Aurillac, is silk lace, with a ground of very fine meshes, with heavy leaf designs thickly wrought forming scalloped edges. This is very effective, and may be worn either pleated or fully gathered. As it is silk, it does not wash, but will clean well if sent to a professional cleaner of laces. The Miracourt lace is very similar to d'Aurillac, but is all cotton, and should therefore wash well.

New mull scarfs for the neck have a narrow hem-stitched all around them, and have clusters of colored blocks hem-stitched in each end for ornament; a bit of needle-work is in the centre of each block.

Long-stemmed bouquets of rose-buds for the corsage are shaded from pink to damask red, or else cream to deep yellow.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. AITKEN, SON, & CO.; WORTHINGTON, SMITH, & CO.; A. T. STEWART, & CO.; and LE BOUTILLIER BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

WILLIAM BLACK's home is in Brighton. His house is a solidly built affair, arranged and furnished, by himself and his wife, according to the decrees of the Kensington school. His three children, two girls and a boy, are also dressed after artistic ideas.

—Mr. STEPHEN MASSETT made his first appearance in New York, since his return from South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, a few evenings since, at Chickering Hall, before a crowded and delighted audience. His readings, songs, ballads, comicalities, and imitations were frequently applauded, and the impression he made was highly favorable.

—The success of *The Cup* is quite unequivocal, and so TENNYSON was telegraphed on its first night. Owing in part to the gorgeous setting, which resembles ALMA TADEMA's pictures in action, it is all the rage among the "aesthetes." The author is said to be quivering with anger at the idea of some half-dozen attempts at burlesquing it. By-the-way, it will be news to many readers that TENNYSON is so near-sighted that he writes and reads only with difficulty.

—When the King of Italy and Queen MARGHERITA made their late visit to Sicily, the landing was converted into a winter garden, filled with groups of orange-trees and laurels, aloes, figs, and other characteristic Sicilian plants; a great fountain threw its spray high among the twelve palm-trees that upheld the temporary roof, and the floor was thickly carpeted with fragrant flowers and moss.

—Many of the Neapolitan nobility followed to the grave the remains of AMINA BOSCHOTTI, a once famous dancer, whose splendid eyes and nimble feet earned millions for her. All the theatrical profession attended the funeral, and the ribbons of the bier were held by four *premières danseuses*, her friends.

—King KALAKAUA has been so alarmed by the reports of cold weather, it is said, that he begins his tour round the world by going first to Japan, and thitherward through Asia to Europe. His object is an investigation of the condition of labor the world over.

—Queen VICTORIA is so much pleased with the quadricycle for ladies that she has ordered one to be sent to Osborne.

—Mr. DANTE ROSSETTI is about to publish a second volume of poems. He has been almost as chary of his poems as he is of his pictures, with which, since his beautiful wife's death many years ago, he fills his house, but which he seldom or never puts on public exhibition.

—Through the agency of Bishop KEANE, nearly all the dealers in Richmond, Virginia, have signed an agreement to sell no liquor on Sunday.

—The Countess MILIUTIN, daughter of the Russian Minister of War, who went with the soldiery to the Turcoman war as the head of the hospital service, has been stricken down with the fever that invariably follows the badly managed Russian camp.

—During Senator CARPENTER's recent illness, a false report of his death having been circulated, Senator EDMUND called on Mrs. CARPENTER, and said, "They tried to-day at the Capitol to perform an act for your husband, in his absence, that they have never been able to do when he is present—they tried to 'lay him out.'"

—ADELINE PATTI's triumph at Madrid was considerably imbibited by the perpetual serenades of the impulsive hidalgos. When the

guitars became more than she could bear, the diva had a Spanish girl wrapped in a mantilla take her necessary and gracious part on the balcony. At her approaching season in Paris, the Marquis de Caux is booked for the fourth fauteuil in the orchestra seats, perhaps to judge of the chances of his income by note of the continued richness of the singer's voice, or otherwise.

—IDA LEWIS has now saved seventeen lives.

—Mr. SOUTHDARD, a music composer of this country, who lately died, composed once a work founded on BECKFORD's *Valhak*, which contained several grand numbers, but which was at the time so far beyond the capacity of any American singers that it could not be represented, and never has been since.

—At the dinner of the trustees of the Peabody Fund, Mrs. GRANT is described as royally dressed in rich velvet with superb black pearls and a blaze of diamonds.

—Count ARRIVABENE, who died the other day at the age of eighty, was once imprisoned in Venice for not having denounced SILVIO PELLICO. Afterward he was condemned to death in his absence, but took care to keep out of the way.

—At a late wedding in England the sons of the Hon. ALAN EGERTON—cousins of the bride—wore suits of light blue, in imitation of the Duke of Westminster's "Blue Boy," by GAINSBOROUGH.

—An example of the manners, so superior to American manners, of the English politician is found in the recent remark of one of his opponents that the sympathy of the Duke of Argyll with the Afghan robbers is but the survival of the predatory instincts of the ancestors of the MACALLUM MORE.

—Owing to the absurd question of precedence in Washington society, the English say that Lady THORNTON has resolved never to invite more than one cabinet minister to dinner at a time.

—A series of lectures on American Theories and Reciprocity is to be delivered at Oxford, in Lent, by Professor BONAMY PRICE.

—It is said that a great deal of Senator CONKLING's success is due to his fine physical organization, his square deep chest and knotted muscles looking like those of a man of the age of iron; he can put up a hundred-pound dumb-bell in each hand.

—The Spanish Minister has given Mr. EVARTS the regulations of the Art Exhibition at Madrid, open to artists of all nations, objects to be offered between the 1st and the 10th of next April.

—Mr. CYRUS B. MASSY, an American gentleman, is about to introduce abroad the system of district telegraph messengers which works so well in New York and Boston, and the scheme is welcomed as an improvement on the corps of commissioners.

—One of the lovers of Mlle. BIANCA BIANCHI, who was recently given a private audience by the Emperor of Austria on occasion of receiving the office of Court Singer, finding that he could make no impression on her heart, bribed her coachman, and arranged that as soon as her mother should alight from the carriage on a certain night, he himself should spring in, and the coachman drive to his, the lover's, house. The coachman, however, told the manager of the theatre, and the gallant was placed under arrest.

—Miss FRANCESCA FERRARI, a young musician, recently visited Windsor Castle, and received an invitation from the Queen to compose a vocal duet for her Majesty and the Princess BEATRICE, and a trio for ladies' voices also.

—General MAHONE, the new Virginia lawmaker, is very diminutive, measuring five feet four in height, and weighing but ninety pounds; he is very nice in his dress, and his foot is as small as an Andalusian lady's.

—Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN, who is reported to find great favor in the provinces, and but little in London, has received a handsome offer to visit America.

—It is not true that the Duke of Devonshire intends to close the house and grounds at Chatsworth.

—The Princess LOUISE will return to Canada in March.

—The Legislature of Minnesota will shortly be addressed by Mrs. MATILDA FLETCHER on the subject of teaching all the graces and virtues in the public schools, and enforcing them by act of Congress.

—Madame E. ADAM has daringly completed a novel which GEORGE SAND left unfinished.

—We understand that Mr. JAMES PARTON's *Voltaire*, on which he has spent many years, is in the hands of the publishers.

—The North Lancashire Agricultural Society gave a gold medal, worth ten pounds, last September, to the American Art Tiles of Chelsea, Massachusetts, from the pottery of J. & J. C. LOW, as superior to all the exhibit of MINTONS, WEDGWOODS, and other makers.

—A Nihilist prisoner at Odessa, guarded by police on his way to the court-house, suddenly stooped, seized a handful of dust, threw it in the faces of his escort, and before they could open their eyes, he had made his escape.

—A large number of the diamonds and pearls sold at auction for the ex-Queen of Spain two years since have been wrought into the diadem given by Prince RUDOLPH to the Princess STEPHANIE.

—The ROTHSCHILD wedding has been the great European event of late. The ROTHSCHILDS themselves hold an anomalous, half-royal position, and one has been more likely to meet princes and ambassadors at their houses than people of the lesser nobility. All the employees of the House were given a year's salary in honor of the wedding, and the bridegroom gave the bride a large sum for distribution among the Jewish poor of Vienna. He also gave her a single string of pearls worth one hundred thousand dollars, and together with bracelets, châtelaines, pins, and innumerable trinkets of rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and brilliants, a tiara of diamonds and pearls, which is declared by an enthusiastic observer to eclipse any single piece of jewelry worn at the wedding of the Grand Duchess MARIE in the Winter Palace, when the Empress of the Russias, the Princess of Wales, the Crown Princess of Prussia, and other royalties were blazing in crowns, diadems, and stomachers of jewels. Among the innumerable and priceless wedding gifts, with rivières of diamonds and ropes of pearls, were a silver ewer and basin from the Prince of Wales, who won the hearts of all Jewry by his behavior in the synagogue, and a curiously wrought gold dish of great magnificence from Lord BEAUFORT.

Tidy.—Stem Stitch Embroidery.—Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS tidy, which was designed by Madame Beeg, directress of the Nuremberg School for Art Needle-Work, is of écrù cheese-cloth, embroidered in stem stitch with brown and old gold filoselle silk. The design, of which one-quarter is given by Fig. 64, Supplement, is transferred to the material as shown in Fig. 1, which gives the whole tidy in miniature. The figures are outlined in stem stitch with golden brown silk, and filled in with old gold silk in the same stitch as shown in Fig. 2; the veins and stems are worked with golden brown silk. The edge is secured by the narrow border worked in two shades of brown silk, and the cheese-cloth is ravelled to form fringe.

Foundation for Slippers.

Cross Stitch Embroidery.

THIS design is worked on canvas in cross stitch with wools of the colors given in the description of symbols.

Embroidered Work-Basket, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE basket, of willow-ware and plaited straw braid, is ornamented with squares of white velveteen, embroidered in the design given by Fig. 2, and pinked around the edges. The embroidery is executed over canvas basted on the material, in Gobelin stitch, with filoselle silk of the colors given in the description of symbols.

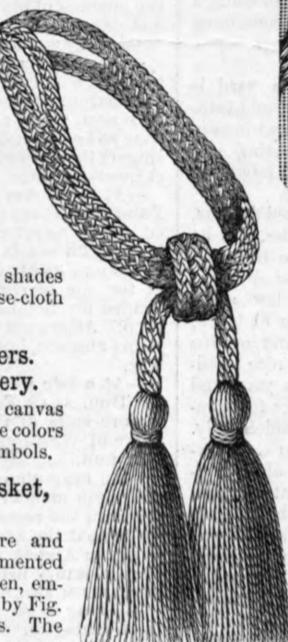


Fig. 1.—KNOT-WORK AND CROCHET CURTAIN BAND.—[See Fig. 2.]

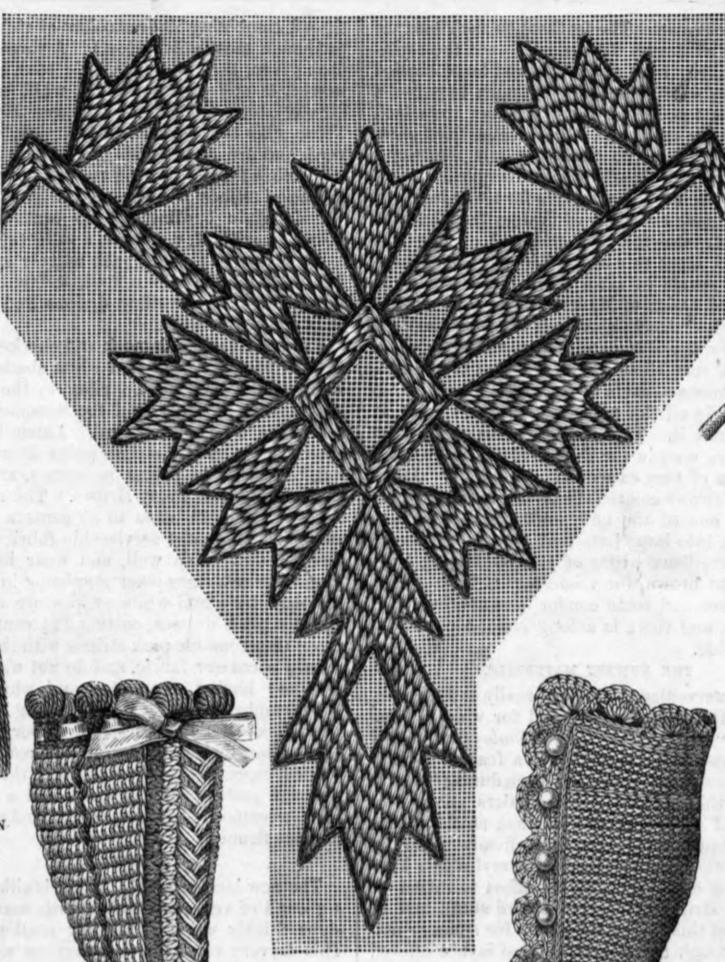


Fig. 2.—DETAIL OF CURTAIN BAND, FIG. 1.

not closely drawn. The third cord is used in the same manner, after which the work is continued in the manner shown by Fig. 2, the left hand using the second and third threads alternately, and always guiding the working thread over the one not in use, as shown by the dotted line in the illustration. The work is carried to about a yard and a half in length, when the ends are joined, sewing them together as firmly and flatly as possible. Leaving

a loop six inches in length at each end of the band, the sides of the gimp between these are joined along the left or scalloped edge with a round in single crochet worked with a double thread of white cotton, after which the gimp is pulled and pressed apart. An end of gimp six inches in length is worked, and finished with a heavy cotton tassel at each end, and also a cross piece five inches in length made of double gimp worked together as in the band. A loop is formed of the latter, which encircles the band and the tasseled end.

Monograms, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE monograms are worked on linen with fine embroidery cotton, Fig. 1 in satin stitch, and Fig. 2 in satin and knotted stitch.

Tidy.—Drawn-Work, Holbein-Work, and Cross Stitch Embroidery.—Figs. 1-3.

THIS tidy, which was also designed by Madame Beeg, is worked on a foundation of écrù linen canvas. The drawn-work centre is surrounded by a border in Holbein-work and

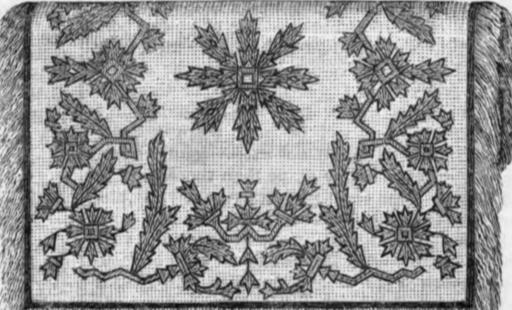


Fig. 1.—TIDY.—DRAWN-WORK, HOLBEIN-WORK, AND CROSS STITCH.—See Figs. 2 and 3.—[Designed by Madame Beeg, Directress of the Nuremberg School of Art Needle-Work.]

Each symbol of the design requires two Gobelin stitches to cover it, and each stitch is worked over two threads of the canvas in height and one in width. The threads of the canvas are drawn out after the embroidery has been completed. Balls of white split zephyr wool and colored filoselle silk, with pendent tassels, are set between the squares, and a similar tassel is attached to the lowest point of each one. The top of

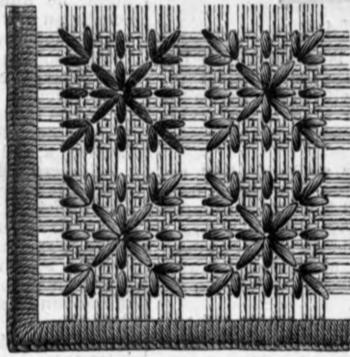


Fig. 2.—DRAWN-WORK FOR TIDY, FIG. 1.



Fig. 1.—INFANT'S BOOT.—CROCHET, KNITTED, AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

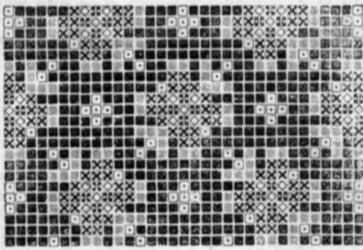
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 32 and 33.

Fig. 2.—INFANT'S CROCHET BOOT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 30 and 31.

Fig. 1.—TIDY.—STEM STITCH.—See Fig. 2.—[Designed by Mme. Beeg, Directress of the Nuremberg School of Art Needle-Work.]

For design see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 64.



FOUNDATION FOR SLIPPERS.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; □ 1st (darkest), □ 2d, □ 3d (lightest), Olive; □ Dark Red; □ Light Red.



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED WORK-BASKET.—[See Fig. 2, Page 149.]

cross stitch, outside of which the tidy is edged with écrù linen lace, which is ornamented in satin stitch with blue silk and in running stitch with brown silk. For the drawn-work, the work is begun at the centre of the tidy, and the threads are drawn across the length and width of the canvas as far as that part extends, * drawing three threads, then three times alternately leaving three and drawing one, again



Fig. 1.—MONOGRAM.

the basket is bordered inside and outside with narrow fringe, which is worked in gimp crochet with zephyr wool in the manner shown by Figs. 3-5 on page 564, *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. XIII.

Knot-work and Crochet Curtain Band, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS curtain band is worked with white cord and with coarse white cotton. The cord is wound on three balls, and the ends are sewn firmly together, and held in the left hand. A loop which may be lengthened or shortened is formed with the right end of cord, and slipped over the forefinger of the right hand. The second end of cord is now held between the thumb and middle finger of the left hand, guided with the left forefinger from below through the loop on the right forefinger, the loop formed is slipped over the left forefinger, while that dropped from the right forefinger is contracted, but

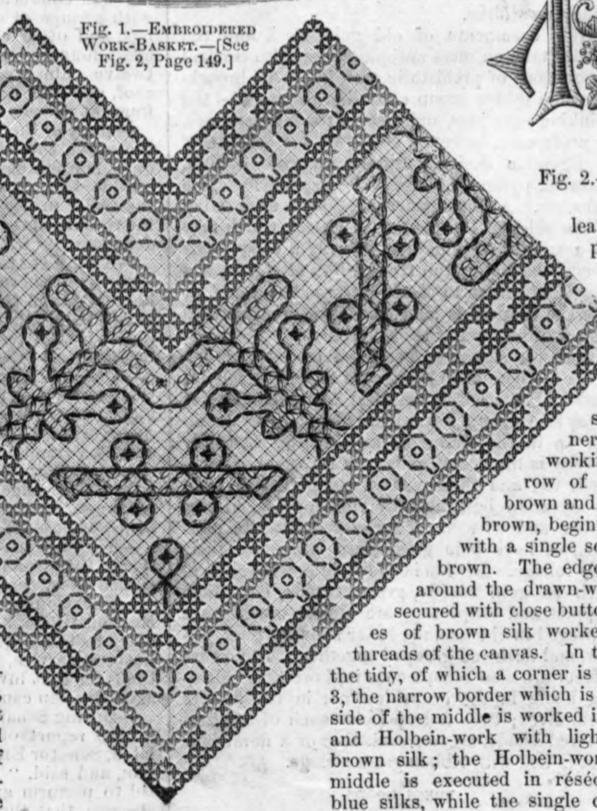


Fig. 3.—BORDER OF TIDY, FIG. 1. CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY AND HOLBEIN-WORK.

leaving three, and repeating from *. The canvas is thereby divided into squares, which are embroidered in point Russe with brown filoselle silk in the manner shown in Fig. 2, working alternately one row of squares with light brown and two rows with dark brown, beginning at the centre with a single square in light brown. The edge of the tidy around the drawn-work centre is secured with close button-hole stitches of brown silk worked over three threads of the canvas. In the border for the tidy, of which a corner is given by Fig. 3, the narrow border which is used on each side of the middle is worked in cross stitch and Holbein-work with light and dark brown silk; the Holbein-work along the middle is executed in réséda and light blue silks, while the single cross stitches are in dark blue. The edge of the tidy is hemmed, and the lace is sewn on with overcast stitches.

PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS, FRONT.—[For Back, see Fig. 2, Double Page.]

For description see Supplement,

PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[For Front, see Fig. 1, Double Page.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. L, Figs. 1^a, 1^b, 9.

Crochet Edging, Insertion, and Square for Coverlets, Covers, etc., Figs. 1-3.

The edging Fig. 1 is worked with medium crochet cotton in rounds back and forth on a foundation of 87 st. (stitch), as follows: 1st round.—Pass by the next 3 st., 3 dc. (dou-



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.—[For Back, see Fig. 2, Double Page.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 58-63.



WORK-BASKET.

dc. on the following 3 st., * 6 ch., pass by 5 st., 5 sc. (single crochet) on the following 5 st., 6 ch., pass by 5 st., 4 dc. on the next 4 st., +; repeat from * to + twice, then 11 ch. This double repetition from * to + takes place in every following round, and therefore requires no further mention. 2d round.—Pass by 8 st., 4 dc. on the next 4 st., * 3 ch., pass by 2 st., 4 dc. on the following 4 st., 6 ch., 3 sc. on the middle 3 of the next 5 sc., 6 ch., pass by 4 st., 4 dc. on the following 4 st., +; then 8 times alternately 2 ch. and 1 dc. on the following 3d st., then 3 dc. on the next 3 st. 3d round.—3 ch., considered as first dc., 3 dc. on the last 3 of the next 4 dc., 9 times alternately 2 ch. and 1 dc. on the following 3d st., then 3 dc. on the next 3 st., * 4 ch., 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the middle sc. of the next 3, 4 ch., pass by 4 st., 4 dc. on the next 4 st., 4 ch., 1 tc. on the middle ch. of the next 3, 4 ch., pass by 4 st., 4 dc. on the following 4 st., +; 11 ch. 4th round.—Pass by 8 st., 4 dc. on the following 4

st., * 6 ch., pass by 6 st., 3 sc. on the following 3 st., 6 ch., pass by 6 st., 4 dc. on the following 4 st., 2 ch., pass by 3 st., 4 dc. on the following 4 st., +; 10 times alternately 2 ch. and 1 dc. on the following 3d st., then 3 dc. on the next 3 st. 5th round.—3 ch., considered as first dc., 3 dc. on the last 3 of the next 4 dc., 11 times alternately 2 ch. and 1 dc. on the following 3d st., then 3 dc. on the next 3 st., * 6 ch., pass by 8 st., 5 sc. on the following 5 st., 6 ch., pass by 8 st., 4 dc. on the next 4 st., +; 11 ch. 6th through the 13th round.—Repeat twice from the 2d through the 5th round, but in each successive round work 2 ch. and 1 dc. more than in the preceding one, and at the end of the

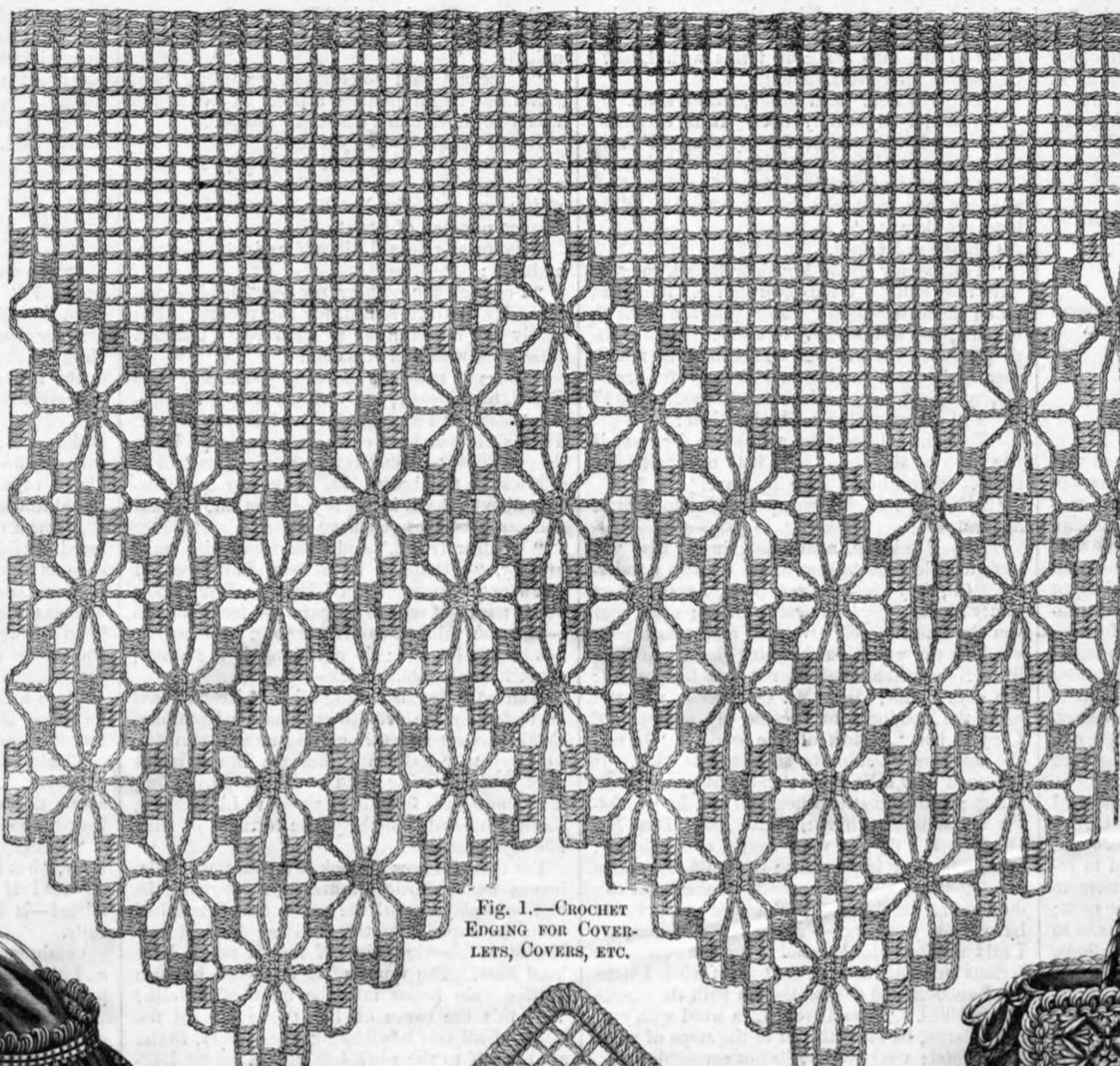
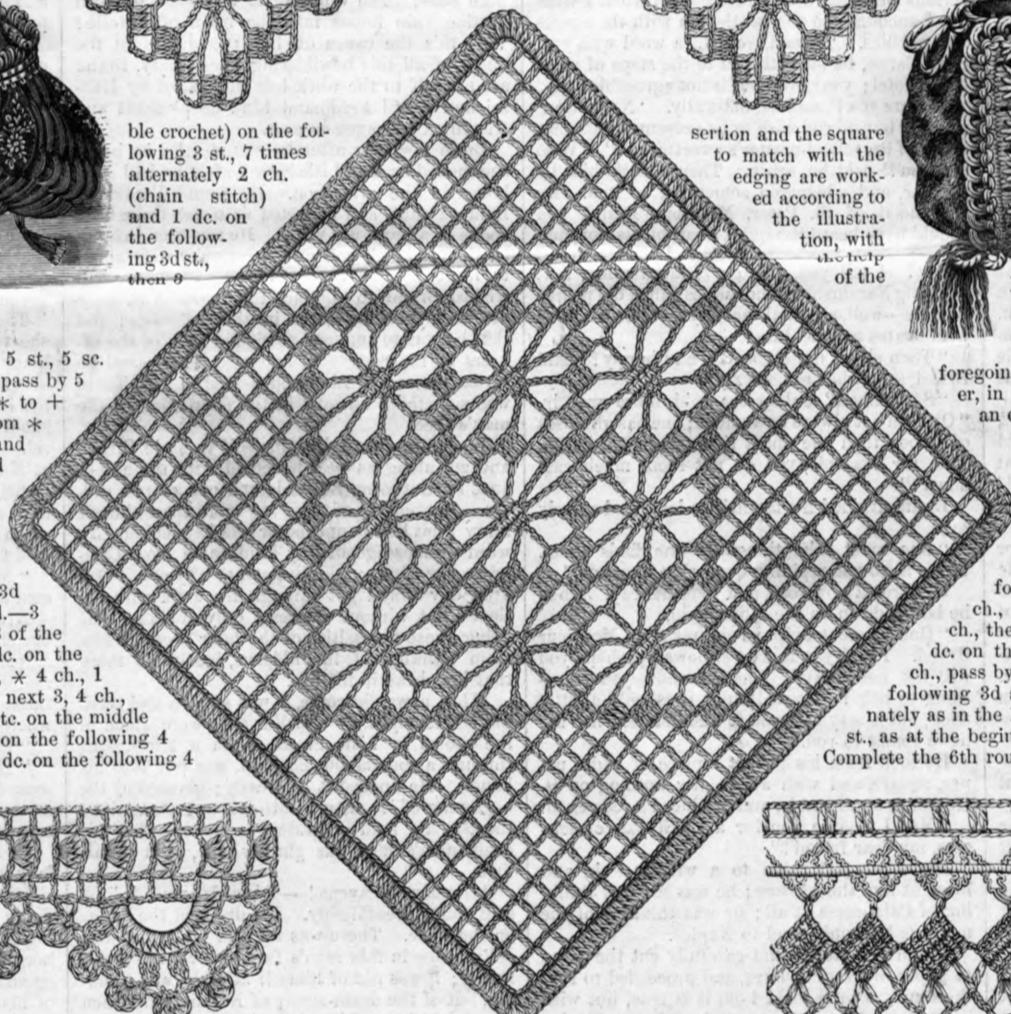
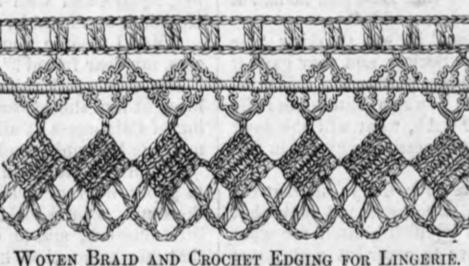


Fig. 1.—CROCHET EDGING FOR COVERLETS, COVERS, ETC.



CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

Fig. 3.—CROCHET SQUARE FOR COVERLETS, COVERS, ETC.



WOVEN BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

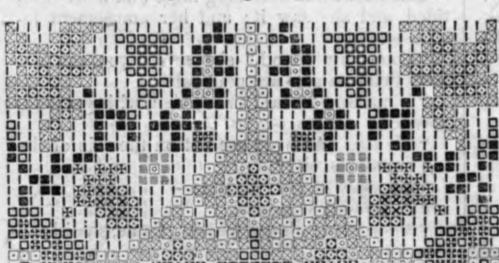


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR WORK-BASKET, FIG. 1, PAGE 148. GOBELIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Description of Symbols: ■ Dark Bronze; □ Light Bronze; □ 1st (darkest), □ 2d, □ 3d (lightest); Red; □ Dark Olive; □ Light Olive; □ Heliotrope; □ Dark Blue; □ Light Blue; □ Chamois; □ Foundation.

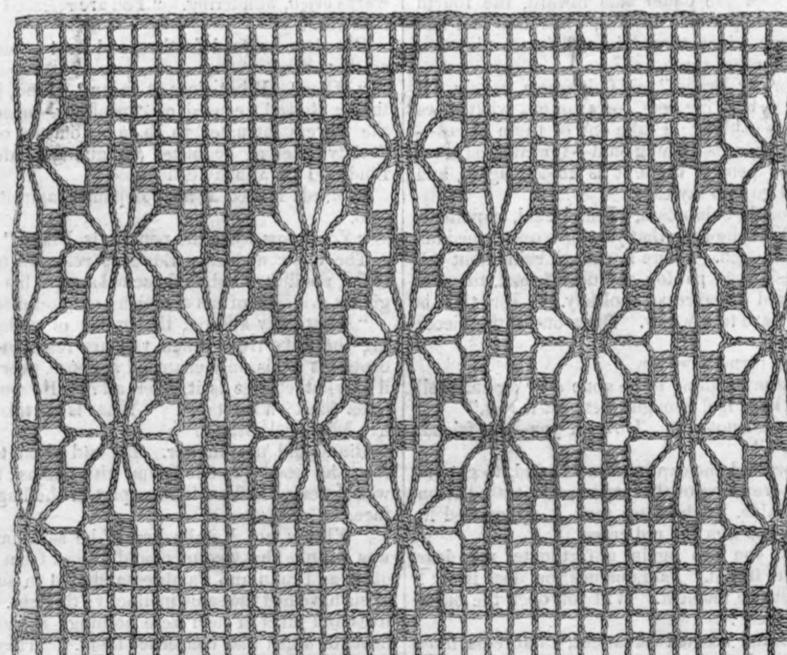


Fig. 2.—CROCHET INSERTION FOR COVERLETS, COVERS, ETC.

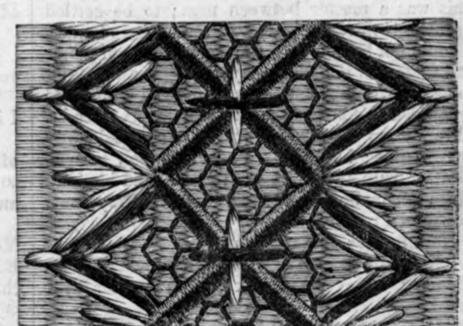


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERY FOR WORK-BAG, FIG. 1.

13th only 5 ch. instead of 11 ch. For the 14th through the 25th round work back in regular order from the 13th through the 1st, but at the end of every odd round work only 5 ch. instead of 11 ch., and at the beginning of every even round, instead of passing by 8 st., pass by only 3. Continue to repeat from the 2d through the 25th round. Both the in-



SUIT FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—BACK.—[For Front, see Fig. 5, Double Page.]—CUT PATTERN, No. 3044, SUIT, 20 CENTS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 21-29.



Fig. 1.—WORK-BAG WITH EMBROIDERY ON MANILLA BRAID. [See Fig. 2.]

foregoing description. Designs for a coverlet and cover, in which the patterns are used, will be given in an early number of the *Bazaar*.

Crochet Edging for Lingerie.

THIS edging is worked with fine crochet cotton in rounds back and forth on a foundation of 17 ch. (chain stitch), as follows:

1st round.—Pass by 7 st. (stitch), 1 dc. (double crochet) on the following st., 5 dc. on the following 3d st., 1 dc. on the following 3d st., 2 ch., 1 dc. on the following 3d st. 2d round.—5 ch., the first 3 of which are considered as 1st dc., 1 dc. on the following 4th st. in the preceding round, 5 ch., pass by 5 st., 1 dc. on the next st., 2 ch., 1 dc. on the following 3d st. 3d through the 6th round.—Work alternately as in the 1st and 2d rounds, but instead of passing by 7 st., as at the beginning of the 1st, work 5 ch. and pass by 3 st. Complete the 6th round in this manner: 12 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the 3d of the 5 ch. at the beginning of the 3d round. 7th round.—2 ch., connect to the last dc. in the 2d round, 20 dc. around the next 12 ch., 1 dc. on the following st., then work as in the first round, but instead of passing by 7 st., work 2 ch. and pass by 2 st. 8th round.—Work as in the 2d round, then 6 times alternately 5 ch. and 3 dc., the upper veins of which

are worked off together on the following 3d st., then 5 ch., 1 sc. on the same st. with the last dc. in the 2d round. 9th round.—2 ch., connect to the 2d st. before the one previously connected to, + 3 ch., 1 sc., 5 dc., and 1 sc., on the middle ch. of the next 5 in the preceding round, repeat from + 6 times, then 3 ch., 1 dc. on

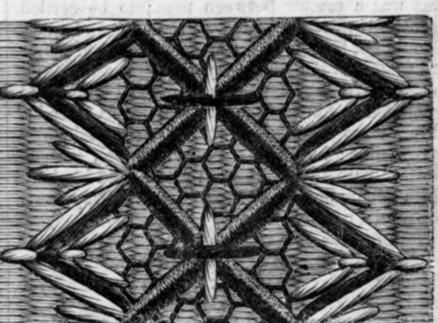


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERY FOR WORK-BAG, FIG. 1.

the next dc., repeat the 1st round as in the 7th round. 10th round.—Work as in the 2d round. Continue to repeat from the 1st through the 10th round, but work the beginning of the 1st as at the beginning of the 3d, and connect the middle dc. in the first scallop of the 9th round to the corresponding st. in the last scallop of the preceding pattern figure.

[Began in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 13, Vol. XIII.]

SUNRISE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "MAGLEOD OF DARE," ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

THIS scheme of Calabressa's had been so rapidly conceived and put in execution that he had had no time to think of its possible or certain consequences in the event of his being successful. His immediate and sole anxiety was to make sure of his captive. There was always the chance that a frightened and feeble creature like Reitzei might double back; he might fly to Lind and Beratinsky, and seek security in a new compact; for who could prove anything if the three were to maintain their innocence? However, as Calabressa shrewdly perceived, Reitzei was in the dark as to how much the Council knew already. Moreover, he had his suspicions of Beratinsky. If there was to be a betrayal, he was clearly resolved to have the benefit of it.

Nevertheless, Calabressa did not lose sight of him for a moment. He took him to his, Calabressa's, lodgings; kept assuring him that he ought to be very grateful for being thus allowed to escape; got him to write and dispatch a note to Lind, excusing himself for that day and the next; and then proceeded to give him instructions as to what he should do in Naples. These instructions, by-the-way, were entirely unnecessary; it was no part of Calabressa's plan to allow Reitzei to arrive in Naples alone.

After a mid-day meal, Calabressa and Reitzei walked up to the lodgings of the latter, where he got a few travelling things put together. By-and-by they went to the railway station, Calabressa suggesting that it was better for Reitzei to get away from London as soon as possible. The old albino saw his companion take his seat in the train for Dover, and then turned away and re-entered the busy world of the London streets.

It was now after the rain; the pavements were white and dry; he kept in the sunlight for the sake of the warmth. But he had not much attention for the sights and sounds around him. Now that this sudden scheme promised to be entirely successful, he could consider the probable consequences of that success; and, as usual, his first thought was about Natalie.

"Poor child!—poor child!" he said to himself, rather sadly. "How could she tell how this would end? If she saves the life of her lover, it is at the cost of the life of her father. The poor child!—must misfortune meet her whichever way she turns?"

And then, too, some touch of compunction or even remorse entered into his own bosom. He had been so eager in the pursuit, he had been so anxious to acquit himself to the satisfaction of the Council, that he had scarcely remembered that his success would almost certainly involve the sacrifice of one who was at least an old colleague. Ferdinand Lind and Calabressa had never been the very best of friends; during one period, indeed, they had been rivals; but that had been forgotten in the course of years; and what Calabressa now remembered was that Lind and he had at least been companions in the old days.

"Seventeen years ago," he was thinking, "he forfeited his life to the Society, and they gave it back to him. They will not pardon him this time. And who is to take the news to Natalie and the beautiful, brave child? Ah, what will she say? My God, is there no happiness for any one in this world!"

He was greatly distressed; but in his distress he became desperate. He would not look that way at all. He boldly justified himself for what he had done, and strove to regard it with satisfaction. What if both Lind and Beratinsky were to suffer; had they not merited any punishment that might befall them? Had they not compassed the destruction of an innocent man? Would it have been better, then, that George Brand should have become the victim of an infamous conspiracy? *Fiat justitia!*—no matter at what cost, Natalie must face the truth. Better that the guilty should suffer than the innocent. And he, Calabressa, for one, was not going to shirk any responsibility for what might happen. He had obeyed the orders of the Council. He had done his duty; that was enough.

He forced himself not to think of Natalie, and of the dismay and horror with which she would learn of one of the consequences of her appeal. This was a matter between men; to be settled by men: if the consciences of women were tender, it could not be helped. Calabressa walked faster and faster, as if he were trying to get away from something that followed and annoyed him. He pretended to himself that he was deeply interested in a shop window here or there; occasionally he whistled; he sang, "Vado a Napoli in barretta," with forced gayety; he twisted his long white mustache, and then he made his way down to Brand's rooms.

Here he was also very gay.

"Now, my dear Monsieur Brand, to-day I have idleness; to-day I will talk to you; yesterday I could not."

"Unfortunately," said Brand, "our positions are reversed now. For here is a letter from Lind, wanting me to go up to Lisle Street. It seems

Reitzei has had to go off into the country, leaving a lot of correspondence—"

"You are, then, on good terms with Lind?" Calabressa interposed, quickly.

"Yes, why not?" said Brand, with a stare.

"I, also, I say—Why not? It is excellent. Then you have no time for my chatter?" said Calabressa, carelessly regarding the open letter.

"At least you can tell me something about Natalie and her mother. Are they well? What hotel are they at?"

Calabressa laughed.

"Yes, yes, my friend Monsieur Brand, you say, 'Are they well?' What you mean is, 'What has taken them to Naples?' *Bien*, you are right to wonder; you will not have to wonder long. A little patience; you will hear something; do not be surprised. And you have no message, for example, by way of reply to the letter I brought you?"

"You are returning to Naples, then?"

"To-night. I will take a message for you; if you have no time now, send it to me at Charing Cross. Meanwhile, I take my leave."

Calabressa rose, but was persuaded to resume his seat.

"I see," said he, again laughing, "that you have a little time to hear about the two wanderers. Oh, they are in a good hotel, I assure you; pretty rooms; you look over to Capri; quite near you the *Castello dell'Ovo*, and underneath your windows the waves—a charming view! And the little Natalushka, she has not lost her spirits: she says to me, 'Dear Mr. Calabressa, will you have the goodness to become my champion?' I say to her, 'Against all the world.' 'Oh no,' she answers, 'not quite so much as that. It is a man who sells agates and pebbles and such things; and no matter when I go out, he will follow me, and thrust himself before me. Dear Mr. Calabressa, I do not want agates and pebbles; and he is more importunate than all the others put together; and the servants of the hotel can do nothing with him.' Oh, I assure you, it would have made you laugh—her pretense of gravity! I said nothing—not I; what is the use of making serious promises over trifles? But when I went out I encountered the gentleman with the agates and pebbles. 'Friend,' said I, 'a word with you. Skip, dance, be off with you to the steps of some other hotel; your presence is not agreeable here.' 'Who are you?' said her, naturally. 'No matter,' said I; 'but do you wish to be presented with two dozen of the school-master's sweetmeats?' 'Who are you?' said he, again. Then I took him by the ear, and whispered something to him. By the blood of St. Peter, Monsieur Brand, you should have heard the quick snap of his box, and *the heels of him, as he darted off like an antelope!* I tell you, the grave-faced minx, that mocking Natalushka, who makes fun of old people like me—well, she shall not any more be troubled with agates and pebbles!"

"Then she is quite cheerful and happy?" said Brand, somewhat wondering.

"Sometimes," Calabressa said, more gravely. "One can not always be anxious; one has glimpses of hope; then the spirit rises; the eyes laugh. You, for example, you do not seem much cast down?"

Brand avoided his inquisitive look, and merely said,

"One must take things as one finds them. There is no use repining over what happens."

Calabressa now rose, and took his cap. Then he laid it down on the table again.

"One moment before I go, my dear Monsieur Brand. I told you to expect news; perhaps you will not understand. Shall I show you something to help? Regard this: it is only a little trick, but it may help you to understand when the news comes to you."

He took from his pocket a piece of white paper, square, and with apparently nothing on it. He laid it on the table, and produced a red pencil.

"May I trouble you for a small pair of scissors, my dear friend?"

Brand stepped aside to a writing-desk, and brought him the scissors; he was scarcely thinking of Calabressa at all; he was thinking of the message he would send to Naples.

Calabressa slowly and carefully cut the piece of paper into four squares, and proceeded to fold these up. Brand looked on, it is true, but with little interest; and he certainly did not perceive that his companion had folded three of these pieces with the under side inward, the fourth with the upper side inward, while this last had the rough edges turned in a different direction from the other three.

"Now, Mr. Brand," said Calabressa, calmly, "if one were drawing lots, for example, what more simple than this? I take one of these pieces—you see, there is nothing on it—I print a red cross with my pencil; there, it is folded again, and they all go into my cap."

"Enough, Calabressa," Brand said, impatiently. "You show me that you have questioned me closely enough. There is enough said about it."

"I ask your pardon, my dear friend, there is not," said Calabressa, politely. "For this is what I have to say now. Draw one of the pieces of paper."

Brand turned away.

"It is not a thing to be gone over again, I tell you; I have had enough of it; let it rest."

"It must not rest. I beg of you—my friend, I insist—"

He pressed the cap on him; Brand, to get rid of him, drew one of the papers, and tossed it on to the table. Calabressa took it up, opened it, and showed him the red cross.

"Yes, you are again unfortunate, my dear Monsieur Brand. Fate pursues you, does it not? But wait one moment. Will you open the other three papers?"

As Brand seemed impatient, Calabressa himself took them out and opened them singly before him. On each and all was the same red mark.

But now Brand was indifferent no longer.

"What do you mean, Calabressa?" he said, quickly.

"I mean," said Calabressa, regarding him, "that one might prepare a trick by which you would not have much chance of escape."

Brand caught him by the arm.

"Do you mean that these others—" He could not complete the sentence; his brain was in a whirl: was this why Natalie had sent him that strange message of hope?

Calabressa released himself, and took his cap, and said:

"I can tell you nothing, my dear friend—nothing. My lips are sealed, for the present. But surely one is permitted to show you a common trick with bits of paper?"

"But you *must* tell me what you mean," said Brand, breathlessly, and with his face still somewhat pale.

"You suggest there has been a trick. That is why you have come from Naples? What do you know? What is about to happen? For God's sake, Calabressa, don't have any mystification about it! What is it that you know—that you suspect—that you have heard?"

"My dear friend," said Calabressa, with some anxiety, "perhaps I have been indiscreet. I know nothing: what can I know? But I show you a trick—if only to prepare you for any news—and you think it is very serious. 'Oh no; do not be too hopeful; do not think it is serious; think it was a foolish trick—'"

And so, notwithstanding all that Brand could do to force some definite explanation from him, Calabressa succeeded in getting away, promising to carry to Natalie any message Brand might send in the evening; and as for Brand himself, it was now time for him to go up to Lisle Street, so that he had something else to think of than idle mystifications.

For this was how he took it in the end. Calabressa was whimsical, fantastic, mysterious; he had been playing with the notion that Brand had been entrapped into this service; he had succeeded in showing himself how it might have been done. The worst of it was—had he been putting vain hopes into the mind of Natalie? Was this the cause of her message? In the midst of all this bewildering uncertainty, Brand set himself to the work left unfinished by Reitzei, and found Ferdinand Lind as pleasant and friendly a colleague as ever.

But a few days after he was startled by being summoned back to Lisle Street, after he had gone home in the afternoon. He found Ferdinand Lind as calm and collected as usual, though he spoke in a hard, dry voice. He was then informed that Lind himself and Beratinsky were about to leave London for a time; that the Council wished Brand to conduct the business at Lisle Street as best he could in their absence; and that he was to summon to his aid such of the officers of the Society as he chose. He asked no explanations, and Lind vouchsafed none. There was something unusual in the expression of the man's face.

Well, Brand installed himself in Lisle Street, and got along as best he could, with the assistance of Gathorne Edwards and one or two others. But not one of them any more than himself knew what had happened or was happening. No word or message of any kind came from Calabressa, or Lind, or the Society, or any one. Day after day Brand got through his work with patience, but without interest; only, for the time being, these necessities of the hour beguiled him from thinking of the hideous, inevitable thing that lay ahead in his life.

When news did come, it was sudden and terrible. One night he and Edwards were alone in the rooms in Lisle Street, when a letter, sent through a roundabout channel, was put into his hands. He opened it carelessly; glanced at the beginning of it; then he uttered an exclamation; then, as he read on, Edwards noticed that his companion's face was ghastly pale, even to his lips.

"Gracious heavens!—Edwards, read it," he said, quite breathlessly. He dropped the letter on the table. There was no wild joy at his own deliverance in this man's face; there was terror rather; it was not of himself at all he was thinking, but of the death-agony of Natalie Lind when she should hear of her father's doom.

"Why, this is very good news, Brand," Edwards cried, wondering. "You are released from that affair—"

But then he read further, and he too became agitated.

"What? What does it mean? Lind, Beratinsky, Reitzei, accused of conspiracy—misusing the powers intrusted to them as officers of the Society; Reitzei acquitted on giving evidence; Lind and Beratinsky condemned."

Edwards looked at his companion, aghast, and said,

"You know what the penalty is, Brand."

The other nodded. Edwards returned to the letter, reading aloud, in detached scraps, his voice giving evidence of his astonishment and dismay.

"Beratinsky allowed the option of undertaking the duty from which you are released—accepts—it is his only chance, I suppose, poor devil!—what chance is it, after all?" He put the letter back on the table. "What is all this that has happened, Brand?"

Brand did not answer. He had risen to his feet; he stood like one bound with chains; there was suffering and an infinite pity in the haggard face.

"Why is not Natalie here?" he said; and it was strange that two men so different from each other as Brand and Calabressa should in such a crisis have had the same instinctive thought. The lives and fates of men were nothing; it was the life of a girl that concerned them. "They will tell her—some of them over there—they will tell her suddenly that her father is condemned to die. Why is she amongst—amongst strangers?"

He pulled out his watch hastily; but long ago the night mail had left for Dover. At this moment the bell rang below, and he started: it was unusual for them to have a visitor at such an hour.

"It is only that drunken fool, Kirski," Edwards said. "I asked him to come here to-night."

CHAPTER LIII.

THE TRIAL.

It was a dark, wet, and cold night when Calabressa felt his way down the gangway leading from the Admiralty Pier into the small Channel steamer that lay slightly rolling at her moorings. Most of the passengers who were already on board had got to leeward of the deck cabins, and sat huddled up there, undistinguishable bundles of rugs. For a time he almost despaired of finding out Reitzei; but at last he was successful; and he had to explain to this particular bundle of rugs that he had changed his mind, and would himself travel with him to Naples.

It was a dirty night in crossing, and both suffered considerably, the difference being that as soon as they got into the smooth waters of Calais harbor Calabressa recovered himself directly, whereas Reitzei remained an almost inanimate heap of wrappings, and had to be assisted or shoved up the steep gangway into the glare of the officials' lamps. Then, as soon as he had got into a compartment of the railway carriage, he rolled himself up in a corner, and sought to forget his sufferings in sleep.

Calabressa was walking up and down on the platform. At length the bell rang, and he was about to step into the compartment, when he found himself preceded by a lady.

"I beg your pardon, madame," said he, politely, "but it is a carriage for smokers."

"And if one wishes to smoke, one is permitted—is it not so?" said the stranger, cheerfully.

Calabressa at once held open the door for her, and then followed. These three had the compartment to themselves.

She was a young lady, good-looking, tall, bright-complexioned, with brown eyes that had plenty of fire in them, and a pleasant smile that showed brilliant teeth. Calabressa, sitting opposite her, judged that she was an Austrian, from the number of bags and knickknacks she had, all in red Russia leather, and from the number of trinkets she wore, mostly of polished steel or silver. She opened a little tortoise-shell cigarette case, took out a cigarette, and gracefully accepted the light that Calabressa offered her. By this time the train had started, and was thundering through the night.

The young lady was very frank and affable; she talked to her companion opposite—Reitzei being fast asleep—about a great many things; she lit cigarette after cigarette. She spoke of her husband, moreover; and complained that he should have to go and fight in some one else's quarrel. Why could not ladies who went to the tables at Monte Carlo keep their temper, that a perfectly neutral third person should be summoned to fight a duel on behalf of one of them?

"You are going to rejoin him, then, madame?" said Calabressa.

"Not at all," she said, laughing. "I have my own affairs."

After some time she said, with quite a humorous smile:

"My dear sir, I hope I do not keep you from sleeping. But you are puzzled about me. You think you have seen me before, but can not tell where."

"There you are perfectly right, madame."

that! Oh, I think my husband could speak more frankly with you; I can only guess."

"You are somewhat indiscreet, madame," said Calabressa, coldly.

"I indiscreet?" she said, flicking off the ash of her cigarette with a finger of the small gloved hand. Then she said, with mock seriousness: "How can one be indiscreet with a friend of the good man Biard? Come, I will give you a lesson in sincerity. My husband is gone to fight a duel, I told you; yes, but his enemy is a St. Petersburg general, who belonged to the Third Section. They should not let Russians play at Monte Carlo; it is so easy to pick a quarrel with them. And now about myself; you want to know what I am, what I am about. Ah, I perceive it, monsieur. Well, this time, on the other hand, I shall be discreet. But if you hear of something within a few weeks—if the whole of the world begins to chatter about it—and you say, 'Well, that woman had pluck'—then you can think of our little conversation during the night. We must be getting near Amiens; is it not so?"

She took from her travelling bag a small apparatus for showering eau-de-Cologne in spray, and with this sprinkled her forehead, afterward removing the drops with a soft white sponge, and smoothing her rebellious black hair. Then she took out a tiny flask and cup of silver.

"Permit me, monsieur, to give you a little cognac, after so many cigarettes. I fear you have only been smoking to keep me company."

"A thousand thanks, madame," said Calabressa, who certainly did not refuse. She took none herself; indeed, she had just time to put her bags in order again when the train slowed into Amiens station; and she, bidding her bewildered and bewitched companion a most courteous farewell, got out and departed.

Calabressa himself soon fell asleep, and did not wake until they were near Paris. By this time the bundle of rugs in the corner had begun to show signs of animation.

"Well, friend Reitzei, you have had a good sleep," said Calabressa, yawning and stretching his arms.

"I have slept a little."

"You have slept all night—what more? What do you know, for example, of the young lady who was in the carriage?"

"I saw her come in," Reitzei said, indifferently. "And I heard you talking once or twice. What was she?"

"There you ask me a pretty question. My belief is that she was either one of those Nihilist mad-women, or else the devil himself in a new shape. At any rate, she had some good cognac."

"I should like some coffee now, Signor Calabressa; and you?"

"I would not refuse it."

Indeed, during all this journey to Naples, Calabressa and his companion talked much more of the commonplace incidents and wants of travel than of the graver matters that lay before them. Calabressa was especially resolute in doing so. He did not like to look ahead. He kept reminding himself that he was simply the agent of the Council; he was carrying out their behests; the consequences were for others to deal with. He had fulfilled his commission; he had procured sufficient proof of the suspected conspiracy. If evil-doers were to be punished, was he responsible? *Fiat justitia!* he kept repeating to himself. He was answerable to the Council alone. He had done his duty.

But from time to time, and especially when they were travelling at night, and he was awake, a haunting dread possessed him. How should he appear before these two women in Naples? His old friend Natalie Berezolyi had been grievously wronged. She had suffered through long years; but a wife forgets much when her husband is about to die. And a daughter? Lind had been an affectionate father enough to this girl; these two had been companions all her lifetime; recent incidents would surely be forgotten in her terror over the fact that it was her own appeal to the Council that had wrought her father's death. And then he, Calabressa, what could he say? It was through him she had invoked these unknown powers. It was his counsel that had taken her to Naples, and he was the immediate instrument that would produce this tragic end.

He would not think of it. At the various places where they stopped he worried about food and drink, and angrily haggled about hotel bills; he read innumerable stupid little newspapers from morning till night; he smoked Reitzei nearly blind. At last they reached Naples.

Within an hour after their arrival, Calabressa, alone, was in Tommaso's wine-vaults, talking to the ghoul-like occupant. A bell rang, faint and muffled, in the distance. He passed to the back of the vaults, and lit a candle that Tommaso handed him; then he followed what seemed, from the rumble overhead, some kind of subterranean corridor. But at the end of this long subway he began to ascend; then he reached some steps; finally he was on an ordinary staircase, with daylight around him, and above him a landing with two doors, both shut.

Opening one of these doors, after having knocked thrice, he entered a large bare chamber, which was occupied by three men, all seated at a table, which was covered with papers. One of them, Von Zoesch, rose.

"That is good; that is very well settled," he said to the other two. "It is a good piece of work. Now here is this English business, and the report of our wily friend Calabressa. What is it, Calabressa? We had your telegram; we have sent for Lind and Beratinsky; what more?"

"Excellency, I have fulfilled your commission, I hope with judgment," Calabressa said, his cap in his hand. "I believe it is clear that the Englishman had that duty put upon him by fraudulent means."

"It is a pity if it be so; it will cost us some further trouble, and we have other things to think about at present." Then he added, lightly, "But

it will please your young lady friend, Calabressa. Well?"

"Excellency, you forget it may not quite so well please her if it is found that her father was in the conspiracy," said Calabressa, submissively.

"Why not?" answered the bluff, tall soldier. "However, to the point, Calabressa. What have you discovered? And your proofs?"

"I have none, your Excellency. But I have brought with me one of the four in the ballot, who is willing to confess. Why is he willing to confess?" said Calabressa, with a little triumphant smile. "Because he thinks the gentlemen of the Council know already."

"And you have frightened the poor devil, no doubt," said Von Zoesch, laughing.

"I have, on the contrary, assured him of pardon," said Calabressa, gravely. "It is within the powers you gave me, Excellency. I have pledged my honor—"

"Oh, yes, yes; very well. But do you mean to tell us, my good Calabressa," said this tall man, speaking more seriously, "that you have proof of these three—Lind, Beratinsky, Reitzei—having combined to impose on the Englishman? Not Lind, surely? Perhaps the other two?"

"Your Excellency, it is for you to investigate further, and determine. I will tell you how I proceeded. I went to the Englishman, and got minute particulars of what occurred. I formed my own little story, my guess, my theory. I got hold of Reitzei, and hinted that it was all known; on my faith, he never thought of denying anything, he was so frightened. But regard this, Excellency: I know nothing. I can give you the Englishman's account; then, if you get that of Reitzei, and the two correspond, it is a good proof that Reitzei is not lying in his confession? It is for you to examine him, Excellency."

"No, it is not for me," the ruddy-faced soldier-looking man said, and then he turned to his two companions. The one was the Secretary Granaglia, the other was a broad-shouldered, elderly man, with strikingly handsome features of the modern Greek type, a pallid, wax-like complexion, and thoughtful, impenetrable eyes. "Brother Conventz, I withdraw from this affair. I leave it in the hands of the Council; one of the accused was in former days my friend; it is not right that I should interfere."

"And I also, Excellency," said Calabressa, eagerly. "I have fulfilled my commission; may not I retire now also?"

Brother Granaglia will take down your report in writing; then you are free, my Calabressa. But you will take the summons of the Council to your friend Reitzei; I suppose he will have to be examined before the others arrive."

And so it came about that neither the General Von Zoesch nor Calabressa was present when the trial, if trial it could be called, took place. There were no formalities. In this same big bare room seven members of the Council sat at the table, Brother Conventz presiding, the Secretary Granaglia at the foot, with writing materials before him. Ferdinand Lind and Beratinsky stood between them and the side wall, apparently impulsive. Reitzei was nearer the window, pallid, uneasy, his eyes wandering about the room, but avoiding the place where his former colleagues stood. The President briefly stated the accusation against them, and read Reitzei's account of his share in what had taken place. He asked if they had anything to deny or explain.

Beratinsky was the first to speak.

"Illustrious Brethren of the Council," he began, as if with some set speech; but his color suddenly forsook him, and he halted and looked helplessly round. Then he said, wildly: "I declare that I am innocent—I say that I am innocent! I never should have thought of it, gentlemen. It was Lind's suggestion; he wished to get rid of the man. I declare I had nothing to gain. Gentleman, judge for yourselves: what had I to gain?"

He looked from one to the other; the grave faces there were mostly regarding Granaglia, who was slowly and carefully putting the words down.

Then Lind spoke, clearly and coldly:

"I have nothing to deny. What I did was done in the interests of the Society. My reward, for my long services, is that I am haled here like a pickpocket. It is the second time; it will be the last. I have done now with the labor of my life. You can reap the fruits of it. Do with me what you please."

The President rose.

"The gentlemen may now retire; the decision of the Council will be communicated to them hereafter."

A bell was rung; Tommaso appeared; Lind and Beratinsky were conducted down the stairs and through the dark corridor. In a few seconds Tommaso returned, and performed a like office for Reitzei.

The deliberations of the Council were but of short duration. The guilt of the accused was clear; and clear and positive was the penalty prescribed by the articles of the Society. But in consideration of the fact that Beratinsky had been led into this affair by Lind, it was resolved to offer him the alternative of his taking over the service from which Brand was released. This afforded but a poor chance of escape, but Beratinsky was in a desperate position. That same evening he accepted; and the Secretary Granaglia was forthwith ordered to report the result of these proceedings to England, and give certain instructions as to the further conduct of the business there.

The Secretary Granaglia performed this task with his usual equanimity. He was merely a machine registering the decrees of the Council; it was no affair of his to be concerned about the fate of Ferdinand Lind; he had even forgotten the existence of the two women who had been patiently waiting day after day at that hotel, alternately hoping and fearing to learn what had occurred.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"YES."

THEY stood above the world,
In a world apart,
And she drooped her happy eyes,
And stilled the throbbing pulses
Of her happy heart.
And the moonlight fell above her,
Her secret to discover,
And the moonbeams kissed her hair,
As though no human lover
Had laid his kisses there.

"Look up, brown eyes," he said,
"And answer mine;
Lift up those silken fringes,
That hide a happy light,
Almost divine."
The jealous moonlight drifted
To the finger half uplifted,
Where shone the opal ring—
Where the colors danced and shifted
On the pretty, changeful thing.

Just the old, old story,
Of light and shade,
Love, like the opal tender,
Like it, maybe to vary,
Maybe to fade.
Just the old, tender story,
Just a glimpse of morning glory,
In an earthly paradise,
With shadowy reflections,
In a pair of sweet brown eyes.

Brown eyes a man might well
Be proud to win!
Open, to hold his image,
Shut, under silken lashes,
Only to shut him in.
Oh, glad eyes look together,
For life's dark, stormy weather
Grows to a fairer thing,
When young eyes look upon it
Through a slender wedding ring.

THE ETIQUETTE OF POLITE EXCUSES.

THE question of invitations offers a large field for making polite excuses. Of course, in the case of a written invitation, there is the one stereotyped excuse, "a previous engagement"; but between friends, and by those with whom frankness is practiced, this explanation is carried a step further, and the nature of the previous engagement is mentioned, and the name of him or her with whom it is made. This is agreeable to the recipients; and even if unacquainted with the name mentioned, it conveys an assurance of the sincerity of the excuse, and it is true politeness so to write where friendship exists.

A previous engagement is also an all-paramount excuse to offer in answer to a verbal invitation; but it is when there is no such reason to give that the awkwardness of making a good excuse arises, whether the invitation be to form a party at the theatre, or to dine, or to lunch, or to join a party at some out-door gathering, or whatever the invitation be. A downright refusal, an uncompromising negative, carries on the face of it a brusqueness that savors of ungraciousness and courtesy; whereas a polite excuse is compassed by a little judicious temporizing, in a way breaking the force of a refusal; thus: "You are very kind; but I am almost afraid I shall not be able to manage it," etc.; or, "Thank you very much; but I am afraid you must not depend upon me; in fact, I am almost certain I shall not be able to come," etc.; or, "I am not quite sure what I am going to do on Saturday; if you will allow me, I will let you know," etc.; or, "It is very good of you to think of me; but I am afraid I can not have the pleasure of joining your party; I won't ask you to leave it open, as I know I shall not be able to avail myself of your kind offer," etc.; or, "I thank you very much, but I very seldom," etc.

The difficulty of making polite excuses is sometimes increased when a verbal invitation is given to a husband and wife, and they have not been able to consult as to whether they are unanimous in refusing it; or when the invitation is not given within the hearing of both at the same moment. The one way of extrication is for the husband to refer to the engagements of his wife, or for the wife to refer to those of her husband; thus: "Thank you very much, but I must talk it over with my husband; I don't quite know what his engagements are for that day," etc.; or the husband would perhaps give his wife the cue that he wished to refuse, by saying, "My dear, So-and-so is kind enough to ask us to," etc., "but I am afraid we shall not be able to manage it."

A variety of excuses, reasons given and reasons not given, are permissible in answer to all invitations save an invitation to dinner, the rule being that an invitation to dinner must be accepted, unless a *bona fide* engagement can be pleaded in excuse. The question of ill health would of course be an all-sufficient reason for not dining out; but, on the other hand, verbal invitations to dinner would hardly be given to those not well enough to accept them, while trifling ailments are never offered as an excuse. Polite excuses to unwilling guests demand even more readiness of thought and speech, as refusals to such, if not guardedly conveyed, are likely to give offense, or to create an unpleasant feeling of annoyance. For instance, a lady is perhaps asked to chaperon the daughter of an acquaintance or a relative, or even a friend of a mere acquaintance. Compliance with this request is perhaps disagreeable for many reasons, while a refusal would appear ill-natured and unfriendly; it is usually out of the question to frankly give the reasons that actuate a refusal to a request of this character, and people who make them are generally those who are ready to meet every weak objection with a contra-argu-

ment. Thus, to the plea of not knowing many in the room, and of not proving a good chaperon in consequence, the overwhelming rejoinder is that the young lady only requires to be taken to the ball or "at home," and will give no further trouble to her chaperon, as she knows so many who are to be there. This class of reply has to be anticipated when the polite excuse is framed. Thus a lady might say: "I hope you won't think me very ill-natured if I say I can not be of use to you in this way, but I wish to be entirely free on this occasion as to my movements, both as regards arrival and departure;" or, "I hope you will not mind my refusing to chaperon your friend, as it is very uncertain when I shall arrive, how long I shall stay, or even if I shall go at all at the last moment." Answers such as these are given when no better reason for declining can be advanced.

One word respecting more trifling requests, but which require an army of polite excuses. We allude to the raids made by many upon the new music, the new books, the new magazines, and the new photographs of their friends and acquaintances. "Will you lend me this?" or, "May I borrow that for a few days?" or, "May I take this?—I won't keep it long;" or, "I must have one of these—I think I'll take this one," perhaps selecting the best of the cabinet photographs just sent home. Borrowers of books and music are usually those who would scorn to return anything so trifling, and who express themselves astonished at the meanness and pettiness of those who venture to ask that a song or book may be returned. Therefore, unless the loan is to be a gift, the request must be met by a firmness equal to the confidence and assurance of the would-be borrower. Thus: "I would rather you did not take it yet, if you do not mind, as I am reading it—I will lend it you a little later;" or, "No, you really must not run away with that just yet;" or, "I can't let you have that song until I have learned it; then I will make you a present of it, if you like;" or, "Oh! that is my favorite photograph; please don't take it; when I have some others in that position you shall certainly have one," are some of the few defenses which may be attempted against letting borrowers have it all their own way, and cheerfulness and banter are perhaps the best vein in which to couch polite excuses in answer to these polite and pressing requests.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF FUN.

WHAT should we be without this gift to brighten our existence on our earthly pilgrimage? A love of fun is a cheerful and lively disposition. We can imagine no drearier state than that of an individual who, during the whole of his lifetime, can obtain no fun or pleasure, in the slightest degree, in his daily intercourse with his fellow-creatures. But it is a well-known fact that even of the best of things one can have too much. Even fun has its limit, and a more wearisome thing can scarcely be imagined than an individual who, at the most inappropriate times, can not refrain from turning the most commonplace of conversation into fun and ridicule. This is certainly a great failing; but of course there is a graver aspect under which it can be regarded, namely, the love of ill-natured fun. A laugh raised at the expense of a well-meaning person is highly injurious, and in many cases rarely forgotten. The turning into ridicule of another person's words and ideas is a most uncharitable and hurtful habit, which, when long forgotten by the speaker, rankles in the mind of the victim. There is nothing more disagreeable to very sensitive nature than the fear of being made fun of and turned into ridicule, and the very slightest inclination toward this unchristianlike habit will cause the victim of it such pain and shrinking that a less sensitive mind would scarcely deem possible. We should be especially careful of these sensitive ones, especially as one can never tell the harm a careless word levelled in mere jest may do. It rankles in the mind of the sensitive one, and gives a pernicious precedent to the hearers of it. After all, this is a failing which happily is not general, and brings its own punishment; for those few who find real pleasure in giving pain to others by ill-natured and personal fun are rarely well spoken of, even by those who profess to see no harm in it. A sarcastic person may have many admirers, but no real friends, as, directly personal intercourse with them ceases, and when one's back is turned, then one trembles for one's own character. But this is a spiteful and uncharitable fun, only resorted to by those who, disgusted with and weary of the world, can find consolation in the endeavor to convert others to their opinion. There is one more abuse of fun which is necessary only just to touch upon, and which, while the love of pure and holy things exists, can never become a habit—I mean the danger that one has to guard against of speaking in fun of sacred and holy things, or in any way bringing them into ridicule. It may be that, to a really witty person, the inclination to this irreverent practice has to be more carefully guarded against than to those whose sense of wit is less keen. If a witty speech or joke is on our lips which would turn into the slightest fun or ridicule things only to be spoken or thought of with reverence, let the words remain unspoken, let the witty sentence be wasted, rather than be uttered to fall perhaps on some untutored and wavering mind, and prove a stumbling-block in that mind for years and years after the words were uttered and forgotten. So much for the abuse of this gift. But, on the whole, much more may be said for than against it; for though it may prove a stumbling-block and "occasion of failing" to some few, it is an undeniable blessing to those who, with a constant and ever-ready source of cheerfulness and fun, can make lighter daily trials and difficulties, and even afford to help a less hopeful brother or sister on their earthly journey.



Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 58-63.

Gros Grain Bag.

For this bag two pieces are cut of black gros grain and lining, each eight inches long and nine inches wide, which are sloped at the bottom from a point at the middle to five inches in length at the sides. Six eyelet-holes, bound in button-hole stitch, are worked in each half at an inch and a quarter from



Fig. 2.—CRÈPE LISSÉ EVENING DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

the upper edge, and at an inch, two inches, and four inches from the side edges. The halves of the bag are then joined, and trimmed with ribbon bows and silk tassels. Heavy silk cord, the ends of which terminate in tassels, is drawn through the eyelet-holes, and similar cord is fastened at the back of the bag, and knotted about the waist when it is worn.

Plush Bag.

The bag is made of black plush, and is lined with bright-colored brocaded satin. A shirr is stitched in the top, through which an elastic band is run. The trimming consists of ribbon bows, and a bronze and bead ornament on the front.

Crochet Hood, Figs. 1 and 2.

The hood is worked with black zephyr wool, and consists of a square foundation with a border, which is edged with crochet balls attached to chain stitch scallops. The hood is adjusted by ends of black silk ribbon, which are run through the stitches around the neck, and tied in a bow at the back. Ends of similar ribbon serve for tying at the front, which is trimmed with a cluster of woolen balls. To make the hood, which is shown extended in Fig. 2, begin with a foundation of 186 st. (stitch), and work in rounds back and forth as follows: 1st round.—Pass by 3 st., 1 dc. (double crochet) on the following st., then, throughout, alternately 3 ch. (chain stitch), passing by 3 st., and 4 dc., the middle two of which are separated by 1 ch., on the next st.; at the end of the round, only 2 dc. instead of 4 dc. 2d round.—3 ch., considered as 1st dc., 1 dc. on the 2d of the next 2 dc. in the preceding round, then alternately 3 ch. and 4 dc., the middle two of which are separated by 1 ch., around the eb. between the middle 2 of the next 4 dc.; at the end of the round, 2 dc., one on the last dc. and the other on the ch. before it in the preceding round. This round is followed by 44 more worked in the same manner, the last of which completes the square. Hereupon work around the edge for the border in the following manner: 1st round.—* 2 dc. separated by 2 ch. around the middle ch. of the next 3, 2 ch., 1 dc. around the ch. between the middle 2 of the next 4 dc., 2 ch.; repeat from *. Pass by the same number of st. at the side edges as at the ends of the square, and increase the number of st. at the corners to

prevent tension; at the end of the round, 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the 1st dc. in the round. 2d round.—1 sl. on the next st. in the preceding round, 5 ch., of which the first 3 are considered as 1st dc., then alternately 1 dc. around the next 2 ch. and 2 ch.; at the end of the round, 1 sl. on the 3d of the 5 ch. at the beginning. 3d round.—Work as in the preceding round. 4th round.—1 sl. on the next st. in the preceding round, 3 ch., considered as 1st dc., 3 dc., the 1st and 2d of which are separated by 1 ch. around the next st., then alternately 3 ch. and 4 dc., the middle two of which are separated by 1 ch., around the following 2d 2 ch.; at the end of the round 3 ch., 1 sl. on the 3d of the 3 ch.



Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—BACK.—[For Front, see Page 149.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 58-63.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 58-63.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 6.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 49-57.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—DRESS FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 21-29.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 49-57.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 8.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 10.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 11.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 3.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 12.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 13.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 14.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 15.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 5.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 16.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 6.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 17.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 6.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 18.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 7.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 19.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 7.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 20.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 8.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 21.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 8.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 22.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 9.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 23.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 9.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 24.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 10.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 25.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 10.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 26.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 11.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 27.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 11.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 28.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 12.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 29.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 12.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 30.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 13.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 31.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 13.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 32.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 14.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 33.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 14.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 34.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 15.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 35.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 15.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 36.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 16.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 37.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 16.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 38.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 17.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 39.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 17.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1st, 9.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 40.—PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLLEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 18.]

ST. VALENTINE'S MESSENGERS.

See illustration on page 156.

ST. VALENTINE'S messengers, tricksy and fleet,
With ros-tipped fingers and wee dimpled feet,
With soft plump pinions and eyes full of glee:
Beware, pretty maid! they are hastening to thee.
Around thee in fairy-like movement they'll spin,
Determined the smiles of thy favor to win;
Each plump little cherub, and mad little sprite,
With gifts for thy taking, is aiming his flight.
One bears thee a portrait, a sorrowful dash
Of woful despair in the drooping mustache;
One writes in red letters the name of a swain;
One totters 'neath hearts that are purple with pain.
And, oh, the queer looks of the meddlesome crew,
The flames they are fanning, the broth that they brew!
For deftly they practice their magical arts,
And merrily laugh as they feather their darts.
But no elfin twitching, nor mocking grimace,
Shall call the shy blush to the wild-flower face;
The Cupid whose whispers are sweet in her ear
Has found out a secret the maiden holds dear.
Speed hence, little messengers, tricksy and fleet,
You're wasting the prizes you cast at her feet;
Of all hearts that palpitate under the sun,
This rare blue-eyed damsel cares only for one.
And that one? Ah! well, from her topmost gold curl
To her silken shoe's buckle, the sweet winsome girl
Is happy this moment, since he says, "Be mine,"
Her treasure, her true love, her own Valentine.

PUNCTUALITY.

THE trouble began as soon as we were married—nay, even before. I had been engaged to Charley long enough to learn his weaknesses pretty well, and as our wedding day approached, I began to tremble.

"Charley," I said, as we parted the night before, "don't be late to-morrow, whatever you do."

"Good heavens, Leila! what do you take me for?" said Charley. "If ever a man was ready for anything—"

"Which you never were since I knew you," I said. "I believe you would manage to be late for your own funeral."

"That would not depend quite so much upon my own volition," said Charley, laughing. "Make your mind easy, little woman; I shall be in time."

I was by no means convinced of it, but I could say no more. At first I had thought of being married in the English style, but I did not fancy the idea of waiting at the chancel rails for Charley. The only safe thing seemed to be to secure him before we left the house.

Two o'clock was the hour fixed for the wedding, and as the time approached, of course I was in a turmoil. I was sure that the hair-dresser was late, but Aunt Fan convinced me that the appointed hour had not yet arrived. He came promptly on the stroke of the clock, and then all was hurry and worry until my toilette was completed. I was ready, from the spray of orange blossom which fastened my veil, to the rosette on my slipper; but Charley had not come.

"It's too bad," I said. "He promised so faithfully to be in time. Do send somebody to look him up."

"Dear child!" cried Aunt Fan, in terror, "whatever you do, don't cry. Blushing cheeks are all very well for a bride, but blushing eyes are a decided mistake. There is plenty of time. It is only half past one."

"But he might be here," I cried. "I am ready, and why isn't he? It's too bad."

One great tear splashed down upon the brocaded satin of my dress. That frightened me, and I resolutely repressed the rest, while Aunt Fan carefully dried the spot with her lace handkerchief. It was completely effaced, but still Charley did not come. Then I fell into a stony despair.

"He won't come at all," I said. "There will be no wedding, and I shall be the laughing-stock of everybody."

"My dear Leila," said Aunt Fan, "we are not in England. You can be married at any time, and it is not two yet."

"But just on the stroke," I said.

Just then the cuckoo-clock shouted out its two absurd notes. A moment afterward the door-bell rang, and Charley walked in as calm and composed as if I had not been enduring agonies.

"Charley! Charley! how could you?" I cried, and then stopped, and bit my lip to keep back the tears which rushed to my eyes.

"What is it?" said Charley, looking utterly bewildered.

Instead of looking ashamed, when he understood the state of affairs, he began to laugh. "My dear child," he said, "the clocks were striking two as I came up the steps. I said I would be in time, and I am."

The wedding journey was not a period of unalloyed bliss for me. Charley never missed a train or a boat, but he was never more than just in time, so that I was kept in constant terror. To the hours for meals he paid not the slightest attention. When I reminded him of them, he merely inquired whether I was hungry. If I could not say that I was, he laughed, and said, "Then why hurry? what is the use of being in a hotel if we can not take our own time?" As if punctuality were not a virtue in itself!

It was a relief to me when we came home, and settled down at last to begin life in earnest. We had had one little quarrel about the furnishing of our house. I wanted a clock in every room, to which Charley decidedly objected.

"Time was made for slaves," he said. "Why should I be constantly reminded of my bonds? When I am down town, I must be punctual and energetic, and a score of other things. I come home for relaxation, and I want to forget all annoyances. Have a clock in the kitchen, by all means, and put one, if you choose, in the servants' bedroom. For the rest, we have our watches, and what possible need have we for more?"

I yielded, but I made up my mind then which of Charley's faults was likely to give me the most trouble.

Charley was always good-natured; I will say that for him. On the whole, though, I am not sure that that was not the most aggravating part of it. I always made a point of being ready before the time, when we were going anywhere, hoping that my silent example would have its effect, but it was of no use. "What! going already, little woman?" Charley would say. Then pulling out his watch, and looking at it, "Oh, we need not start for an hour yet; plenty of time."

Then he would throw himself into a chair, and rattle away about anything or nothing, while I felt myself growing more and more nervous every minute. I had made up my mind that nothing should induce me to quarrel with him—quarrelling is at once foolish and vulgar—and I never did. As the time drew on, however, I would say, "Charley, ought you not to be getting ready?"

"Oh, there's no hurry," was the invariable reply—"time enough." At last, however, he would rouse himself, look at his watch, yawn, stretch, and then rise slowly from his chair.

"That bonnet is very becoming. I suppose that is why you like to wear it so long," he said on one such occasion. Then he went out of the room laughing, and I heard him moving about overhead in the deliberate way which nearly drove me frantic.

The worst of it was that he always did manage to be just in time. If I could only have convicted him of being just too late for once, I should have had something to fall back upon in our arguments, but as it was, I had nothing to take hold of.

Things had gone on in this way for two or three months. I did not suppose that Charley cared, or, indeed, saw, how I fretted about it. I tried hard to hide my irritation, for I really loved him, and did not wish to annoy, still less to alienate him, but I suppose that my efforts were in vain. We were talking about a reception to which we were going in the evening, and I said:

"Now, Charley dear, won't you be ready in time, just for once? You do make me waste so much time waiting for you."

Charley laughed as usual, and was going to make one of his careless retorts, but he stopped suddenly.

"We have been married four months, haven't we, Leila?" he said.

"Four months to-day," I said, promptly. "It was the 8th of August, and this is the 8th of December."

"And in all that time you have not been able to cure me of my dreadful fault? Poor little girl! Your hair will be gray in a year, at this rate. I'm going to try the effect of turning over a new leaf, and see how we both like it."

I did not know exactly what he meant then, but I began to understand when he went into his dressing-room the moment I suggested it. He came out fully equipped, even to his gloves, before I had half finished dressing.

"No hurry, Leila," he said, looking in as he passed. "I only wanted to let you know that I am ready whenever you are."

Of course I had to hurry after that, but, as I always hurried anyhow, it did not make very much difference. Charley said nothing except, "The carriage is at the door," when I came down. Of course, after all the fuss I had made, I could not say that it was too early to go, though I knew very well that it was, and was quaking inwardly all the way.

"Don't you think it would be pleasant to drive around by Washington Square?" I said, in desperation.

"Washington Square!" exclaimed Charley. "Are you mad, Leila? Why not by Philadelphia at once? Washington Square is miles out of our way."

As if that was not just my object! I could not explain myself, however, so I kept still, and we drove to our destination by the shortest route. Of course the house was dark when we reached it, the hostess entirely unprepared to receive us, and the waiter who let us in equally surprised and contemptuous at our untimely arrival. Of course we had the pleasure of spending a solitary hour, I in the ladies' and Charley in the gentlemen's dressing-room, before we dared descend. Even then we were among the earliest guests.

"I begin to feel the reward of virtue already," sighed Charley, as we descended the stairs. "How nice it is to be early! The carriage is ordered for one, and I'll be sure to be ready."

He was—and I was not. I had met an old friend, and we were in the middle of a most interesting conversation. She was only in New York *en passant*, and I should not see her again. It was very provoking to be obliged to break off in the middle of our talk; but how could I tell Charley that I was not ready, when he stood waiting with that air of conscious virtue? It was beyond my powers, and, absurd as it was, I had to say good-bye to Annie and go.

I had not supposed at first that Charley's reformation was permanent, but as the days went on, I was forced to confess that it looked very much as if it were. Promptly as the clock struck six in the evening, he entered the house; promptly as it struck nine in the morning, he left it. No entreaties could detain him an instant beyond his time.

"No, Leila, my dear," was his invariable reply, "I have already wasted too much of life by my unpunctuality. You have convicted me of my error. Why strive now to undo the good which you have done?"

Of course such sentiments ought to have delighted my heart, and they did, in a measure. Only in a measure, however, I must confess, for I began to think that we should be known everywhere as "the early birds." It was never necessary to urge Charley to get ready for anything. We were always the first in church; we were waiting at

the doors of operas and theatres long before they were open; at parties or receptions it was our invariable custom to spend from half an hour to an hour in the dressing-room, in order to descend with the earliest guests. And Charley was continually expatiating on the sweet reward of virtue, and thanking me for teaching him the beauty of punctuality. I spent myself in vain wonderings as to how long this state of things was to last; but of course it came to a climax finally.

My oldest and most intimate friend, Tina Verriinger, was to be married, and Charley and I had vowed in the most solemn manner to attend the wedding. Tina lived at Montclair, and it was there, of course, that the ceremony was to take place.

"Do you think that nine o'clock will be early enough to leave here?" asked Charley, meekly.

"Nine o'clock! My dear Charley, she is not to be married until one, and Montclair is only an hour away."

"I know," said Charley, "but I was anxious to be in time. I think that we had better start at nine, to make sure."

I swallowed my astonishment as I best could, and submitted. It was not pleasant day. If I were not afraid of exaggerating, I should say that it was a decidedly unpleasant one, being cold and gray, damp and chilly, with that chilliness which goes straight through to your bones. Already a few stray snow-flakes were fluttering down, giving promise of a settled storm later in the day.

The dépôt at Hoboken is not a specially exhilarating place to wait in; but Charley settled himself comfortably with his paper upon one of the straight up-and-down settees, saying, "We need not take too early a train, but it is well to be on hand; even if we do reach Montclair too soon, we can walk about and see the place, you know."

Walk about and see the place on such a day! I said nothing, but I inwardly decided that we would not take too early a train. At least we were warm and sheltered where we were, and who knew what we might find at the other end? While I was settling this point in my own mind, the door at the end of the room was flung open, and Charley sprang to his feet.

"Come," he said. "We might as well make sure of this train, after all;" and before I could find words in which to couch my objections without giving the lie to all the fixed principles of my life, we were in the cars.

Charley was buried in his newspaper, and I was gazing from the window upon the fast-whitening meadows, when the conductor paused before us with a demand for "Tickets." They were ready to hand, but the conductor gazed upon them blankly.

"Where to?" he asked, briefly.

"Montclair," replied Charley, with equal brevity.

"Wrong train. Yours left ten minutes later from the other door. You'd better get out at Newark, and take it there. If you miss it, there'll be another along in forty minutes."

"It is fortunate that we have plenty of time," said Charley to me, as the conductor left us. "Aren't you glad that I have reformed in regard to punctuality?"

"Oh, very glad!" I said, with a slight tinge of irony, and adding, inwardly, "especially if it leads you to take the wrong train rather than wait for the right one."

We got out at Newark, and took the next train that came along. Being the next, we made sure that it must be the right one; but it wasn't. That train landed us at Orange, where we spent a quiet hour before another Newark-bound train picked us up.

"You see, dear," said Charley, "I go upon your principle of always being in time. If we keep on taking the first train that comes along, we shall be sure to get there some time—if not in time for the wedding, then, perhaps, in time for the funeral of all the family."

"We shall certainly not be in time for the wedding at this rate," I said, half laughing and half crying. "Suppose, by way of variety, we try the effect of taking the last train?"

"What! and abandon principle? Never!" cried Charley. "However, I think we will inquire before we try again."

We did inquire, but with the result of finding that the next train which it would be possible for us to take would not reach Montclair until an hour after the time set for the wedding.

"Shall we try it?" asked Charley, cheerfully. "The wedding may be delayed, you know. The groom may be unpunctual, or something."

I fairly broke down at that.

"No, we will not," I said. "I don't want to go dragging in just at the tail of the ceremony. I'm cold and tired and wretched, and I want to go home."

I was cold and tired and wretched, but I was more than that. I was thoroughly indignant, for I was sure that Charley had done it all on purpose. Though I had a hidden consciousness that I deserved a lesson of some kind, I thought that he had punished me too severely. So I had little to say to him, either then or when we were sitting together in the evening. Charley was too busy with pencil and paper to take any notice, though.

"Leila," he said, suddenly.

"What is it?" I answered, rather sulkily.

"I am thoroughly convinced now," said Charley, "that punctuality is the king of all virtues, the crowning merit of humanity; but doesn't it strike you as rather an expensive one?"

"How so?" I asked, melting a little, but not much.

"Well, I won't speak of to-day, for that was not a fair test. I know you think that I made all those blunders on purpose, but I didn't. I suppose the intoxication of such unusual virtue flew to my head, and muddled my wits, for I certainly made uncommon hash of the affair. I have been punctual, according to your ideas, for

a month now, and I have just been making a little computation of the result. I began to practice the virtue on the night of Mrs. Lee's reception, I believe? Very well. We each spent a solitary hour in the dressing-room, which, I suppose, may fairly be considered wasted. Two hours, to begin with. We went to the opera an hour too early (though our seats were engaged) on two occasions—six hours. Theatre, ditto, twice—four hours. Six and four are ten, and two make twelve. Really, my dear Leila, punctuality is a noble virtue, but, do you know, it strikes me that life is too short to practice it in. It might do for Methuselah or an archangel, but for ordinary mortals—"

"Don't, Charley!" I cried, breaking down suddenly. "I have been a vain, conceited, overbearing little idiot. I was so proud of my one virtue, and it's nothing but a vice, after all. I have been beginning to see it for ever so long, and I am ready to say that I will never waste time by being punctual again."

"Don't!" said Charley, laughing. "This month has done me no end of good, for I was inclined to run things much too close. I never was exactly late, but I often made a precious tight shave of it. We'll help each other after this, won't we, little woman? You'll spur me on, and I'll spur you in, and we will neither of us get out of temper with the other. Is it a bargain?"

His hand was out, and his good, honest eyes were shining into mine, and, before I knew it, my arms were around his neck, and I was promising anything and everything.

So that was the end of the first and last quarrel that threatened to overshadow our married life.

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M Y L O V E.

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIZZIE LORTON OF GREYRIGG," "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "FROM DREAMS TO WAKING," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

ON GUARD.

How that terrible old woman, sitting like Bunyan's Pope and Pagan in her easy-chair, and never stirring from her home, got to know everything that was going on in the place, was a standing marvel to all. But it was a fact, if a wonder; and far from being behind the rest, the Laurels was a kind of well-head of local gossip, and old Mrs. Morshead was the nursing mother of all the little ducks which flew.

There was something in this report of Valentine Cowley's next to certain engagement with Stella Branscombe that roused Mrs. Morshead's curiosity to its extreme point. She questioned Augusta closely, and did her best to "draw" her; but she drew blank, as she always did on such matters. The fair-faced widow had none of that love of gossip and keenness in ill-natured critics which are such strong characteristics in women, and she preferred "not to know" rather than to help in laying the trail and setting on the hounds. She preferred, too, the scolding which her ignorance was sure to bring down on her head to the consciousness that she had done an unoffending neighbor a bad turn, and thrown another brand into a burning house.

ways, when her mother flung about the wild-fire of these unjust accusations; and at this moment, as her own ill luck would have it, Stella Branscombe came into the room. Her visits had become somewhat less rare of late, since her father had given her more liberty, and had taken off the interdict laid on Augusta. They were by no means frequent even now, partly because Stella was afraid of Mrs. Morshead, and partly because she did not care to appear as if she took a greedy advantage of her comparative freedom; still, they were not quite so few and far between as they had been during the later summer and autumn.

"You here alone?" said Mrs. Morshead, after her greeting, lifting up her heavy old grizzled eyebrows as Stella entered.

"Yes," said Stella; "papa was busy."

"And you come without your shadow?" the old woman said, repeating her movement of surprise.

Stella smiled in a pretty, perplexed, uncertain way, and looked from the mother to the daughter.

"Who is my shadow, Mrs. Morshead?" she asked, still smiling.

"Oh, I forgot; you have two—or perhaps I should say two and a half," answered Mrs. Morshead. "That young mountebank Valentine Cowley, that great lout Randolph Mackenzie, and that little affected piece of goods Hortensia Lyon. She is your half—the other half of her belongs, by all accounts, to your father."

Mrs. Morshead said this in her grimmest way, and looked at Stella to see how she took the blow.

"At least I am richer than poor Peter Schlemihl," said Stella, good-temperedly. "He had none, and you say that I have three."

"Two too many, young lady," said Mrs. Morshead, sharply. "Young ladies should not let themselves get talked about."

"Am I talked about?" asked Stella, in her turn lifting up her eyebrows, her surprise a little more genuine than Mrs. Morshead's had been.

"You need scarcely ask such a simple question as that," said the old woman, even more sharply than before. "A young lady who is never seen without two young men tacked to her skirts is sure to be talked about! What else can she expect? Do you think people are blind or dumb?"

"They may save themselves the trouble of talking about me," said Stella, with a flash of indignation. "People must be badly off indeed for subjects of conversation to choose me!"

"I suppose you do as well as any one else," retorted Mrs. Morshead. "Do you think you are sacred, not to be touched or looked at—tabooed like a South-sea Island idol? Neither you nor any one else; and so I tell you. From the Queen on her throne to the kitchen-maid in the scullery, every woman gets talked about, more or less; only some who are imprudent a great deal more than less. And that will be your fate, Miss Stella Branscombe, if you don't look sharp, and are not more careful than you are."

"Oh, Mrs. Morshead!" cried Stella.

"Well, 'Oh, Mrs. Morshead?' and what then?" said the mistress of the Laurels, with gruff irony. "Saying, 'Oh, Mrs. Morshead,' and getting as red as a peony, won't help matters when a friend is kind enough to tell you the truth. A motherless girl, as you are, you should be grateful to any one who will take the trouble of trying to put you in the right way, and not set yourself against them when they are doing what they can to be of use to you."

"I did not mean to set myself against you," said Stella, quietly; but the terrible old woman was in an atrociously bad temper to-day, and not to be mollified by any process known to humanity.

"Whether you meant it or not, you did it," she said, crossly; "and I speak only for your good, and because I respected your poor dear mother, who is dead and gone, and who would have been the first to have objected to such goings on. And I am a mother myself," she added, as if giving a piece of news that clinched the argument.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you for your good intention," was Stella's meek reply; and then Augusta cutting in with, "Where are you going, Stella?—shall Tony and I come with you?" the conversation turned off at a sharp angle by Mrs. Morshead refusing to allow her daughter to go out at all such a cold day as it was—enough to freeze that poor dear little child to the very marrow. But Augusta never thought of her boy, poor fellow! If she wanted to do anything that would give herself pleasure, that poor dear delicate little creature might be scorched to a cinder or frozen to death for anything she cared. She was as strong as a horse herself, and did not seem able to understand that a young child needed care and attention. It was a ridiculous day for any one at all to be out in; and if Stella Branscombe took her advice, she would go straight home from this at once, and make herself comfortable by her own warm fire-side. What did she want with prancing about like this in a frost and cold enough to kill a cart-horse? Such folly! She, Mrs. Morshead, hated all this gadding about. Why could not people stay quietly at home? It was the best place for them. But well! there she was, an old-fashioned woman, born and brought up in a time when women were women, and home was home, while the world had not gone mad after pleasure and gadding about, as it has now.

"I have promised to meet papa at Derwent Lodge. We are all going to the Broads," said Stella, as if apologizing for not obeying the terrible old woman on the spot.

"Oh," said Mrs. Morshead, dryly: "I thought you said your dear papa was too busy to call here with you to-day?"

"Yes, when I came out he was," answered the girl, innocently. "But he said he would be ready in half an hour, and then I was to meet him. I do wish Augusta would come too!" she added, returning to the charge with a pretty coaxing kind of persistence which would have won any heart but Mrs. Morshead's. "It is really a beautiful day when you are out, Mrs. Morshead, and not

nearly so cold as it is in the house. There is no wind, and the sun is really quite warm."

"Oh, of course!—of course it is!" Mrs. Morshead answered. "A frosty day in January, with the hills all covered with snow, and the thermometer below zero, is quite mild and genial. We all know that, when young ladies want to shut the house door behind them! You can go if you like, Augusta, of course. You are not in prison in your mother's house, and you can take that poor dear child with you, if you like. You are his mother, and must do as you think best. But if he has croup or inflammation of the lungs to-night, do not blame me, and do not ask me to sit up with him—that is all!"

"I think I will take the chance for the sake of the good the run will do him," said the widow, cheerfully; and Mrs. Morshead, on this, gave an angry kind of grunt, and twitched her shawl with so much energy that she tore the border, and somehow made it out to be Augusta's fault.

But as everything was somehow Augusta's fault, when the lines of life at the Laurels ran crosswise, one sin more or less did not much signify in the sum total of the year. And after her daughter had expressed her sorrow at this misfortune, and offered to mend the rent to-night, and been severely scolded for her meddlesome disposition, the two young women went up stairs to Augusta's room while she dressed herself and the child for their walk—and kept laudable and unfeminine silence on the skeleton of the house below.

The only sign given by the young widow of having endured anything unpleasant was a quick little sigh as she shut the door of her bedroom, and a sudden turning to Stella, whom she kissed.

"How good of you to come for me to-day, darling!" she said, with a smile which seemed less to express pleasure than to mask pain. "I was just longing for some fresh air when you came in; but my mother is in one of her most uncomfortable states to-day, and I do not think I should have got leave to go out had you not called and carried me off."

"I am so glad I came," said Stella.

And neither said anything more. They were getting to that pass of intimacy when they understood without the need of explanation.

CHAPTER XXX.

PLAIN TRUTHS.

"And yet, Stella dearie, mamma is right: people are talking about you and Valentine Cowley."

Augusta said this when they had got well out of the grounds of the Laurels. She spoke abruptly, suddenly interrupting the silence which had fallen between the two since they left the house.

"Oh, Augusta, how can you be so cruel!" said Stella, startled as if out of a sleep.

What Mrs. Morshead might choose to say was only a pin-prick, of no more value than the mere momentary irritation; what Augusta said was of a very different character, and had to be taken as serious and important.

"No, I am not cruel; I am only telling you what you ought to know," returned Augusta. "To mamma, of course, I admitted nothing, but there can be no concealment between you and me. So I tell you the truth; and this is the truth: people are talking."

"But what are they saying?" cried Stella, her face in a flame, yet with something of terror in it too. But, in general, terror blanches, not flushes.

"That you are engaged to be married to Valentine Cowley," returned Augusta, as tranquilly as she would have said, "Your hat is not straight," or, "A hair-pin is coming out."

"What dreadful nonsense! Why, he has never said a word to me! He cares no more for me than he does for Hortensia Lyon, and not half so much as for Georgie Pennefather."

Stella said this with an indignant rush, as if her mere assertion were proof sufficient for all rational persons.

"As for that, I think you are mistaken," said the widow, quietly. "From what I have seen, I am quite sure that Valentine Cowley is only biding his time, and seeing what his chances are likely to be, to make you an offer. Every one thinks this, who does not think you already engaged," she added, looking at her companion.

"Augusta!"

Stella could say no more. This information came upon her with something more than surprise—with a feeling of sacrilege to Cyril's memory, of disloyalty to the past that was almost unendurable. She felt fallen from her place of pride in her purity, and as if guilty of some nameless sin. She must have been to blame to make it possible for people to say such dreadful things. She must have done something wrong. And yet she had been innocent in her guilt. She had not known when or where she had sinned.

"He seems to be a very nice fellow," cried Augusta, after she had given her poor friend a little time to recover herself.

She was being horribly cruel; that she knew and confessed; but love is sometimes cruel, to be kind in the end; and when an operation has to be performed, the most humane surgeon, after all, is the one who does it with most determination. It was for Stella's good, and she must bear the present smart for the sake of the future healing.

"He seems to be immensely improved this year. Don't you think so?" continued Augusta.

"I have not thought much about him in any way," answered Stella, with a little film of sulkiness in her manner, the result of choking back her natural inclination to cry.

Had she obeyed that natural inclination, she would have sat down in the frozen snow by the road-side, and would there have given way to those tears which help women so wonderfully in their sorrow. Not being able to do this, she battled with her weakness, and overcame it so far as to

answer rationally enough, but with just a shade of temper as her protest.

"I think he has—immensely," continued Augusta, seeing and not hearing. "I think him one of the handsomest young men I have ever seen."

"Do you?" said Stella, with indifference, seeing that she was expected to say something.

"Don't you?" returned Augusta.

"I have not thought about it," repeated the girl.

"You dear little bat, you must be blind! He is splendid!" said Augusta, enthusiastically. "And he will be very rich too, when his father dies. He is the eldest, is he not?"

"Yes, he is the eldest," said Stella.

"And his people are very wealthy, are they not?"

"I believe so; but I know nothing more than you do, Augusta!" with a decided accent of impatience. "How should I possibly know more of the Cowleys than any one else does? If you want to learn all about them, why do you not ask the Pennefathers, instead of me?"

The widow glanced sideways at the girl. Was craft or boldness the best game to play with her?—careful stalking or a sweeping drive? There were so few points in her character of what Augusta would have called reasonableness, and perhaps what others might have said was worldliness, by which she could be moved to her own advantage; she allowed herself to be so completely dominated by that troublesome and inconvenient conscience, backed up by her affections and her romantic ideas about constancy and the like, that it seemed almost hopeless to try and influence her to her own good. Yet if she could be swayed, what a grand thing it would be for her!

"I wish, Stella, my darling, that you—"

The widow stopped. Should she spoil all by a premature direction?

"That I would do what?" asked Stella, without curiosity.

"That you could like Valentine Cowley enough to marry him," said Augusta, with the feeling that now she had done it.

"Augusta!"

Stella turned away with a gesture of frank abhorrence.

"Now you are not to be angry with me. I love you dearly, and I want only your happiness," said Augusta. "It would be the best thing that you could do—by far the best—to marry Valentine Cowley. If you give him the least encouragement, he will ask you; and, oh! Stella, dear child, accept him when he does! Take my advice; I am older and more experienced than you; you will save yourself infinite sorrow if you do as I tell you."

"Don't say that, Augusta, please don't," said Stella, with a kind of agony on her face. "It sounds like blasphemy to me to tell me that I am to marry any one."

"But if Cyril has really acquiesced in your decision?—it was yours, remember, dear. He did not wish it. And men are not to be played fast and loose with at our will. If we do give them up, you know, we must expect them to take us at our word; and there is no good in looking back. To give up the substance and live on the shadow is not very wise," she added, with a hard laugh, while her cheeks with their two bright burning spots made the double application as plainly as words would have done.

"He may, and has," said Stella, her lips quivering as she spoke. "But though he may give me up in his memory, I can not forget him. I shall never love again—never! never!" she repeated.

"Well, you know best, of course; but don't let people say you are breaking your heart for a man who has forgotten you. Wearing the willow all your life is not a very dignified kind of thing, my dear. And by far the wisest thing would be to make your happiness in another direction, now that the original venture has failed."

"How can you say such things, Augusta! I sometimes feel as if you were two people!" cried Stella, almost angrily. "So charming and sympathetic and sweet in some things, so hard and worldly in others!"

"So reasonable, you mean, dear," the widow answered, gayly, and yet her gayety had a terribly artificial sound in it. "So opposed to all silly sentimentality, and so heartily despising weakness in all its forms! That is what you call being hard and worldly. I don't. However, good-by for the present. Here we are at that little snake's house; for she is snake, Stella, and so you will find out some day. I will not be seen, and I must go home now. We have had our run, Tony and I; and mamma is so uncomfortable to-day, I had better go back. Good-by, darling. Think over what I have said, and look angry in the face before I go, and say you are not angry with me."

For an instant Stella kept her eyes to the ground; then she raised them frankly, and gave both her hands affectionately.

"No, I am not angry, dear," she said, with her own sweet tender smile about her lips, while her eyes were still grave and thoughtful. "You mean well by me, I know—only we do not agree as to what is well."

"Time will show," laughed the widow, as she turned away with her boy, a little relieved that all had ended so smoothly as it had done. She had plunged into deep waters, but she had not damaged herself, nor shipwrecked the friendship which made a great part of her private happiness. And her escape from the danger to which she had voluntarily exposed herself in Stella's affections counted to her as a gain; from which she would make a further step yet in advance.

Stella found them all waiting for her at Derwent Lodge: her father in his fine furred coat and general look of gloss and get-up; Hortensia in her quaintly severe dress, always with the flavor of Evangeline about her; Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, the one good-tempered, un-aesthetic, rubicund, the other with that odd mixture of depression and irritation proper to wives who are sat upon by their husbands; and Randolph, with his good, brave,

honest, unintellectual face—the dear big human watch-dog that he was! And as soon as the girl appeared the whole cavalcade set out, Hortensia between her father and her elderly idol, Stella between Mrs. Lyon and Cyril's chum.

Surely something was in the air to-day! yet what was it? Valentine Cowley had never pressed himself on Stella, with so much evident intention of absorbing her, as he pressed himself to-day. Georgie Pennefather, who had the trick of turning up where least expected and least desired, and who could hold on like a leech without showing that she was sticking voluntarily to her post, had never been more ubiquitous nor more tenacious; and Randolph had never shown himself more resolute in guarding Cyril's property from all chance of theft by interlopers, or of bolder robbery by burglars. It was like a game of blind-man's-buff, where every one was being caught against his or her will.

For one little moment on the ice Valentine got Stella to himself. Gip's skate had come unfastened, and though she called to her old playfellow to help her, she was obliged to be content with the aid that Randolph was compelled to give in Val's willful deafness and rapid absence.

"Do you like that great lumbering fellow, that Mackenzie?" asked handsome Val, with irrepressible ill-humor.

At the moment jealousy was supreme over brotherly love, and he could not employ the moment better than by slinging his stone against the watch-dog.

"Very much indeed," said Stella, trying to stop in her rapid transit, and adding, "Let us wait for them."

Valentine, who had her hand, took no notice of her last words. He bit his lip with vexation; bit it vigorously, as a scorpion might have stung itself; and then said, sharply, disagreeably, with a sneering smile:

"And he, I suppose, is fond of you in return?"

"I hope so," said Stella, with grave dignity.

"What kind of tie can there be between you, the very soul of grace and sweetness, and that great awkward fellow—that lout who has only his inches to recommend him!" said Valentine, with disdain. "I should as soon have expected you to have made your favorite friend of Chang himself as of Randolph Mackenzie. These overgrown fellows have neither brains nor muscles. They are mere carrots when put to it."

Stella changed color. She could not tell the truth, and say that she liked Randolph because she had loved—had loved?—Cyril; and Randolph had a flavor of Cyril, and brought with him the remembrance, the association of her lost love. She could not confess this, and she dared not take up the cudgels too warmly in his behalf because of this in her heart. But she did say, with extreme coldness, "I like him because he is honest, and truthful, and unselfish—because I can trust him."

"You could not say less of a dog," laughed Valentine, unpleasingly. "It is the clod and the goddess over again."

"But he is not a clod, and I am not a goddess," said Stella; "and do stop, Mr. Cowley. Let us wait for them."

"No, do not ask me that," he said, his manner suddenly changing. "I have so seldom the chance of seeing you alone—you are always so closely pursued by that fellow. I can now get a moment with you without witnesses and listeners."

"Why should we not have witnesses and listeners?" repeated Stella, hastily. "There are no secrets between us."



ST. VALENTINE'S MESSENGERS.—DRAWN BY PERCIVAL DE LUCE.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 154.]

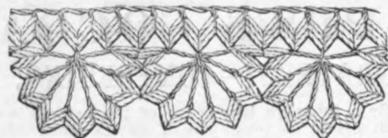


Fig. 1.—SERPENTINE BRAID AND LACE STITCH EDGING FOR LINGERIE.



Fig. 2.—CUFF FOR FRAISE, FIG. 1.

Fig. 1.—SILK GAUZE AND LACE FRAISE.—[See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 1.—SURAH CRAVAT BOW.



Figs. 1 and 2.—CASHMERE DRESS.—BACK AND FRONT.—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3041, BASQUE, OVER-SKIRT, AND ROUND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 10-20.

Batiste, Gauze, and Lace Collar and Cuff, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE collar is cut of double batiste, and is two inches deep and fourteen inches wide; it is edged at the top with side-pleated lace two inches and a half wide, which turns over and covers it. Ends of silk gauze thirteen inches long and twelve inches

wide are attached at the sides of the collar. The gauze is shirred five times at intervals of an inch at the top, and four times at the bottom, where the ends are ravelled an inch deep for fringe, and bordered with pleated lace; the sides are joined. The cuffs are made of batiste, two inches and a quarter wide, and are covered with pleated lace, which is worn over the outside of the sleeve.

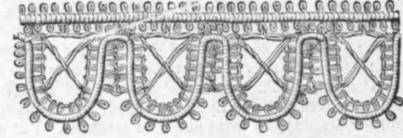


Fig. 2.—MIGNARDESE AND LACE STITCH EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

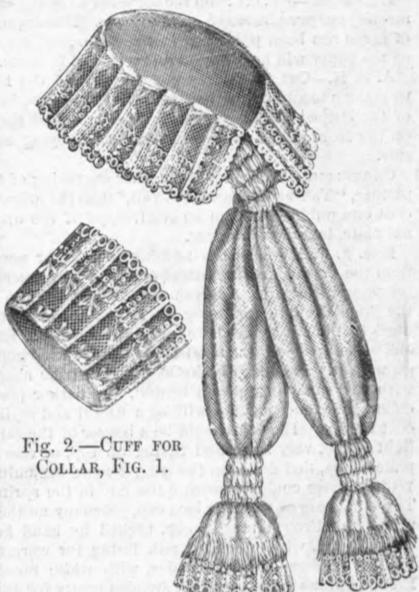


Fig. 2.—CUFF FOR COLLAR, FIG. 1.

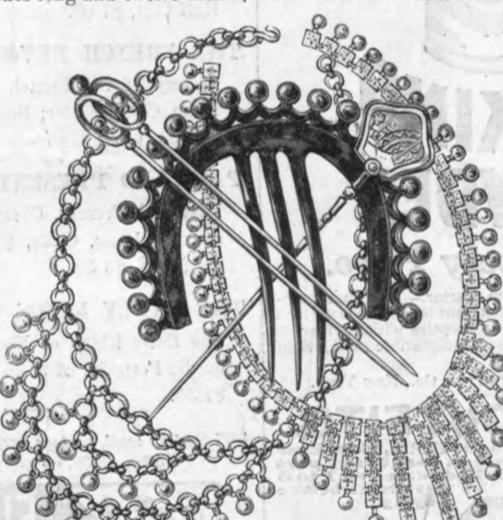
Fig. 1.—BATISTE, SILK GAUZE, AND LACE COLLAR.—[See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 2.—SURAH AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.



PLUSH BASQUE.—[For description see Supplement.]



Figs. 1-5.—ORNAMENTS FOR THE HAIR AND NECK.

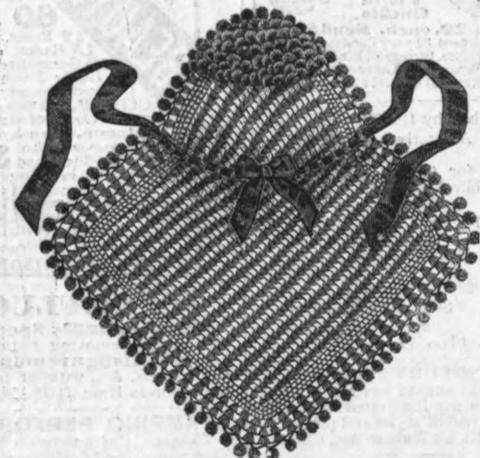


Fig. 2.—HOOD OF CAPOTE, FIG. 1, DOUBLE PAGE, OPENED OUT.



SATIN AND PLUSH BASQUE.—[For description see Supplement.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EILA.—Make a demi-trained skirt of your white silk, having three or four straight full breadths of the silk for the back. Then get white brocaded Chambéry gauze, or else satin de Lyon brocaded, for the basque, and for draping the front and side breadths. Put narrow pleatings of plain satin de Lyon around the bottom of the skirt. You will find details of making in the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. XIV. Wear deep red carnations on the corsage.

RACHEL M.—“P. P. C.” on the corner of a visiting-card means *pour prendre congé*—to take leave. The etiquette of cards has been published in the *Bazar*, and a copy of the paper will be sent you on receipt of 10 cents.

A. S. K.—Cut off your polonaise around the hips to make a medium long basque. Then have the back of the striped skirt very full, with a brocaded apron on the front, and a satin de Lyon sash hanging each side.

CARMELITE.—We know of no other engraving of the picture, “Taking the Carmelite Veil,” than the magnificient one published, from an electrotype of the original plate, in *Harper's Bazar*.

Mrs. S. C. L.—There is nothing prettier or newer than the muslin and lace dress over silk you describe for your little girl. A Surah sash just at the top of the Spanish flounce passing all around, or else confined to the back, will be appropriate for her. Blue silk stockings and buttoned boots of blue kid should go with it. Pale drab basket-cloth, in sacque shape, with two great box pleats behind, and darker plush collar, cuffs, and pockets, will be a useful and stylish coat for her. Her hat should be a beaver of the same light shade, very large and flaring on top, or else in poke shape, tied down on the ears, if more becoming. White beaver could be worn quite late in the spring. These hats are as soft as a lace cap, yet many mothers prefer the French muslin cap, tucked by hand and embroidered, with a quilted silk lining for warmth. Flannel dresses of dark shades, with white muslin French aprons made very full, are also pretty for such small girls. The white nuns' veiling dress, trimmed with pleated flounces behind, and embroidered on the apron, or else a Surah or printed foulard dress, will look “summery and cool” in hot summer days.

A. CONSTANT READER.—You should have the inexpensive striped velvet, in dark brown shades, for a lower skirt for your brown silk dress.

M. M. B.—Your letter was properly addressed.—A black and white checked silk dress will look best entirely of the checked silk, with facings of dark red satin de Lyon, or else blue or rather bright green. If you can't match the check exactly, get larger blocks. Facings of black velvet are also stylish, if you object to colors. Make it with a box-pleated basque in the shooting-jacket style, and a single short skirt with the back covered by two deep pleated flounces, and the front by a square Roman apron, and a single narrower pleating at the foot.

LAWRENCE.—Read reply just given “M. M. B.” If you prefer the princesse dress, have a black velvet plastron buttoned on.

ELEDA M.—Combine your black Sicilienne with brocaded silk or striped velvet; few dresses are now made entirely of black silk or Sicilienne. Have a round basque of the plain repped goods, with deep collar, cuffs, and pockets of the figured fabric. Then have the front and side gores figured with straight back breadths of the Sicilienne, and put Sicilienne side gore, which is gathered into a bow or merely a shirred cluster at bottom, on top of the figured velvet front. The pleating at bottom must be of the plain goods.

Mrs. H. M. B.—At present it is impossible to tell what contrasts you can use that will be fashionable for spring dresses. From hints given above to “Eleda M.” you will see how to make such a dress. At present writing the best suggestion is to get darker blue figured or striped goods, and combine in the ways lately suggested in the *Bazar*.

SUBSCRIBER.—From three to five box pleats in the back are now used for gowns in preference to fitted yokes. The word “dolman” is accented on the first syllable, which is pronounced just as “doll” is pronounced.

FRANK J. W.—A plain gold band is not suitable for an engagement ring, because it is the only ring that is considered a wedding ring; the ornamental gold band is preferable, though a ring with a stone is most used for engagement rings.

OLD FRIEND.—If you are an old reader of the *Bazar*, you must have seen that we refer all questions about the hair, its treatment, and that of the complexion, to *The Ugly Girl Papers*, which will be sent you, on receipt of \$1, by Harper & Brothers.

MARIE.—The request to correspond should originate with the gentleman. We have no other recipes for removing freckles than those contained in *The Ugly Girl Papers*.

FANNIE L.—We do not publish such a work, nor can we tell you how to procure it. The *Bazar* contains full instructions of the newest kinds of crochet, macramé, and embroidery.

R. A.—Reddish-pink will be best for lightening a chamber papered with your shaded gray paper. The prettiest carpet for such a room will have shaded gray breadths, with a border of red all around the room. Mrs. Henderson's *Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving*, published by Harper & Brothers, is an excellent guide in all matters pertaining to table etiquette. Fruit is taken from the épicerie.

E. W.—Get either white or red shades for your windows, and trim with white lace; then have white organdie or scrim drapery curtains, edged with antique lace and with insertion set in beyond a wide hem. You will not need lambrequins, but merely rings and rods. Put the shades next the window in the bay, and the drapery in the arch. Use raw silk with a plush border for upholstering your furniture, but have something different for a table scarf; for instance, plush or momie-cloth embroidered.—Use the words “no presents” on your silver wedding invitations.

HARVEY H.—Gold jewelry is not admissible when wearing mourning, no matter if the crape is discarded, or how light the mourning is.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—There are few new dresses made with the over-skirt separate from the lower skirt. They are mostly attached to the belt, and, in many instances, form merely a trimming for the lower skirt. You should put bias narrow ruffles on the front and sides of the black satin de Lyon, with an over-skirt that has an apron pointed low on one side, and quite full and straight behind, with either seal-skin fringe or jet fringe for trimming. Satin is too much like satin de Lyon to trim it effectively. You must use either velvet, plush, or passementerie, unless you are willing to combine it with brocade. Instead of the design you suggest, it would be more stylish to have the demi-train of three or four plain straight breadths, with the fronts trimmed with bias frills and panels covered with passementerie.

ARCHERY.

THE Executive Committee of the National Archery Association of the United States is now in session at the office of the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. G. F. E. PEARSALL, No. 298 Fulton St., Brooklyn, prepared to receive applications from archery clubs in any State of the Union for admission into the National Association.

As the Grand Annual Meeting of the National will be held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, during the second week of July, at which none but members of National Clubs will be allowed to compete, it is advisable that applications for membership be made immediately to the Corresponding Secretary, who will afford all necessary information, with copies of the Constitution, By-laws, etc.—[Com.]

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1881.

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THE MODERN CUPID SEARCHING THE RECORDS.

FACETIAE.

ONE sometimes wonders, remarks a contemporary, why an actor is sent away from one theatre and allowed to go to another, and sometimes a manager is asked why he has parted with one of his troupe. The answer made by one lessee to a question of this kind the other day was exceedingly expressive. "I could not keep him any longer," said the manager, "for his every attitude seemed expressive of handing somebody a chair." The actor referred to had once been a shop-walker.

A person of observing mind, if he has driven through a country town, has noticed how curious youngsters along the route will fill the windows with their anxious faces in order to get a glimpse of all passers-by. A peddler drove up in front of a house one day, and seeing all hands and the cook staring from the windows, got off his cart, and the following dialogue took place with the man of the house:

PEDDLER. "Has there been a funeral here lately?"

MAN OF THE HOUSE. "No; why?"

PEDDLER. "I saw there was one pane of glass that didn't have a head in it."

MAN OF THE HOUSE. "You leave, double-quick, or there will be a funeral."

In speaking of a learned lawyer who gave a confused, elaborate, and tedious explanation of some point of law, a celebrated legal wit observed that whenever that grave counsellor endeavored to unfold a principle of law, he put him in mind of a simpleton whom he once saw struggling a whole day to open an oyster with a rolling-pin.

A country school-leacher endeavored to instill prudence into the minds of his pupils by making them count a hundred slowly before speaking, or, in a matter of importance, five hundred. Finishing a lecture on the subject, he took his stand by the stove, and after some minutes observed that the lips of all his scholars were moving slowly and noiselessly. Presently and simultaneously they all broke out, "Four hundred and ninety-nine, five hundred! Master, your coat tails are all on fire!"

HOW TO CURE A SMOKY CHIMNEY.—First, obtain plenty of dry paper; place this carefully at the bottom of the fire-place; on the top of the paper then lay several rows of sticks, which it would be advisable to first warm well in the kitchen oven; then, with much circumspection, put on your coals, one lump at a time. When all these processes have been performed to your satisfaction, go away and—don't light the fire!



THE CARES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The woman caught in a shower with her new bonnet on and no umbrella can never be persuaded that the rain was needed.

The closest economizer in the world lives in Lockport. He saves the burned ends of his matches for kindling wood.

The man who advised us to "tell the truth at tall times" lived on a hill. He didn't mount to much, anyway.

The Czar's yacht makes fifteen knots an hour, and it isn't a circumstance to a needful of thread that a man is trying to fasten a button with.

A small boy went to see his grandmother. After looking eagerly round the handsomely furnished room where she sat, he exclaimed, inquiringly, "Oh; grandmamma, where is the miserable table papa says you keep?"

The "envelope" muff is much worn: It stamps its wearer as ready for the next male.

DEAD ISSUES—Old newspapers.

"Neuralgia" is the charming name borne by a charming girl. Her fond mother found it on a medicine bottle, and was captivated with its sweetness.



Boy (without the slightest respect). "Is that for Her?"



AMATEUR PALMISTRY.

(How Jones became converted to a belief in the same.)

MISS SOPELY. "I see here great Physical Courage united to an Indomitable Will. Brave to recklessness, you have nevertheless immense self-control, and though Generous to a fault, your Pride makes you conceal it. You hide a Poet's sensitiveness beneath a reserved and somewhat haughty demeanor, and a singularly powerful Intellect enables you to hold in due check Passions stronger than those of the generality of men—"

JONES. "By Heavens, it is wonderful!"



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT PAINTING.

AUNTY. "And now, how many sittings shall you require of my Niece, Mr. Sparks?"

OUR ARTIST (a modest but most inflammable youth). "Oh, not more than Thirty or Forty, or perhaps Fifty—we will say Sixty, if you like, or Seventy—at all events, Eighty or Ninety at the utmost, or—"

AUNTY. "Good Heavens! why, you painted me in Four!"

OUR ARTIST. "No!—did I really, though? Ah, but I can see at a glance that your Niece's expression will be particularly difficult to catch, you know."



HARPER'S BAZAAR.

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VOL. XIV.—No. 11.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1881.

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Lady's and Child's Sleighing Suits,
Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This warm costume for a girl of eight years has a coat of drab lamb's-wool cloth, bordered with chinchilla fur. The cap is of chinchilla, and the muff also.

Fig. 2.—This graceful surtout is of black Sicienne, lined with squirrel-lock fur, and bordered with black lynx. The beaver bonnet is also black, trimmed with red ostrich plumes and shaded red ribbon. The dress is of black satin de Lyon combined with brocade. The skirt is trimmed with five side-pleated flounces.

Satin Merveilleux Bonnet.

See illustration on page 165.

THE frame of the bonnet is covered with straight strips of Russian green satin *merveilleux*, which are Shirred at intervals of one-quarter of an inch. The strip for the crown is cut seven inches and a

half wide; that for the brim is cut eight inches wide, and is turned to the inside to form the facing. The back of the crown is edged with a puff of satin. Dark green serge ribbon four inches wide is folded and laid across the front of the crown, and turned down at the sides for strings. Four shaded ostrich tips trim the left side.



FIGS. 1 AND 2.—LADY'S AND CHILD'S SLEIGHING SUITS.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

No rockets flamed in sudden fire,
No ringing gladness rocked the spire,
No proud salute o'er field and town
Was loud each lesser sound to drown,
When, on that morning long ago,
A fair young mother, spent and low,
Heard words so sweet—"God give you joy:
The baby is a splendid boy!"

Just words, as simple and as sweet
As ever fall in soft repeat,
Where, after weariness and strain,
And speechless ecstasy of pain,
In hall or hut, the mother waits,
So close to death's unfolding gates,
Till thrills her heart the solemn chord,
The gift exultant from the Lord,
And all her life o'erbrims with joy,
Her man-child born, her baby boy.

The wide Virginia fields were green
With tender wheat in springing sheen;
O'er mountain slopes and valleys fair
Hung violet mists in golden air;
Coy sap was stirring in the trees,
Faint fragrance fluttered through the breeze,
And robin trills and bluebirds' notes
Came shrilling forth from merry throats,
While hushed and happy in her joy
The mother looked upon her boy.

She dreamed not then of fatal strands
That yet should fill those tiny hands,
Nor camp, nor foray, nor retreat,
Nor flag, nor march, nor stormy beat
Of forceful drum, was in her thought,
Her mind with gentle pleasure fraught.
Not hers to know that many an age
Would reap a sacred heritage
Because her child, her precious one,
Should be his country's noblest son.
No grand ambition marred the joy
She poured upon her baby boy.

To-day from surf-washed shore to shore
The deep-lipped guns in triumph roar;
The bells in stately music swing,
The sweet-voiced children laugh and sing;
From mast and fort the pennons fly,
The silken banners stream on high,
And homes and hearts are filled with mirth,
Remembering that baby's birth.

To-day, who gaze athwart the years,
The finished time of toils and tears,
That still in varying peace and strife
Have gone to make the nation's life,
Who backward gaze, must own the debt
We owe our holiest memory yet;
For all our best, bequeathed, begun,
We needs must honor Washington,
Still first among our good and great,
The grandest name that stars the state.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 69 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued February 22, opens with an exciting ice-boat story of the Tappan Zee, entitled "How the Pennant was Won," with a spirited illustration by the author. It also contains one of Aunt Marjorie Precept's "Bits of Advice" on going to a party; "The Weeping-Willow," and how it came to America, by BENSON J. LOSSING; a description of the Indian boys' game of "Buffalo," illustrated by CARY; Chapter Eleven of "Toby Tyler," illustrated; "The Tall Pine," a story for Washington's Birthday; a full page of Coasting Sketches, drawn by F. S. CHURCH; "Romeo and Juliet," a story by F. W. ROBINSON, illustrated; a "Sea-Breeze," from BESSIE MAYNARD to her doll Clytemnestra; Chapter Four of "Phil's Fairies," in which Phil receives a promise of better times, illustrated by JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD; a page of "Pin-before Rhymes," with five illustrations; "The Game of Kangaroo," a new game invented especially for the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and which they will find very entertaining. A full Post-office Box, containing among other things a long letter from a little girl in India, and numerous offers of exchange; besides poems, puzzles, and other attractions.

Our next Number will contain a Pattern Sheet with numerous full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Spring Walking and House Dresses, Morning Gowns, etc.; Bridal and Evening Toilets; Spring Bonnets; Girls' and Boys' Spring Suits, Water-proof Cloaks, Wrappers, Aprons, etc.; Ladies' Collars, Cuffs, Petticoats, Slippers, etc.; Tiaras, Shawls, Embroidery Designs, etc.; with much valuable information concerning Spring Fashions. The serial stories will be continued, and the number will be replete with literary and artistic attractions of a high order.

THE DETERIMENTAL.

EVERYBODY knows the detrimental. He is the despair of managing mammas, and the *beau ideal* of unmanageable daughters. He is almost ubiquitous in society. He goes everywhere. Everybody invites him, not because any one makes the mistake of considering him a good *parti*, but, in spite of his financial disabilities, because he entertains and fascinates; and having no external advantages to rely upon, he has fallen

into the habit of making himself generally agreeable. He usually sings; he invariably waltzes to perfection. In order to indulge themselves in the pleasure of swinging on the *deux temps* in his arms, certain audacious damsels are willing to peril their chances with every eligible in the room. He has, moreover, that easy air which the others would be glad to purchase with the half of their fortune, those insinuating graces which win young womankind without appearing to wish it, and of which even the disapproving dowagers acknowledge the charm. He is never at his wits' end for chitchat or conversation, or for repartee; and though his wit may not be immense, yet his manner of offering it has a piquancy that the by-standers devoutly wish was catching. He has the gift of ready tact; as the poet says, "he carries a talisman under his tongue." At the same time, an atmosphere of romance surrounds him. Is he not the hero for whom some heroine may one day sacrifice an establishment and a foreign tour? And yet his irresistible power does not seem to be the effect of premeditation, but of his personality, his inborn talent, which makes unwary femininity forget his lack of filthy lucre for the nonce, and regard its possession as of the smallest account while under the spell of his influence, until reminded by the worldly-wise that

"Love in a cottage, with water and a crust,
Is (Love, forgive us!) water, ashes, dust."

He has a genius for elegant flirtation, for the most subtle love-making; and although he is aware that wasting time with the detrimental is not a popular diversion with the girl of the period, yet he derives, perhaps, a certain satisfaction from the consternation which his neighborhood creates in the breast of the anxious chaperon—the most delicate testimonial to his superiority that could be offered. If the race is not to the swift—and the eligible is pretty sure to distance his competitor in the long-run—yet the detrimental may take comfort to himself in the fact that whatever social triumphs he may achieve are due to his own intrinsic merits, such as they are, and not to the accidental advantages of money, while the eligible never feels quite certain, perhaps, whether it is the force of his individuality or of his accessories which carries the day for him, whether or no he would prove the same charming fellow if stripped of his solid charms, and left, like the detrimental, to depend upon his native resources. In the mean time, it must not be taken for granted that the latter is only a social butterfly, with no capacities or ambitions for anything greater than social distinction, though he is often one of those unfortunate persons with abilities superior to the powers of his more thrifty and successful neighbors, but with abilities which he finds it difficult to "realize on," which are not easily converted into hard cash.

"PERSONAL."

NOW and again those sensitive critics whose mission in life is to teach journalists journalism, and the race in general behavior, take fresh offense at the existence of the "Personal" column in the papers, and rage at the crass public for reading it. One brilliant carper lately denounced its compilers as the "old-clothes mongers in journalism," dealing with foul wares of second-hand opinions, personal habits, and worn-out talk, and declared that no self-respecting person could encourage such a traffic.

If these rebukes be just, then the fact that nine readers out of ten turn first to the offending column testifies to a general coarseness of taste and poverty of mental resources which may well alarm our censor. But we suspect that a universal instinct is commonly a good one. The truth is that the most interesting fact to human beings everywhere is the human personality. There is to every one a strange and fascinating mystery in the mental and emotional experience of every other.

Unless we are LIVINGSTONES or STANLEYS, we do not care for the secret of desert, wilderness, or jungle. If we go to Africa, or Arabia, or Syria, it is not to gaze at hot red sands, or brazen skies, or stark and arid mountains. It is to linger where the forgotten feet of countless generations trod to build a conquering and conquered civilization. It is to behold that patient Sphinx which stands for the mystery of their experience. It is to wander where history and legend have made the very stones eloquent of heroism and sacrifice.

A bit of marble from the Parthenon stands on our shelf, perhaps, and holds some antique cast. Any cube from a New England quarry might serve as well, and show a richer color and deeper veining. But the one brings all the gladness and the gloom of buried populations back to life, and the other is but an insensate block. Or, in our cabinet, we cher-

ish a Hebrew mite, which would not purchase a fly's breakfast, and a golden eagle could not buy it of us, because it is a talisman to bid Time turn backward and the dead return.

We sit up o' nights to read Biography, while a sober, profitable Treatise sets us nodding at mid-day. Memoirs, Diaries, and Letters sell in the dullest times. And the well-known fact that very clever men, especially when their pursuits are abstract, will lose themselves with delight in the complications of very trashy novels, shows how the sentiments and actions and relations of its fellows interest the human heart.

Splendid poet as SHAKSPEARE is, the most of us care far more for his people than for their finest sayings. We crowd the theatre on SHAKSPEARE nights, while the volumes gather dust upon the shelves. In Greece and Rome the new religion had hard work to crowd out the old mythology, not because the people still cared for their faith, but because its deities were so intensely human that they saw therein the reflex of themselves, while Christianity appeared to them abstract and metaphysical.

Even a great crime or casualty takes hold of us with a grip we can not loose. We read the minutest details of an awful disaster by shipwreck, or fire, or falling building, not because we have an appetite for horrors, but because the appalling experience of these our fellows is unknown to us, and might have been our own. Instinctively we put ourselves in their places, and feel the fierce heat crackle, or the cruel water lap.

A like fascination compels us to follow the unravelling of the secret of any crime among our own associates or social equals. We do not, therefore, gloat over depravity. We are not glad at the fall of a fellow-creature. We have not even a scent for evil deeds. But it is the old and ever unexplained mystery of the relation of human beings, and especially of the sexes, to each other, which appeals to the intense personal consciousness of us all. It is because we too are dealing with like conditions in other ways and with other results, that these complications and tragedies have a never-failing interest. We may tire of a faith, of a love, of a belief, even of a cause. Of ourselves we never tire. The threadbare motto of TERENCE, *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*, is the confession of the race.

Is it silly to be interested in the description of the wives of the Presidential candidates? Is it petty to read what the Princess LOUISE wore and did and said on her republican journey? If we copy royalty, and emulate that sensible and well-bred lady in the simplicity of her dress, the modesty of her demeanor, no reading could be more wholesome. And for the potential mistress of the White House, it seems to us an edifying tale that, of some twenty women who were promoted to that high dignity by newspaper correspondents, there was not one whose intelligence, culture, domestic life, and gracious ladyhood were not just themes of praise.

It is true that there is a mean form of gossip and personality current in the newspapers as in the speech of men. But it is not found among the better representatives of either. And we maintain that those "Personal" columns which deal with the everyday life of well-known, remarkable, interesting, or worthy men and women are not only not base, but are laudable. Nay, it may even be that the darker facts of their lives have sometimes a deeper value. That which we call morality is what the experience of the race, wrought out through tribulation, sin, and penitence, has proved to be the true condition of the human soul. To see evil is to see also the penalties of evil, the rewards that simple rectitude forever offers. It is the study of human life which reveals the possibilities of human life. And the more we know of noble persons, the surer the contagion of nobleness.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

EXTRAVAGANCE in dress has conquered a new domain. Not content with display abroad, it rules now within-doors as well as without, and dressing-gowns, home toilettes, petticoats, breakfast caps, and cascades of lace arranged as jabots, occupy an important place in the thoughts and expenditure of fashionable women.

A few words concerning petticoats. White petticoats, however richly trimmed with lace, are never worn in the daytime, even with the richest dresses. The white petticoat belongs only to evening toilettes; for day wear, fashion decrees petticoats of silk, satin, *merveilleux*, or glossy satin. These petticoats are often wadded and quilted; sometimes they are made of plush, and a few are worn lined with very light fur, the rigor of the last two winters having enforced upon fashion the necessity of protecting us from excessive cold. For house dresses the petticoats are light-colored—cream, blue, pink, and bright

red; the flounces with which they are trimmed are often embroidered with silk, and sometimes even with gold. One of these seems to me to deserve a description, as being pretty and easily made. It is of black satin, lined with red flannel, and trimmed on the bottom with two pleated flounces, one of black satin embroidered with gold braid, and the other (the lower one) of light blue satin. The simplest petticoats are made of fine wool, commonly of *vigogne*, and trimmed with three narrow pleated flounces, the middle one being embroidered with silk. For a dark blue *vigogne* petticoat this embroidery is wrought with pale blue and white silk; for a garnet petticoat, with pink silk. Narrow galloon of the same color as the embroidery is set on the heading of the upper flounce.

Robes de chambre are of infinite variety: there is at first the most convenient and practical of all, what is called the *matinée*, consisting of a skirt and very long jacket, almost like a polonaise; then there is the *princesse* wrapper, all in one piece, of wool, or even of plush. I will cite one made for an elegant young bride, of light gray cashmere, short in front, and extremely long behind. The fronts, which were cut whole, opened from the throat to the hem, approached each other at the waist, and thence diverging like a fan, so as to show the plastron of light gray satin, tufted like a piece of furniture, with a white pearl bead on each tuft; on each front was a broad rever of peacock blue plush. For an older person, there was the same dress, made of dark violet cashmere, heliotrope satin, and violet plush; the gray dressing-gown, which was furnished with the more than ever indispensable *balayeuse*, was accompanied by woven white stockings, with peacock blue embroidery, and peacock blue slippers with very high heels. With these dressy gowns are worn large caps of light muslin, with soft gathered crowns, bordered with lace two inches wide, gathered very full on the back, and half the width in front. A large bow of satin ribbon, with rather long ends, thrown backward, is set on the top. Poufs of brocaded silk and lace, or of plush and plain silk, often take the place of caps.

Feathers continue to play an important part in the toilette. Small capes even are made of them, to be worn over cloaks and the corsages of dresses, sombre colors being chosen—dark red, peacock blue, dark green, and black. *Grèbe*, dyed red or yellow, is employed in the same way. These capes are called *protectors*; they are, indeed, very warm, and are often useful in the theatre when the low temperature necessitates an addition to the dress. For theatre-going, it is the height of fashion to wear bonnets, in the *capote* shape, of white trimmed with gold, or a light color, and the closer the bonnet is tied the more stylish it is deemed. Round hats are worn only in the daytime, and by very young ladies, for a *négligé* toilette. What was formerly known as the head-dress, or coiffure, composed of lace, ribbons, and flowers, has disappeared; even elderly ladies wear nothing on their hair; and bonnets are universally worn at theatres and operas.

Without pretending to the gift of prophecy, I can venture to predict that there will be no *notable* change in fashion. Dresses for the demi-season will continue to be made of silk and wool, the latter of a lighter quality than that employed for winter wear. For very light fabrics, we shall return to Shirred waists; for summer—if we have a summer—we shall see half-long sleeves, with wholly long gloves. Wrappings will be mantles for the most part; what are called visites will be somewhat adjusted at the waist, so as not to look too much like a sacque. I have just seen a spring costume which one of our most fashionable dressmakers sent yesterday to Nice. Dress of dark blue spring Cheviot. Skirt trimmed with a rather deep flounce, with clusters of large pleats separated at regular intervals by applications of Scotch plaid Surah of extremely soft and blended shades. On the front of the skirt were three enormous bows of the same Surah, more than eight inches wide, and spread out so as almost entirely to cover the front of the dress. The over-skirt, of the same material as the skirt, opened in fan shape, so as to show the bows. The side breadths of the over-skirt were laid in broad pleats, and formed a large cornet or funnel at the bottom. In the draperies of the back *brace*, the plaid Surah was mixed here and there corsage, in the form of a jacket, throat to about an inch from puffed plastron of Surah and cuffs were rather *chemisettes*, a soft silken stuffs are different kinds. Someti a little loose, like the sk peasants, so as to fall som. With the spring costume of wh. a pretty evening dress was sent had a skirt of thick white satin, qui trained, and trimmed on the bottom with box-pleated double ruche of the same sa. scarfs of white China crape, beginning at tom of each skirt of the jacket, crossed in and were fastened behind, forming several cascades of pleats, and afterward a *train*, falling over the satin skirt. Jacket waist of white satin, with half-long sleeves. The collar, corsage, revers, cuffs, and skirts of the jacket were trimmed with gold-lace set on plain, and simulating a drapery. Large bouquet of roses on the side of the corsage, and a few roses in the hair. I will mention, as a pretty adjunct to evening dresses, which will continue to be worn until June, a ribbon bow with long ends, fastened on one shoulder by a bunch of flowers; this novelty calls to mind an officer's epaulets.

The knowledge of colors plays so important a part in the toilette of the day that it becomes a matter of prime necessity to instruct ladies therein who wish to be well dressed, and who must bear in mind that accessories, such as flowers

and bows, must have a *value*, as the painters say, differing from that of the dress with which they are worn, being either darker or lighter than the latter; in a word, these accessories must attract the eye, and make a bright spot, so to speak, to relieve the heaviness of the whole. With pink should be worn white or purple—for this season it is the fancy to combine pink and red; with pale blue, Parma violets; with myrtle green, old gold, seal brown, pink, pale blue, or ivory. A knowledge of these details has become all-important.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING DRESSES.

THE first spring dresses imported are short suits with narrow skirts, on which are permanently draped most voluminous over-dresses. The corrugated folds, involutions, and curved draperies of the soft stuffs used for over-dresses are marvellously graceful, and when to these are added retroussé facings with new panier effects, and the gay bayadere garnitures, the dress becomes intricate beyond description. The foundations of the dress are, however, unchanged, as the basque with trimmed skirt remains the prevailing style. But the basques vary from the simplest and shortest now worn to the long *soutout*—an English *soutout* relieved of its severe plainness by French taste—and this *soutout* is worn over a skirt as elaborately trimmed and draped as those made for the shortest basques. The lower skirt is more often pleated than plain, and while some very showy skirts are laid in long single kilt pleats enriched only by a wide border of trimming, many others have from three to five flounces visible at that part of the skirt where the over-dress is drawn up highest. These flounces may be in box pleats or in side pleats, but the latter are usually in clusters of triple pleats at intervals, and these are heaped upon each other, and caught down half their length, then allowed to spread out in a fan-like frill. Sometimes the entire front of the skirt is disclosed, showing five pleated flounces, while the over-skirt is draped back to the sides; at others the Greek over-skirt is draped up on one side only, and that almost to the belt, in order to show single pleatings that go from the belt to the foot of the lower skirt. The flounces now used that are Shirred at the top and folded below in pleats are also in great favor, and most flounces are widely bordered with the material used for trimming, or the figured stuff that is in combination with the plain material.

BAYADERE STRIPES, COMBINATIONS, ETC.

Bayadere stripes are the striking novelties for combining with plain fabrics, and require to be most carefully used, and most sparingly. These come in soft satin Surah, which is twilled silk with satin surface, like the fabric milliners call satin *merveilleux*, and also in fine woollen goods of the richest coloring, *ombré*, or shaded, with often metallic stripes woven in, especially lines of gilt or of steel. These stripes are used for the entire pleated skirts (at least as far as the skirt is visible), or else for bordering pleated skirts of plain stuffs; also for flounces and for bordering flounces. The over-skirt of plain surface is not bordered, its edges being usually turned under out of sight, and sewed to the lower skirt, but the curved back drapery often has wide revers of the stripes up each side, or else around the curve at the bottom. The retroussé side pieces, like flat paniers and aprons, are usually faced with these gay stripes on the turned-up part. Some basques have a striped retroussé facing on each side, and some only on one side. The basque shows the gay stripes in a pleated plastron, or else in a folded narrow vest that may trim its entire front, or else stop at the waist line. The sleeves have the narrowest possible facings of the stripes. This plan of combination, noted for crosswise stripes, prevails for various materials; thus the basque and over-skirt are of the solid-colored fabric. The plastron or vest, the collar, cuffs, retroussés, sometimes sashes, and the skirt or its flounces, are of the figured materials. Lengthwise stripes are used in the same way; also checker-board patterns, blocks, plaids, and plain Surahs of contrasting colors; a few brocaded trimmings and combinations are seen, but these are no longer *dis*—as the first choice; the Egyptian brocades

so quaint and antiquated-looking effective, especially for trimming and other soft wool dresses.

PIES, ETC.

One-breasted, and fit as around the hips until arms of the back, where box pleats that may be and are open up the middle layers of folds or pleats. In the round basque perfectly smooth, it is loaded by weights of lead to n, and these weights are not confined ont and back as at present, when only six are used, but there are now ten or

five weights placed at intervals around the basque in the facing that completes it. Sometimes the left side form of the basque is made very much longer than that on the right side, and is caught up by a bow of ribbon on the pleats of the middle form. In others, there are four box pleats in the middle, behind, that reach nearly to the bottom of the lower skirt; these are arranged in pairs, two above the other two, are lined with crinoline, and are each as wide as the whole breadth of silk used for lining them; they are then folded in triple pleats, and are pressed flatly into shape; they do not look stiff, because they are usually relieved by sashes of striped stuff, and they fall amidst the intricate curved draperies that are attached to the skirt. The fronts of basques are made often to turn upward and back, and are faced with the bayadere stripes. Sometimes only the right front is turned up, and the

striped Surah facing continues as a sash, passing under the long box pleats of the middle form to the left side, where it falls in a straight single sash end to the foot of the dress. The pleated plastron inserted in a Pompadour square, or else with the lower part curved or pointed on the bust, is the most usual trimming for the front, though there are many folds and Shirred pieces in long vest shape. A bow of narrow ribbon is tied in front at the waist line across such pleatings, and sometimes there are wide ribbons that tie in one huge bow on the left side. Two standing collars are on dresses with striped plastrons; one of these—the inner collar—is striped, and passes all around the neck, while the outer one, of plain goods, is confined to the back, or at most begins where the plain material of the waist begins. Five box pleats, each an inch wide, form a stylish plastron; this is piped all around with the plain goods. A great many dresses have Byron collars of striped stuff; others have a straight piece of striped Surah like a ribbon, six or eight inches wide, gathered to the middle of the back of the neck, passing around to the front, and having a single loop and two ends to finish what recalls the neck-ribbon of old times. Buttons are small and inconspicuous on these new basques, being confined to fastening the front, where they are often hidden out of sight by the many folds, pleats, and Shirring of the trimmings. Pockets are seldom seen on these new garments, or on the newest outside wraps. Belts and a hanging bag take the place of hip pockets. The curved drapery is like that known as hooped drapery, with the length not caught up by pleats down the sides, but drawn up to the belt, and pleated there; the ends are not cut apart below, but are in a continuous curve. There are quite as many long over-skirts as there are short ones, but the object in all seems to be to "corrugate" them; that is, to wrinkle into many folds the soft stuff that lends itself so easily to this graceful draping. Sleeves retain the coat shape, and are most simply trimmed at the wrists, with a tendency to gathering up the inside seam shorter on the arm than the lower part of the sleeve. Facings and piping folds of contrasting color will play a far more important part in trimmings than they have ever yet done. For very dressy costumes, a great deal of lace, very fully gathered, will be used; for black dresses, Spanish lace is chosen; while for lighter dresses, white lace of the inexpensive kinds is colored as dark as coffee yellow, and is also used in great quantities. There are some soft, crushed-looking rosettes of Surah, but the prettiest dresses and mantles have many bows—each of many loops heaped upon each other—of satin ribbon about two inches wide; these are at the throat and waist line, in the cuffs, the back of the basque, and on the retroussé sides of the skirt.

VISITING TOILETTES FOR SPRING.

The new visiting dresses for spring are of satin *merveilleux* in condor brown, garnet, or *laurier* (laurel) red, or else dark rifle green for the waist and over-dress, with gay satin Surah stripes for combinations. The black satin *merveilleux* dresses to be worn with black Spanish lace bonnets are entirely black, having yards upon yards of Spanish lace for trimmings, with much jet beading on net or on satin for collar, cuffs, and retroussés. Other black Surah dresses have gay stripes, blocks, and checks, such as the Rob Roy red and black checks, also of satin Surah for trimming. Steel passementerie butterflies, collars, cuffs, and fringes trim other black dresses and wraps that will be worn with black net and steel lace bonnets, or with the soft silver gray satins that are revived, and are brightened by facings of the new *laurier* and Vandycy red shades.

SPRING MANTLES.

Shorter wraps of medium length with great square sleeves are offered for the spring. These are of black satin Sicilienne, or the twilled satin Surah, elaborate with lace frills and beaded garnitures, or else they are of light gray or *écru* camel's hair Shirred into shape with many rows of gathers around the neck, at the waist line, and on the sleeves. Fringes and passementerie trim these wool wraps.

JACKETS AND ULSTERETTES.

New spring jackets of Cheviots and other English-looking cloths are nearly tight-fitted, round, single-breasted, and medium long, and are worn with a belt to which a bag is attached. The bag does away with the need of pockets, and the garment is as simply shaped as a hunting jacket. Even the buttons of these jackets are not large or numerous, merely buttoning the front, and are for use, not for ornament. A turned-over collar has a pleating of the cloth erect above it, and the same pleating finishes the cuffs, falling toward the hands. Ulsters of invisible checks, stripes, and plaids, forming a *mélange* of color, are made so short that they are called Ulsterettes. The large, wide, square sleeves on all these garments are a sensible fashion for a summer wrap, as they are not uncomfortably warm, and are most easily put on and off.

FLANNEL AND BUNTING DRESSES.

New dresses of *écru*, coachmen's drab, or dark blue flannel of sheer sleazy quality fit for summer mornings are made entirely of one material, without gay trimmings or combinations. The belted basque is tucked all over lengthwise, the material being first tucked by machine, and the different pieces—fronts, side forms, and back—afterward cut from it, and laid upon the lining. The tucks are a third of an inch wide, and a trifle more than their own width apart. The silesia lining has two darts, like any other basque, but these darts do not appear in the tucked outside; there is, however, the under-arm dart that modistes find it necessary to use now that the "cross basque seam" at the waist line is abolished. The back has a short side form, and no seam down the middle; the basque extends very long and

plain over the hips, like a Jersey, and is not trimmed at the ends. The neck has a Byron collar, and the buttons are either gilt or steel. The belt is quite narrow, being only an inch and a half wide; it is laid upon a morocco belt to keep it smooth, and is completed by a metal buckle, or else a strap. Three straps hold the belt securely—one behind and one on each side. A shopping bag of the flannel attached to the belt is quite flat, and has a flap at the top, buttoned down. It is suspended on the left side by short flannel straps. The short skirt is pleated half its length, and has a wrinkled apron over-skirt draped upon it, and this over-skirt is deeply bordered by a tucked band, the tucks being lengthwise, and precisely like those of the belted basque.

DETAILS OF HUNTING JACKETS.

Correspondents who have asked for details of hunting jackets are advised to make those of woollen stuffs over a close lining, while those of wash goods wash best without being lined. The fronts are double-breasted their entire length, with two rows of buttons from top to bottom, and these give the effect of a middle pleat, though none is laid. The lining has two darts each side; the outside has one box pleat three inches wide down each side, covering the darts of the lining, and there is an under-arm dart that takes in the outside front with the lining. The lining of the back has a short side form each side, but this does not go through to the outside, where there are merely two straight box pleats each three inches wide beginning an inch apart at the neck, and continuing like this to the end. Such pleats are not stitched along the edges, but are merely sewed together once, and pressed quite flat. The belt is wide, strapped on in the under-arm seams, and is stitched near each edge. The collar is narrow and in Byron shape. The cuffs are straight around the wrist, turned up, and held by two buttons. The lower edge of the jacket is faced with Surah, and the pleats are faced separately with silk braid. Those who prefer the single-breasted jackets that are liked for summer dresses can not find a prettier model than the pleated basque of the handkerchief costume illustrated in the *Bazar* last spring, in No. 12, Vol. XIII. The Tallien over-skirt of this suit, drawn high up on one side, is so similar to many of those of the new dresses, that they need not be altered for the coming season.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. LORD & TAYLOR; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and JAMES MCCREERY & Co.

PERSONAL.

AT the recent Copyright Conference in London, Mr. SALA, Mr. HORNE, and other authors were present, together with members of the publishing houses of the MAXWELLS, MARCUS WARD, and CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN. Lord BEACONFIELD is understood to concur in the opinions of the Conference.

—Count RUMFORD's violin is in the possession of Mr. S. L. CHANDLER, of Fryeburg, Maine. It is bruised and battered, but its tone, like old wine, has only been improved by age.

—Mr. WHISTLER's pastel drawings, soon to be exhibited, are entitled "Venetian Arpeggios."

—The wedding-cake of Miss PERUGIA and Mr. ROTHSCHILD weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. The prettiest of all the presents were, it is said, the porte-bonheur bracelets designed by the bridegroom and given to the maidens, carrying the names "MARIE" and "LEOPOLD" in French cipher *enlace* in rubies and diamonds.

—A Russian school has been opened in Rome for the children of the Russian families who have followed thither the Czar's son SERGIUS and PAUL.

—At a ball given lately by Miss NISBETT, of King's County, Ireland, the carriages of many of the guests were attended by policemen on the box.

—It is rumored that Dr. BAXTER, the Chief Medical Purveyor of the Army, will be appointed Surgeon-General on the probable retirement of Surgeon-General BARNES. Dr. BAXTER is universally beloved in Washington, where he is often called the "Good Physician." His young wife is a Boston woman, very fair, and delicate in appearance, with lovely lustrous blue eyes, and is famous for her cordial manners, personal grace, elegant toilettes, and delightful Saturdays.

—A nephew of the great Dr. EDWARD JENNER, Mr. STEPHEN JENNER, now eighty-seven years old, lives in great destitution at Heathfield, near Berkeley, England. He was the subject of many of his uncle's experiments.

—At a late meeting of the Association for the Protection of the Insane, in the Beacon Street parlor of Mrs. FENNO TUDOR, of Boston, Mr. FRANK SANBORN read a letter from Dr. GODDING in which the opinion was expressed that consumption and insanity are largely diseases of civilization, and that advancing brain disease must perhaps be accepted as a penalty of high development and a limitation of the intellect.

—Sir ANTHONY PANIZZI, who was knighted by Queen VICTORIA, and received the cross of the Legion of Honor from the President of the French Republic, and whose monument is said to be the library of the British Museum, was once so uncourteous, through the fear that he himself might be accused of favoritism, as to refuse the use of a private room to Mr. CARLYLE, whose nervous organization made it difficult for him to pursue his studies in the general reading-room. Mr. EMERSON used to call CARLYLE a trip-hammer with an *Æolian* attachment.

—Professor NORDENSKJÖLD was greatly surprised at the Winter Palace by the Czar's knowledge of his discoveries. The Czar, by-the-way, has been an interested guest at the séances of a noted mesmerist of late.

—The women of Minnesota, who are demanding the right to vote on the liquor question, are supported by Bishop FOSTER and Bishop WHIPPLE.

—Madame MODJESKA's toilette at a Sunday evening reception given by herself in London was considered an achievement in dress. It was of fawn-colored silk contrasted in broad stripes with alternate bars of rose, the skirt bouffant, the corsage filled in with rose-colored tulle, and outlined with a half-wreath of white roses and pink

lilies. On the same occasion Mrs. EDWIN BOOTH wore a pale blue silk embroidered in silver and pearls, the sweeping train trimmed with lace and a narrow ruffle of crimson and gold. Her daughter wore white *gaze de Chambéry*, with bretelles of claret-colored velvet harmonizing with her full soft black eyes.

—Seventy patents were issued to women for the year 1880.

—The BUTLERS of South Carolina claim to descend directly from the Irish house of ORMOND, whose estates were seized by CROMWELL, and the family driven into exile. The name BUTLER is derived from the ancestor who went to Ireland in the time of HENRY the Second, and was made chief butler.

—VERDI is said to be busy on an opera of *Othello*, to be brought out in Vienna.

—One day a friend said to GAMBETTA, "Your *entourage* reminds me of Ali Baba." "It is far worse," replied GAMBETTA; "there were only forty of them."

—The price paid for autographs is extremely capricious. At a recent sale in this country GEORGE WASHINGTON's sold for five dollars and a half, and his mother's for fifty-four dollars; KOŚCIUSZKO's brought seven; LAFAYETTE's, seven; ISRAEL PUTNAM's, six; JEFFERSON DAVIS's, one; ALEXANDER HAMILTON's, one. But in London, the other day, the original manuscript of *Guy Mannering* brought two thousand dollars, and a book of HORACE WALPOLE's, with his manuscript notes, nearly nine hundred dollars.

—Professor BLACKIE, in a Sunday evening lecture in Glasgow, said he thought cricket, croquet, lawn tennis, billiards, cards, and chess proper amusements for Sunday. It is not easy to see why he drew the line at dinner parties.

—The Art Loan Exhibition in Washington, in behalf of the Training-School for Nurses, is enriched by Miss OLIVE RISLEY SEWARD's rare collection of objects of interest gathered in her tour round the world, and worth several thousand dollars, which was refused to the Centennial Exhibition.

—Miss LYDIA COWELL, who has recently made quite a hit on the London stage, is Mrs. JAMES MORTIMER, the wife of the editor of *Figaro*.

—King LOUIS of Bavaria has just given WAGNER eighty thousand dollars for a new opera, of which he is to enjoy the first performance alone by himself.

—ALMA TADEMA is described as blonde, active, irrepressible, and volatile.

—Madame MATHILDE MALLINGER, the prima donna of the Wagnerians, is quite literary, and very fond of dogs. She always reads her criticisms to her pet dog Tessi, who, probably led by her voice, barks furiously at the adverse ones.

—Lady FLORENCE DIXIE, who with her husband and her brothers, Lord QUEENSBERRY and Lord JAMES DOUGLAS, has been doing adventurous things lately, unctuously describes the sensation on eating the chorlito—a bird new to the spit—as something rising to the dignity of an emotion.

—Mr. HASTINGS HUGHES writes to deny the statement that the "Rugby" settlers are dissatisfied in Tennessee. They have recently applied to the Secretary of Massachusetts for public reports, maps, and photographic views for their library.

—The Rev. Mr. HAWES says that LISZT has large finely cut features, a restless eye full of untamed fire, and heavy white hair mantling his brow. LISZT told him that once, after there had been a long coolness between himself and MENDELSSOHN, the latter came to him with a manuscript copy of one of MOZART's choruses in BEETHOVEN's own hand, and begged him to accept it.

—The Royal Academy will have nothing to say to the names of women proposed for membership, quite oblivious to the fact that ANGELICA KAUFFMAN was one of the earliest members of the corporation.

—The new hôtel of the Duc and Duchesse de Trémouille has been furnished from top to bottom with the gifts of friends. The Comtesse de Pourtales sent a wonderfully wrought fire-screen, and there were pianos, harps, *escritores*, and all the rest.

—Mr. JOHN COLLIER is painting EDWIN BOOTH as Richelieu at the moment of launching the curse of Rome.

—The bride of Mr. ROYLE, the special medical attendant of Prince LEOPOLD, was married in a dark green velvet suit, which appears to have been a great innovation in the fashionable world.

—Mrs. HAZEN, who is a very brilliant blonde beauty, wore at a reception lately given in her honor, at Washington, a thick white satin with waist and draperies of white velvet *brocade*, trimmed with point *appliqués*.

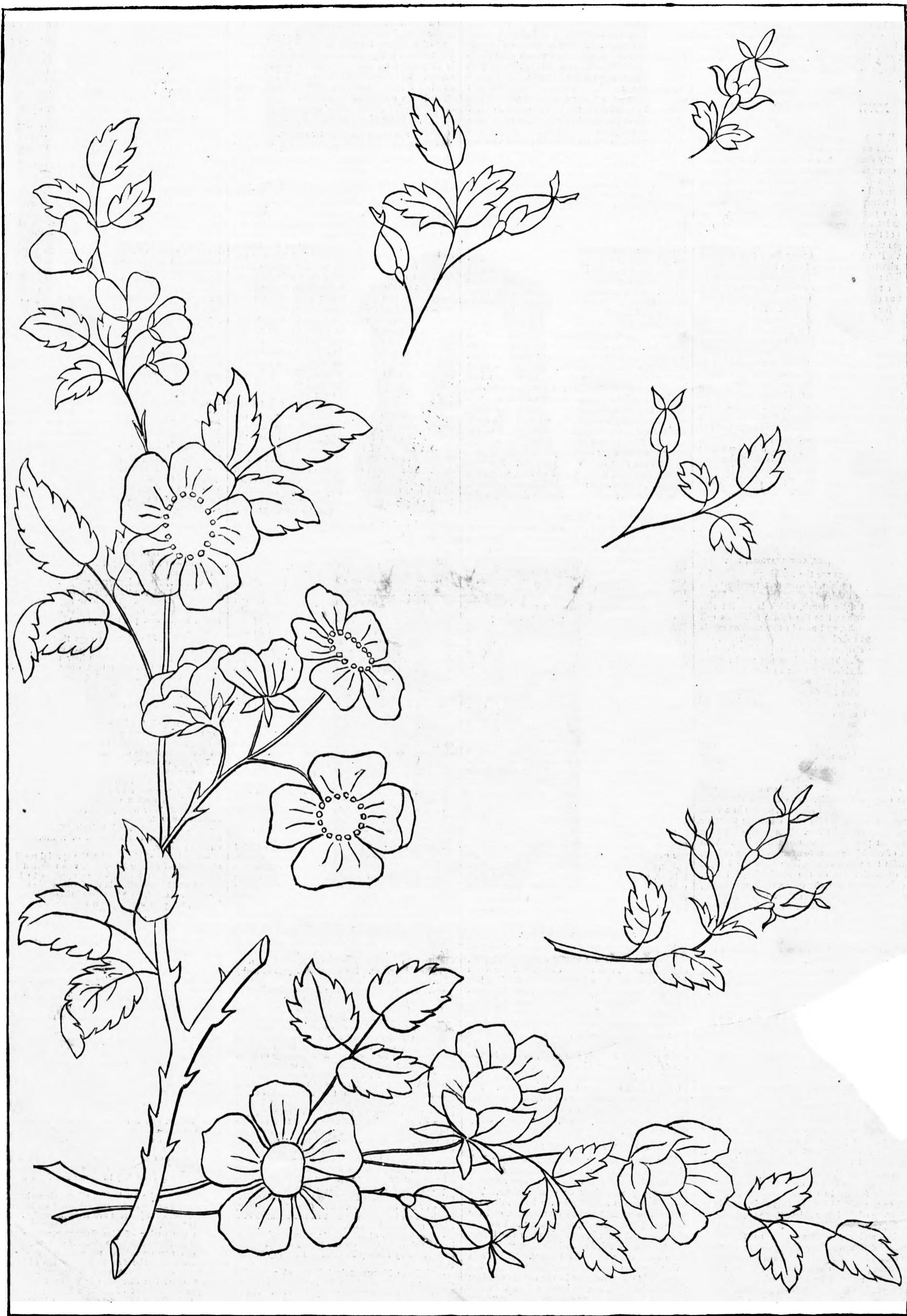
—Miss LOUISE HILLARD, who lately married Mr. ABRAHAM PATTERSON, in Maryland, is a direct descendant of WILLIAM PENN.

—The Countess FERRARI DE BRESCHIA has just been arrested in Florence for forgery to the amount of fifty thousand francs.

—The children of the national dancing-school, trained by Madame KATHÉ LANNER, presented a very amusing divertissement in the recent London pantomimes, at which the audience became wildly enthusiastic as the little tots, some of them scarcely more than babies, moved down the stage in stiff precision, representing an army of dolls, with white frocks, blue sashes, painted cheeks, fixed eyes, and wavy blonde wigs.

—Miss BERTHA VON HILLERN, who won her fame as a walker, is now likely to win much more as an artist. She has just returned to Boston after an eight months' tramp in the Shenandoah Valley, and her paintings, now on exhibition, are receiving a good deal of commendation.

—Admiral POPOFF is to be Assistant Minister of the Russian Marine, while still holding the Department of Naval Construction, in spite of the partial failure of the Czar's yacht, salary and perquisites amounting to some fourteen thousand dollars.



WILD ROSE DESIGN FOR TABLE-COVERS.—CREWEL-WORK.—FROM THE NEW YORK DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

Ladies' Gloves, Figs. 1 and 2.

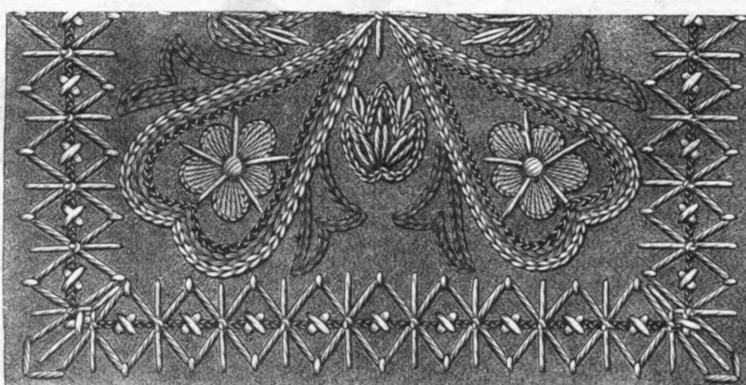
The glove Fig. 1, of undressed kid, is perforated from the wrist to the top as shown in the illustration. The glove Fig. 2 is embroidered on the back with acorns and oak leaves in fine gold thread.

Design in Darned Net.

THIS design is worked on Brussels net with fine linen floss in the manner clearly shown in the illustration.

Tidy.—Crochet and Point Russe Embroidery.—Figs. 1 and 2.

THE tidy is composed of single crocheted squares, connected by bands of cheese-cloth braid an inch and three-quarters wide, and is bordered with wide crocheted lace. Illustrations of the square and the lace edging, together with the details of the work, were given in the last number of the *Bazar*. The cheese-cloth bands are embroidered in point Russe according to Fig. 2, with blue, and with two shades of brown cotton. For the narrow drawn-work border on each side of the embroidery, six lengthwise threads of the material are drawn, after which the remaining threads are crossed, and run with colored cotton in the manner shown in the



EMBROIDERED CENTRE OF TOILETTE CUSHION.—CHAIN STITCH AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

in satin, stem, and knotted stitch and in point Russe with saddler's silk in various colors. At the inner edge of the frame the leather is cut away along the outlines.

Coverlet.—Crochet and Cross Stitch Embroidery.—Figs. 1 and 2.

THE coverlet is composed of alternate strips of crochet insertion and white Aida canvas, which is embroidered in the design given by Fig. 2 in cross stitch with light and dark blue cotton. The edge is bordered with crocheted lace. Illustrations of the insertion and the lace edging, together with the details of the work, were given in the last number of the *Bazar*. The Aida canvas is woven in strips, and is joined to the insertion in button-hole stitch with blue cotton.

Plush and Satin Merveilleux Bonnet.

THE circular crown of this bonnet is twelve inches in diameter, and is made of white plush, stiff net interlining, and lining silk. It is pleated around the edge to twenty-one inches in circumference, and joined to a brim three inches wide of white



Fig. 2.—GLOVE.



Fig. 1.—TIDY.—CROCHET AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 2.]



PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.—STEM STITCH AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

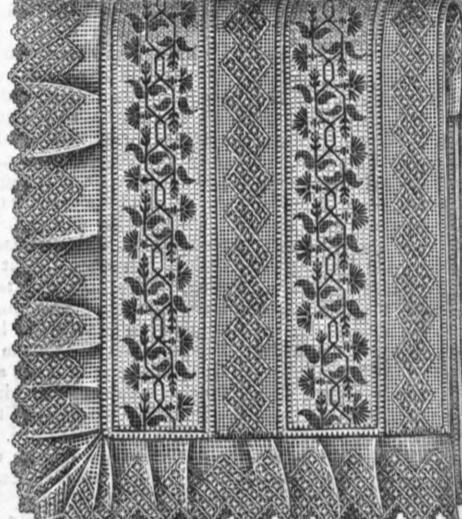


Fig. 1.—COVERLET.—CROCHET AND CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 1.—GLOVE.

illustration. The crocheted squares are connected to the cheese-cloth bands by working alternately 1 single crochet in the next loop on the selvedge, 2 chain stitches, and 1 single crochet on the following 3d double crochet on the square, 2 chain stitches. At the corners the work must be adapted to the shape.



SATIN MERVEILLEUX BONNET.

Trellis Lace Insertion for Curtains, Covers, etc.

tion, which was designed by Madame Directress of the Vienna School of worked with fine linen floss Figs. 1 and 2 on page The strips of card twenty-six squares so much wider. When ion is completed, it is made of coarser linen floss shown in the illustration.

Photograph Frame.

he is covered with dark green leather ed with embroidery, which is worked

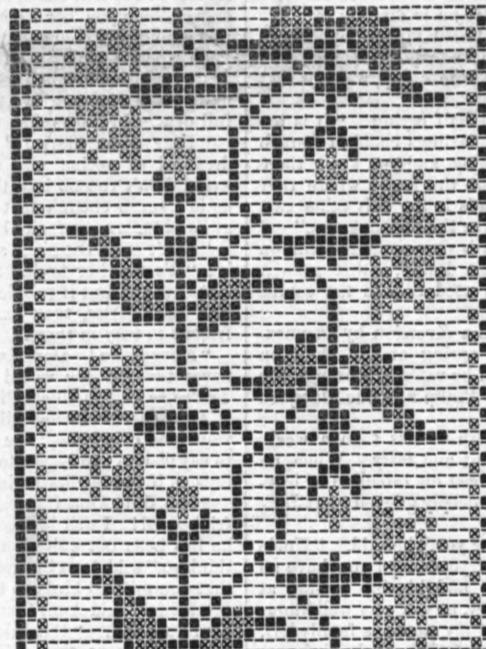


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR COVERLET, FIG. 1.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

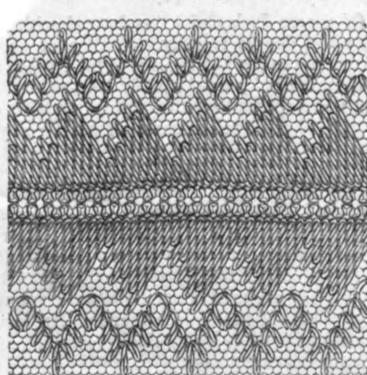


PLUSH AND SATIN MERVEILLEUX BONNET.

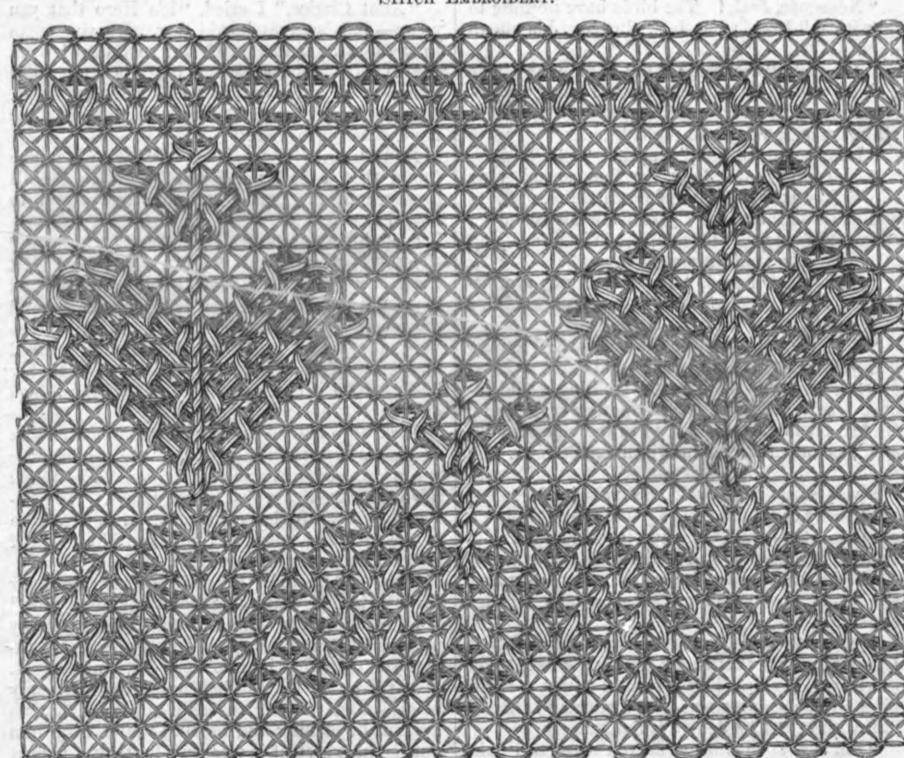
bow of satin is set at the left right of the front, and three white ostrich feathers complete the trimming.

Embroidered Centre of Toilette Cushion.

THE embroidery for this square, one-half of which is given in the illustration, is executed on olive satin with colored silks and gold thread. After the design has been transferred to the material, the outer row of chain stitches in the leaf-shaped figures is worked with light olive, and the inner row with dark olive silk; the latter is bordered with a row of fine cord made of silk and gold thread twisted, which is sewn down with silk in the same shade; the flowers inclosed by them



DESIGN IN DARNED NET.



TRELLIS LACE INSERTION FOR CURTAINS, COVERS, ETC.—[Designed by Madame Emilie Bach, Directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work.]

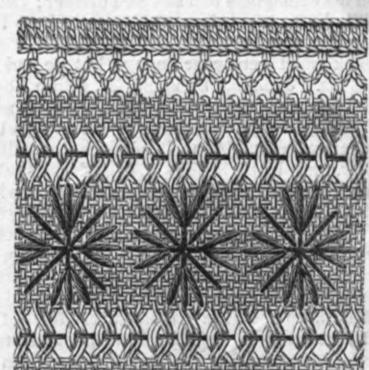


Fig. 2.—STRİPE FOR TIDY, FIG. 1.

are worked with pink silk, and the small figures between them with two shades of blue silk and gold thread. For the border a row of the cord used in the centre is sewn down, and serpentine lines are worked over it with double threads of light pink and light blue silk. The cross stitches are worked with light blue silk.

PETS.

I

JACK and I had been married a year before we went to housekeeping. People say that the first year of married life is the most trying. All I can say is that we did not find it so. We never had a word of serious difference so long as we boarded, but almost as soon as we were settled in our own tiny, pretty house, our troubles began.

Jack and I have never been quite able to decide when our unpleasantness commenced. He puts the date of it in June, when Lettice Green went to Europe, and left me her canaries as a parting gift—two of the loveliest little yellow and green darlings that ever were seen. That is quite absurd, though. The real trouble began a month later, when he himself brought home the great, clumsy, blundering Newfoundland pup, which was the pest of the house for many a long day.

It wasn't so bad at first. Jack only laughed when he saw the canaries, and said, "Why, Madge, little woman, you'll have your hands full now, if you never did before."

"Nonsense!" I said; "it's nothing to take care of a pair of birds." But Jack only laughed.

Such darlings as those birds were! I can't say that they ever learned to know me—not really, you know. They fluttered just as much and were just as hard to catch the last day that I let them out of their cage as they were the first. That was one of the things that Jack objected to—my letting them out of their cage, I mean. Jack wrote, you see—for the press, I mean—and the back parlor, which was also his study, was the only place where I could keep the birds.

"Really, Madge," said Jack one day, "I wish you could find some other place to keep those birds, or else I wish you would not let them out of their cage. Their favorite promenade is my desk, and I never can find a paper that I want after they have been rooting about there."

"But, Jack," I said, "they must have their morning fly, poor little dears, and I have always let them have it while you are taking your constitutional, so that they need not disturb you. If you would rather have me let them out while you're at home, though—"

"Thanks, not any," said Jack. "It's bad enough to see the results, without having them flopping down bodily upon my head. Never mind. I'll be careful to leave my inkstand uncovered, and they'll be drinking the ink some day, and that will be the end of them."

"Jack, you are very unkind," I said; but Jack only laughed, and went out of the room. I was always careful to see that the inkstand was covered after that, though.

It was soon after that he brought home his dog. I never shall forget that day. He knows that I never could bear dogs. I am afraid of them, horribly afraid, and I never thought he would be so cruel as to bring one of the great blundering things home to scare me out of my poor little wits.

"Here, Madge," he said, as he came in, leading the thing. "As you are so fond of pets, I have brought you one worth having."

Then the thing rushed at me, with its great red mouth wide open, and its white teeth shining, and its eyes glaring, and before I knew it, the two big hairy paws were on my shoulders, and the frightful face close against mine.

"Jack!" I screamed—"oh, Jack! take him off, or I shall die."

Jack laughed, and caught the creature by his collar and pulled him away.

"Why, bless your heart, Madge!" he said, "the dog won't hurt you. He is only a pup—nine months old to a day—and as full of affection as he can stick. He only wanted to make friends with you."

"But I don't want to be made friends with in that fashion," I said, as well as I could speak for crying.

Jack laughed, and caressed me, and apologized; but it was then that our troubles began, for all that.

What a nuisance that dog was no one who has not brought up a Newfoundland pup can imagine. Now it was one of the best table-cloths, not only pulled off, but torn into rags; or my lace set—Aunt Clarice's wedding present—which had been laid out to bleach, had disappeared bodily, all but a fluttering end which hung out of Hero's mouth as he careered about the yard; or it was one of Jack's dress boots chewed to a pulp, and grave enough Master Jack looked that time. I only wish his belongings had suffered oftener; but unluckily he took precious good care to keep them out of the way.

Jack and I were poor enough, but we had rich relations. Jack had an uncle, Mr. Philip Phelps, and I an aunt, Clarice Vaughan, both of whom had declared their intention of leaving us their respective heirs. Aunt Clarice was a childless widow, and Uncle Philip a bachelor. Both of them were peculiar in their way, and full of whims and "fads." We had never been able to entertain them hitherto, but as soon as we were settled in our own house each of them had promised us a visit. It was time for Uncle Philip's arrival soon after Jack brought home that wretched dog. Uncle Philip had always seemed very fond of me, and I resolved to appeal to him privately to induce Jack to banish the horrid thing from the house.

Uncle Philip was stout and rubicund, with a bald pink head fringed with white hair, and a laughing blue eye—two of them, in fact. Un-

luckily for my private plans, he took most kindly to Hero from the first; and as I watched the softening of his eye over the pup's clumsy gambols, I realized that any attempt to influence him as I desired would be utterly in vain. We were all collected in the back parlor on the night of his arrival, he sitting in a large easy-chair in the window. He was just giving us a graphic description of a recent visit to New Mexico, when he started, and clapped his hand to his head, with a sudden ejaculation.

"I thought you told me you had no mosquitoes here," he said, with a puzzled air.

Neither had we, as Jack and I both assured him, and after a moment he took up the thread of his narrative. Crack! another slap at his bald head, and another break in his tale. Crack! crack!

"What do you mean by denying mosquitoes?" he cried, indignantly. "I know that mosquitoes and malaria are two things that the inhabitants of a swamp will never confess to; but I thought that you two were above such weaknesses."

Our earnest, "But, indeed, dear uncle," was suddenly interrupted by a sudden flutter of wings, and a *douche* of cold water exactly on the centre of Uncle Philip's head. Jack sprang to his feet.

"It's those beastly birds, Madge," he said. "They've been chucking their seeds at Uncle Philip, and now they've finished up with a shower-bath. Taking their bath in their drinking-cup too, the little brutes! It's too bad, I vow!"

Uncle Philip was silent, but his face, as he glared at the cage overhead, was a study. I apologized, eagerly, abjectly, and I hoped, to some purpose. Then we adjourned to the front parlor, and finished the evening quietly.

Uncle Philip was up bright and early the next morning. I was surprised to find him in the dining-room when I went down, before the bell rang, to see that the table was properly set. Hero was beside him, blinking up with his great stupid eyes, one big paw laid upon Uncle Philip's knee, and his red tongue lolling out idiotically. Uncle Philip greeted me affectionately, though, I fancied, with rather an air of constraint.

"Did you sleep well, Uncle Philip?" I asked.

Uncle Philip hesitated.

"It was quiet enough most of the night," he said, "but I was somewhat disturbed toward morning."

"Not used to the city noises?" I asked; but Jack, who had come in behind me, laughed.

"Nonsense, Madge!" he said. "You forget that Uncle Philip lives in Chicago, which is not exactly country. It was all those birds of yours again. Uncle Philip's room is directly over my study, and the things tuned up at daylight, as usual. Nobody could sleep in such a confounded racket. Now confess, Uncle Philip, was not that the trouble?"

"Why, Jack!" I said, half crying. "It is too bad of you. The little darlings couldn't disturb anybody with their singing, and you know there is not another window in the house where they can hang. Uncle Philip's is the only other east room, and they must have the morning sun."

"Oh, pray don't disturb your arrangements on my account," said Uncle Philip, rather grimly. "No doubt I shall get used to it in the course of time."

Just here Hero made a diversion by an unexpected and successful spring at the chop on Jack's plate, with which he vanished through the back door, while Uncle Philip and Jack laughed and applauded.

Uncle Philip staid with us less than a week, growing daily more silent and testy. When, on the fifth day, he announced his intention of leaving us, I could not feel deeply grieved; but Jack was.

"It is all very well for you," he said. "Uncle Philip is no relation of yours, and you have no old claims of affection and kinship pulling at you. It is not his money, as you very well know, but he is the last one of my mother's family left, and to have him driven out of his nephew's house by those ridiculous pets of yours—well, it's hard, and no mistake."

"Nonsense, Jack! The birds have nothing to do with it," I said; but Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said; "but a man of Uncle Philip's age and habits can't stand being wakened at daylight every morning, and disturbed at all hours of the day and night besides."

"I don't disturb him," I said.

"You do," said Jack. "You spend your whole time prancing up and down stairs, opening and shutting the window just below his room, because you fancy that those blessed birds are dying of too much or too little air."

"But, Jack," I said, "the poor things are sitting, and they need constant care. You wouldn't have me let them die, would you?"

"I'd have you consider the comfort of human beings before that of animals," said Jack. "However, the thing is done now. Nothing would induce Uncle Philip to spend another night here. He has business to attend to in the city, though, and has taken board in Ninth Street for a few weeks."

I was sorry that Jack was vexed, of course, but I really could not feel very unhappy at losing a guest so utterly unfeeling and inconsiderate. Besides, Aunt Clarice had written to ask when it would be convenient for us to receive her, and she could now come as soon as she felt inclined.

It was the very day after Uncle Philip left that I found Jou-jou, the female bird, lying dead upon the floor. My first idea was that it was a mean piece of vengeance upon Jack's part, and I taxed him with it, but he denied it indignantly.

"I'm not such a brute as you seem to think, Madge," he said. "I don't like the birds, but I wouldn't hurt a feather of their tails. Look here, though," as he poked out with the point of his penknife something that had lodged in the

tiny beak. "Here is what did the mischief. Stolen from my desk, too, by Jove! A clear case of poetic justice."

It was a tiny bit of red wafer which he held out for me to examine, and of course I had to acknowledge that it alone had caused the catastrophe. I buried my little pet mournfully, and thought of bringing another to replace her, but Jack put his veto upon any such proceeding.

"But, Jack," I said, "Bijou will die of loneliness."

"Let him," said Jack, savagely, and that was all.

Well, Bijou didn't die of loneliness. On the contrary, after reflecting on the situation for a few days, he plucked up heart, and launched himself into such a torrent of rollicking song that Jack was more frantic than ever. Not even the melancholy sight of the nestful of cold little bluish speckled eggs seemed to dash his gayety in the least. To tell the truth, I was slightly disgusted (though I would have died before I would have told Jack so), for, try as I might, I could not persuade myself that that triumphant, rollicking, gurgling song bore the slightest resemblance to a wail of despair.

We saw Uncle Philip tolerably often, though he no longer staid with us. I noticed, however, that he could with difficulty be persuaded to enter the back parlor. Even the sound of Bijou's singing, which penetrated the closed doors, made him start and wince in a manner which was simply absurd, though he never said anything.

II.

We were in daily expectation of Aunt Clarice's arrival, the date of which was not quite certain, as she was staying with friends who continually urged her to prolong her visit. After the day for her coming to us had been three times fixed and as often postponed, I made up my mind not to expect her until I saw her. Consequently I had dismissed all thoughts of her from my mind.

I was sitting at my sewing one morning, when Jane came up to tell me that a lady was in the parlor, who declined to send up her name.

"An agent, no doubt," I said. "I wish you had asked her business, Jane. But no matter; I must go down soon, to shut up Bijou, in any case."

So I sewed on tranquilly until I had finished the piece of work on which I was engaged, and then ran down stairs, humming a blithe little tune as I went. I never finished that tune, though; for the first thing my eyes fell upon in the hall was Aunt Clarice. Yes, Aunt Clarice, sitting demurely in the hall chair, but with no very demure expression upon her face. On the contrary, it was a much agitated and dishevelled Aunt Clarice upon whom I looked—an Aunt Clarice who appeared equally divided between tears and indignation, and who met my astonished gaze with one full of wrathful meaning.

"Dear Aunt Clarice!" I cried. "Who ever dreamed of seeing you to-day? Why in the world didn't you go into the parlor, even if Jane hadn't sense enough to take you there? That girl's blunders are really beyond anything."

"Don't scold the girl," said Aunt Clarice, grimly; "it's not her fault. She took me in there fast enough; but if people will turn their parlors into menageries, they can hardly expect their friends to stay in them."

"Menageries! Dear Aunt Clarice," I cried, "I never thought you would mind poor Bijou too. You're as bad as Uncle Philip."

Aunt Clarice turned slightly red. "If that's your idea of a *bijou*," she said, "I have no more to say," and she began to gather up her belongings as if she meditated instant flight.

"But, dear Aunt Clarice," I cried, "don't be so frightened! I was just going to shut him up, for he has been out quite long enough" ("I should think so," said Aunt Clarice). "But I never knew that you minded birds so much."

"Birds!" said Aunt Clarice, with an indescribable intonation. "But I do mind birds very much—such birds as this; birds that walk on four legs, and wag their tails, and make grabs at your ankles."

"Aunt Clarice," I cried, "it's Hero that you mean—Jack's great, horrid dog. Do you mean to say that he is in the parlor? Oh dear! what shall I do? Jack says that there is no harm in him, but he always dances and grins at us so. How shall we ever get him out, for neither Jane nor I dare touch him?"

Aunt Clarice had relaxed slightly when she found that I had nothing to do with Hero's presence in the parlor, and now she began to laugh.

"Don't trouble yourself about getting him out," she said. "He is safe enough there, for I shut the door upon him. He kept quiet until Jane had gone, but as soon as I was left quite alone and unprotected, he floundered out from under the very sofa that I was sitting upon, and 'danced and grinned' at me, until I fairly took to my heels. Now I'll go up stairs and take my things off."

Jack only laughed when I complained to him of Hero's escapade, said that as my pet had the run of his study, it was only fair that his should have the run of the rest of the house. He positively refused to chain him, or even to keep him in the yard and cellar, as I implored him to do, if only on Aunt Clarice's account.

"No, no," he said, "my relations have had their turn; it is time that yours took their share now."

Of course when Hero had once found his way up stairs, there was an end of everything. Nothing would induce him to stay down after that. It is my belief that he had found out some way of worming himself through key-holes, for no amount of locking and barring would keep him out. The worst of it was that he took a violent fancy to Aunt Clarice. Or rather I am inclined to think that he found her irresistibly *teasable*, and was deep and artful enough to pretend a firm confidence in her fondness and admiration for

him. At all events, wherever Aunt Clarice was, Hero was sure to be somewhere near. If she sat down upon a sofa, Hero wriggled out from under it; if she entered a room, Hero bounced at her from behind the door; nay, he even secreted himself under her bed at night, for the express purpose of coming out in the small hours, and wakening her by the contact of his cold wet nose and his warm wet tongue. After she had twice aroused the whole household by her wild shrieks at these uncanny visits, Aunt Clarice mildly but firmly announced her determination.

"My dear Madge," she said, "I am very fond of you; I am fond of Jack too; but really a man who keeps such a wild beast about his house is fit only for Bedlam. I can't expect you to turn him out for me, so I have decided to turn myself out for him. I am not quite ready to go home yet, so I have taken board for a few weeks where I shall be quite comfortable."

Jack only laughed, and said, "Tit for tat," when he heard of Aunt Clarice's departure. He laughed still more when, on comparing notes, we found that she and Uncle Philip were now inhabitants of the same boarding-house in Ninth Street—a curious coincidence, certainly, but not worth going into hysterics about. It really seemed as if Jack would never get over it. Every now and then, during the whole evening, he would suddenly throw himself back, kick up his heels in the most undignified manner, and roar. When I asked him his reason for such behavior, he would say only, "Uncle Philip and Aunt Clarice!—ho! ho! ho!" And for days the mention of either name would bring a most absurd and diabolical grin to his face, which was a handsome enough one in general.

III.

It was rather curious, I thought, that since Aunt Clarice had left us so abruptly we had seen nothing either of her or of Uncle Philip, although more than a week had passed. Aunt Clarice was always out—or so the servant said when I called; and as for her, she had never once crossed our threshold since that unlucky day.

I was just expressing my feelings upon the subject to Jack, with Bijou hopping about the carpet at my feet, when the door-bell rang, and Jane brought in the morning's mail. There was only one letter, and that I saw in a moment to be from Aunt Clarice.

"High time, I think!" I said as I tore it open. Then, in another moment, and with a shriek, "Jack, look here!"

This is what Jack looked at:

"MY DEAR MADGE,—I have not seen you for the last week because I was trying to make up my mind whether or not to be an old fool, and in such cases the fewer witnesses one has, the better. I've decided at last, whether for better or for worse remains to be seen. Perhaps you know that Jack's Uncle Philip and I are old friends, and meeting now and all—Well, the long and short of it is that we have made up our minds to be married.

"That is all at present from

"Your attached aunt,

"CLARICE VAUGHAN."

"P.S.—If Master Jack and you hadn't seen fit to turn your house into a menagerie, it wouldn't have happened. A mutual hatred of pets was our first bond of union."

I was crying by the time Jack had finished the letter, and even he looked grave, though there was a most exasperating twinkle in his eye.

"Good-by to our fortunes, little woman," he said.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" I cried. "And to think it was all the doing of that hateful dog!"

"Not at all," said Jack; "my dog hadn't half as much to do with it as your birds. If they hadn't driven Uncle Philip out of the house, there

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MY LOVE.

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIZZIE LOETON OF GEEYRIGG," "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "FROM DREAMS TO WAKING," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

PLAIN TRUTHS.

"By Jove!" he said, drawing his breath as a man does when he is startled. If he had thought Stella Branscombe supreme in her sweetness, he thought her still more so in her pride.

"You needn't look like that, Stella, as if you would bite my nose off!" said Gip, with another peal of laughter. "I declare you and Val seem as if you were acting a charade together."

Her voice and words seemed to waken her old playfellow from a dream. Evidently he pulled himself together, as he would have expressed it; and, turning from Stella, he looked at Gip at first with surprise, then with curiosity, and then as if asking something or looking for something. Then suddenly he burst into a queer kind of laugh, as he took her hand in his, and said:

"Now don't be savage, Gip; and satire is not your style. Come for a spin with me, and perhaps you will have got into a good temper by the end. Why, you little fury, I didn't know you had so much malice in you!" he said, as they skated off and left the *causa bella* standing with her watch-dog.

To which Gip answered, candidly, "Well, Val, of all things I hate a sneak about the worst. And that little Stella Branscombe is a real sneak, out and out!"

So what with Hortensia a snake and Stella a sneak, the girlhood of Highwood had not much to congratulate itself on in the way of honesty.

Randolph, his face flushed, and his eyes full of dumb reproach, stood all this time, grounded on his heels, awkwardly holding Stella's hand in his. He had none of that kind of courage which makes a man take advantage of a chance. As Gip said of him to Pip, in those confidential hours when the Doves dissected their neighbors, "He could not spell opportunity to save his life." And she said the truth. Certainly, with Stella Branscombe, who was surrounded with the sanctity belonging to Cyril's property and his own Star—because Cyril's—he was always that step in the rear which needs discretion, and in a sense permission, before it goes on.

"Let us go back to where papa and the Lyons are standing," said Stella.

And Randolph obediently answered, "Very well, let us," as he would have answered had she proposed anything else.

And on this they set off with a much tamer step than she had been forced to take with Valentine. As they went, Randolph, whose heart was too full to be contained in silence, broke his way out with all the frank and tactless honesty which was so specially his own.

"I was so sorry, Miss Stella, when you went off like that with young Cowley," he said.

"I could not help it," returned Stella, rather stonily.

"Georgie made such a row, the whole Broads must have heard her. I wanted you so much to turn back," said Randolph.

"What a silly girl that Georgie is!" cried Stella. "I am sure I do not want Mr. Cowley ever to speak to me again. Why does she let him? If she is so jealous of him, I wish she would keep him to herself."

"I wish he did not pay you quite so much attention," hazarded Randolph. "People are speaking of it so much, and I am sure you do not wish that, Miss Stella."

"Speaking of what? What do they say?" cried Stella, up in arms, as she had been more than once to-day.

"Well, just what people do who have nothing else to say, and no brains to say it with," replied Randolph, in a rather mixed way. "They say that he is in love with you—and, of course, it is easy to see that he is—and that you are engaged to him, which you are not. I tell every one you are not," he added, with energy.

"What a shame! what a horrid shame!" cried "a, tears rushing into her eyes. "How I wish 'get away from Highwood," she added, natural petulance. "It is too horrid subject of gossip and falsehood

angry with me because I said Randolph, anxiously. "It give you a word of warning you want it. And indeed, dear you must be careful with Valentine you do not want people to think more true. I am sure you don't mind my saying. Tell me that you don't."

"No," said Stella, making a heroic effort over herself; "I am much obliged to you. I know that you have done it for my good."

All the same, she felt horribly humiliated and ill-treated by fate, fortune, and humanity in general, and wished that she could run away from home to-morrow, and hide herself in some inaccessible place, where neither Val Cowley nor Highwood gossip could find her.

"I am going off the ice now," she said, in spite of herself, more coldly than usual, as she and Randolph neared the bank where her father was waiting with the Lyons.

"So soon!" he said, ruefully.

"Yea; I have had quite enough of it," was her reply; and poor Randolph, feeling in disgrace, said no more.

"You have not been long, Stella," said Hortensia, who wished she had staid away longer.

"My dear, have you had enough already?" asked her father, who shared Hortensia's wish.

"Yes," said Stella, feeling herself unwelcome, because she was sensitive enough to feel "the sound of a shadow" at this moment.

She turned to Mrs. Lyon, and put her hand within her arm. Here at least she was not one too many; and a mother was always something precious and comforting to her.

"You and young Mr. Cowley made quite a feature on the broad expanse," said Mr. Branscombe, with a courtly air; "I was proud of the elegance and swiftness with which you went. It was really quite suggestive."

"I am glad you were pleased with me, papa," said Stella, her face brightening as she spoke. Praise from her dear papa, a little too rare in these days, was so delightful, so consoling!

"Yes, quite well pleased," returned her father. "You made really a striking couple—quite what I call a show couple!" he added, with an odd expression about his mouth.

Soon after this, Valentine and Gip, having finished the "spin," by which the former had bargained for the return to good temper of the latter, came up to the little group on the bank.

"Mr. Valentine Cowley," said Mr. Branscombe, in a loud, artificial voice, "allow me to congratulate you on your elegance and prowess. You remind me of my own young days; and, ehad, sir, since I was the crack skater of the regiment, I have not seen one who has come near me but yourself."

"Very glad, Mr. Branscombe, I am sure," said Val, pleased at the old fellow's butter, as Gip called it in private a few minutes after, because it was Stella's father who gave it.

"I shall be glad if you will come back with me, and dine at Rose Hill this evening," continued Mr. Branscombe. "I have one or two little trifles to show you that I think, with your taste, you will appreciate."

"Delighted, I am sure!" said Val, radiant, while Stella blushed scarlet; Randolph looked as if he had received his sentence of death, and Gip, scarcely waiting to be out of hearing, cried out to her old playfellow: "The most audacious bid I ever heard in my life. You will be green, Val, if you are taken in by that old fop!"

"Never fear, Gip," said Val, with a laugh. "I know what I am about."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"OTHER EYES."

SUDDENLY Highwood blazed with news of Cyril Ponsonby. Every one was talking of him; every one had his or her comments to make, his or her deductions to draw; every one had either foreseen such a change as this from the first, and was not in the least degree surprised when it came, knowing the young man's character so well; or else, had never been so profoundly shocked, would never have suspected that Cyril Ponsonby, such a nice fellow as he was, could have been guilty of such a thing, and would not have believed it, save on such good authority as that of Jack Pennefather. For Jack, whose tea plantation was quite close to Cyril's station, had written home to his people what the family called an awfully jolly yarn; and among other bits of news had informed them that Cyril was quite "gone" on a pretty little woman, a Mrs. White, the wife of Captain White of the Ninety-ninth; that he fairly lived in their bungalow; and that this little woman, who was called "Lalla Rookh" by the fellows, was never seen without Cyril lashed to her skirts. The old man was in awfully good form, continued Jack, and as lively as a cricket; always in the front of the fun, and the life of the place all round. He was a dead shot at big game, and made bags that made one's mouth water; but even brave men said he was too reckless, and that some day he would come to grief no end. But though he was a good fellow enough, he was not quite on the square to carry on as he did with "Lalla"; for the Captain had stuck up for him, and had been his friend from the first; and it did not seem quite the thing to spoon his wife in return. However, that was their own affair, said Jack, with the commendable philosophy of letting people order their own households as they would; and no one had the right to interfere if the Captain didn't object.

The lad forgot to add, or rather he himself did not stop to reflect, that perhaps there was not a word of truth in the whole of this notable report, and that if analyzed and reduced to its original basis it would probably be found of no more weight than a pinch of dust, the gossip of a small Indian station not being worth the breath consumed in repeating it. Jack said nothing of this, and no one said it for him; so the letter made a profound sensation at Highwood, and on none more than the Pennefathers.

It was one thing for girls to like fun and noise, and to call their playfellows "old men," or "dear boys," or by their Christian names when not by yet more familiar nicknames, and another thing for young married women to get talked about with young unmarried men. The one was legitimate, and not only legitimate, but laudable as a protest against Sticks—Sticks being anything but laudable! But prancing after a young married woman—spooning another man's wife—ugh! that was ugly, and wicked, and shameful; and both Gip and Pip, wild little pussies as they were, got red with genuine indignation when they spoke of it. This creature, this Mrs. White, ought to be cut for a little wretch who wanted more than her share; and Cyril Ponsonby deserved a good thrashing to bring him to a sense of good manners. As he was the one known to the Highwood community, while Mrs. White was only a name, he got the severer half of the punishment. Had it been the other way, or had Mrs. White been known too, she would have come in for more than her "thirds," while the man would have been, perhaps, pitied as the victim of her wiles.

The place echoed so loudly with indignation at this report of Cyril's misdeeds, that, of course, it came to Stella's ears. There are never wanting good-natured people to tell you of what will wound you to hear, and the society at Highwood was no exception to the rule. If no one else had enlightened her, Gip and Pip would have been sure to have carried both matches and candle. As it was, she heard the news from every one, as it seemed to her, at once; though the shock was softened by Augusta making herself the first medium of communication, telling her what she knew would be of much anguish to hear, with some regard to humanity in the method. For though Stella did not agree with Augusta in her views of life and common-sense conduct—did not follow her advice, and thought that advice all wrong—still they were good friends, and held together. The widow had too much reasonableness, Stella too much sweetness, and both too much mutual affection, to quarrel with each other for a difference of opinion. As neither could prove herself right, each therefore must be allowed to think as she would; and fights in the air are stupid things to wage.

"I knew that you will hear it from others, and I thought I would be the first to tell you. You would bear it better from me, because you know how much I love and feel for you," said Augusta, with an odd expression about his mouth.

Soon after this, Valentine and Gip, having finished the "spin," by which the former had bargained for the return to good temper of the latter, came up to the little group on the bank.

"Mr. Valentine Cowley," said Mr. Branscombe, in a loud, artificial voice, "allow me to congratulate you on your elegance and prowess. You remind me of my own young days; and, ehad, sir, since I was the crack skater of the regiment, I have not seen one who has come near me but yourself."

"Very glad, Mr. Branscombe, I am sure," said Val, pleased at the old fellow's butter, as Gip called it in private a few minutes after, because it was Stella's father who gave it.

"I shall be glad if you will come back with me, and dine at Rose Hill this evening," continued Mr. Branscombe. "I have one or two little trifles to show you that I think, with your taste, you will appreciate."

"Delighted, I am sure!" said Val, radiant, while Stella blushed scarlet; Randolph looked as if he had received his sentence of death, and Gip, scarcely waiting to be out of hearing, cried out to her old playfellow: "The most audacious bid I ever heard in my life. You will be green, Val, if you are taken in by that old fop!"

"Never fear, Gip," said Val, with a laugh. "I know what I am about."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"OTHER EYES."

"He is not that kind of man; I know him better than this," said Stella, sticking to her point. "He can not have changed in such a short time, and I know what his principles were."

"Still, a man's character comes out only under trial," urged the widow. "It makes all the difference whether he is happy or unhappy, tried or not tried. Many of us who do perfectly well while things go right with us fall utterly to pieces, go to ruin, when they go wrong. And Cyril Ponsonby may be of that kind, you know, dear. We can not tell yet."

"Then in that case I have ruined him body and soul," said Stella, covering her face.

Augusta looked at her for a moment in silence. Another woman would have said, "Did I not advise you to marry him? And if you had taken my advice, would not all this have been spared both to you and to him?" But Augusta was not like other women in things of this kind, and at all times cared more for the establishment of a principle than for self-glory or justification.

After a little time of silence, she said, gently: "There is no good in going back on our actions. You did what you thought best at the time. Let the rest go. If the story is true as it stands, it only shows that Cyril was weak *au fond*, and you have had an escape."

Stella did not answer, but she thought within herself, as a woman naturally would think: "No; it only shows that he loved me, and that I have ruined him!"

"But now, darling," said Augusta, "be brave to the world. Let no one see that you suffer, and do not defend him too warmly. Just listen in silence, without saying anything one way or the other. Be inscrutable; do not give the faintest indication of what you feel; that is the best armor for a woman to wear—a smooth surface, but as impenetrable as it is smooth."

"I do not think I can bear to hear him slandered without defending him," said Stella, with quivering lips.

"Then all the world will say that you are in love with him, Stella," said Augusta, the lightest little accent of scorn in her voice.

"They may, if they like," said Stella.

"And you do not object to the appearance of caring for a man who has ceased to care for you? Whether you broke off the engagement or not, at all events he has shown that he has forgotten you, and has consoled himself with some one else."

"I defend him as a friend; and he has not consoled himself," said Stella, with more fidelity than logic.

The widow went over to where she was sitting, and laid her hands on her shoulders.

"Stella, dear child, I can not bear that you should make this frightful mistake!" she cried, speaking so earnestly that the blood came into her face like fire, and her gray eyes glistened and grew dark. "I know the world so much better than you do, and I know, too, what idle people and ill-natured people are capable of saying. I can not have you jeered at by all the foolish and slanderous tongues in Highwood. You must not; you must not, indeed!"

"Must not what, Augusta?" asked Stella, laying her hands in turn on her friend's arms.

"Defend Cyril Ponsonby," said Augusta.

"I can not hear him slandered, and not defend him," answered Stella, gravely. "That would be too base and cowardly."

"That's conscience again," half sighed the widow. "It is a troublesome possession to you, my dear."

"I would rather have the trouble of it than be without it," said Stella, and Augusta said no more.

They were on such different planes of principles that she thought there was no use in trying to bring things together. They must be content to mutually love and respect each other for what there was of beautiful in each and worthy to be loved

and respected, and they must let the rest go. Discretion ranked with Augusta as the supreme social virtue; duty was to Stella the epitome of the whole world of morals. There was no middle term between the two, and each must work out her own redemption in her own way. But though Augusta had not done all that she had hoped to do in thus making herself the bearer of ill tidings, she had done something. She had put Stella on her guard against a sudden shock from others, and had thus saved from unnecessary pain and damaging self-betrayal the girl with whom she said to herself twenty times a day she was really too angry to care what became of her, and for whom she felt that irrepressible respect which the conscientious and truthful perforce inspire.

"Well, you must act as you think best, of course, dear," Augusta said, throwing up the game. "We are different, and must be content to remain so. Nothing would humiliate me so much as to be thought in love with a man who no longer cared for me."

"And I would rather people said that of me than that I should seem to believe a slander, and join in disparagement of a friend—whom I respect," said Stella.

And then the widow kissed her and talked of something else. But when they parted at the house door—Stella going into the hall with her friend to help her to fasten her water-proof, and to see that she was as well protected from the weather as was possible—standing face to face for the last words, the girl threw her arms round the widow, and said, with a sudden outburst of feeling that swept away every vestige of misunderstanding:

"You are the kindest and dearest and wisest woman in the world."

To which Augusta answered:

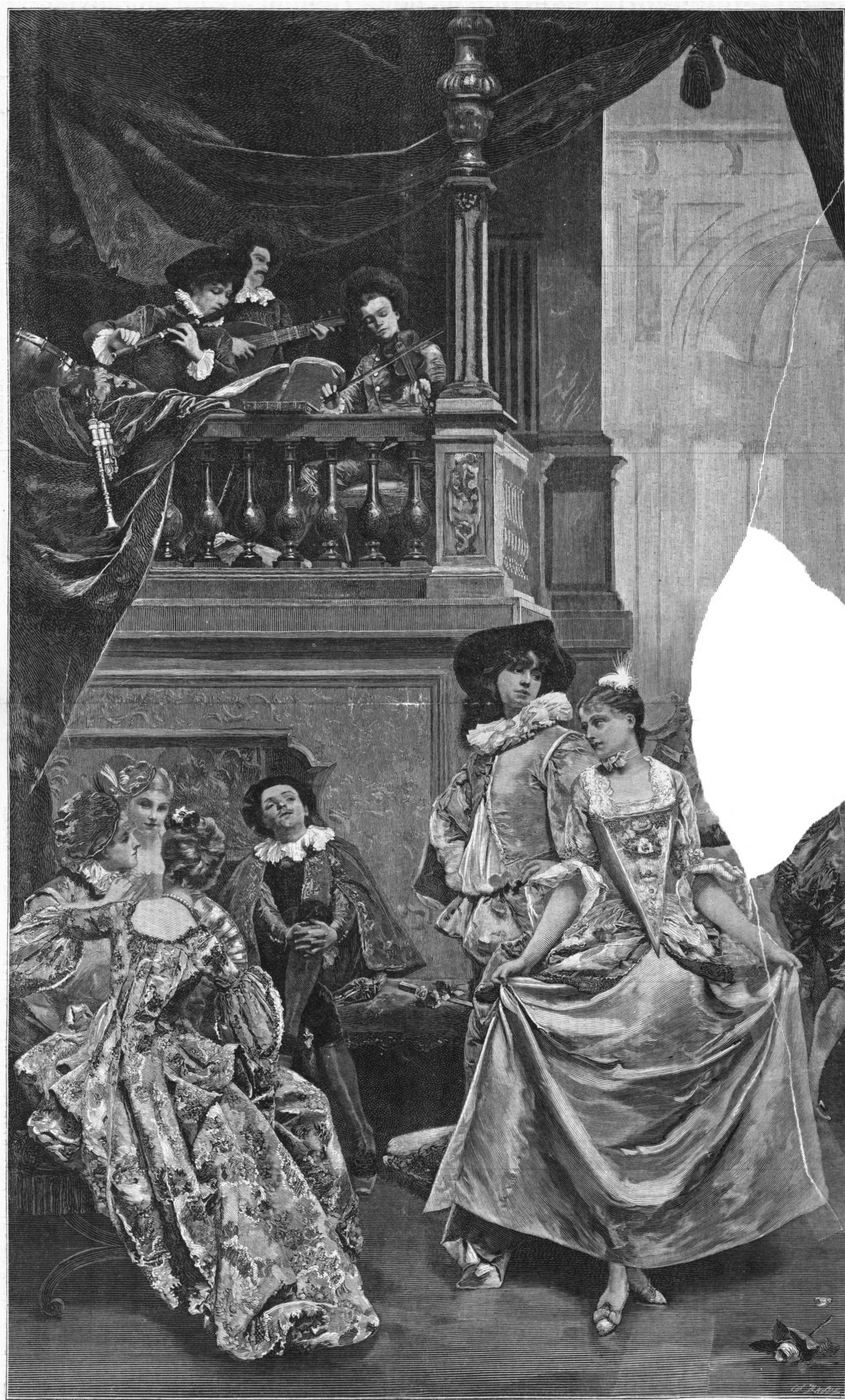
"And you have the best heart, my darling; but we will not speak about the dear head! God bless it!"

By which it may be seen that they parted on more than ordinarily amicable terms; and that the difference in their moral stand-points made no difference in their mutual affection.

That evening there was to be a charade party at the Lyons', and, of course, both the Branscombes and the Pennefathers were there. It was just one of the ordinary evening parties so frequent at this time, when every one in the place was invited, and no one dreamed of refusing; and apparently there was no point of difference between this and any other. And yet there was a difference, and every one felt as if society had put on a new dress, as if the diamond had received another facet, as if the curtain had risen on a new act, and as if at least one of the actresses had to appear in an untried character.

How would she look, and how would she bear herself? Poor thing! said some, it would be a trial for her; but others sniffed at the word, and said: "Trial! how should it be a trial to her, when she was carrying on a flirtation on her own side, and probably was at this moment engaged to that young Mr. Cowley? Did a girl want all the world at her feet, and that one man should be sighing his heart out for her in India, while another was making love to her in England? Trial! what trial was there for her in hearing that Cyril Ponsonby was making a fool of himself and worse, out there? She had thrown him over; so she had nothing to say."

Nevertheless, they were all on the very tiptoe of expectation, and each wondered who would launch the first thunder-bolt, and who cast the first stone.



"THE MINUTE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY GUSTAVE JACQUET.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 170.]

"THE MINUET."

See illustration on double page.

CLUSTERED like roses, the golden lights
Shine on the polished and gleaming floor;
Garlands are flung from the shadowy heights
Of carven cornice and oaken door;
Banners are draped on the stately walls,
Tapestries flicker in faded grace,
And clear from the lifted gallery falls,
Waking the glow in each happy face,
The brilliant music, with rest and fret,
And slow sweet strains, for the minuet.

Bright as the blossoms that slip the sheath
Of the folding calyx are maidens fair,
Their beauty and sparkle hid beneath
Hoods that cover the crinkled hair.
Loosen the mantle, unclasp the shawl,
Let ermine and sable be laid aside,
For the small feet tap at the tuneful call,
And scarce can wait through the dance to glide.
Loiter not now, when they form the set
For the courtly, dignified minuet.

The ladies are robed in such rich attire
As well might ransom a captive king;
There is flashing of jewels in lucid fire,
There is diamond lustre in brooch and ring;
Perfumes of Arab scent the air,
Flutter the fans, and the blushes rise
To cheeks whose velvety dimples wear
The pale pink flush of the dawning skies.
Who that hath seen it can e'er forget
The radiant charm of the minuet?

The men who bow with such gallant pride,
Who utter such compliments, sweet and low,
Are men who in many a list have tried
The crossing lance with the valiant foe:
The plumes that they doff with such knightly ease
Have swept the field in a whirl of steel,
With the sword's swift rush, like the sound of seas,
With mail-clad breast and a spur at heel;
But the triumphs of war their hearts forget
When they lead the fair in the minuet.

Here statesmen keen at the council board,
Skilled and shrewd in the deep debate,
Are bland as the breezes of summer, stored
With the honey of lilies at evening late.
The white head bends to the golden curls,
The grave lips stoop to the snowy hand,
And suave petitions are dropped like pearls
By voices used unto stern command.
Dame and demoiselle queening yet
The formal grace of the minuet.

Touched with enchantment is love's young dream,
Wreathing its fancy in glance and smile;
Glamour and rapture and bliss outbeam
From eyes that are pure of the worldling's guile.
Sanguine and eager and strong of soul
Is the lad in his nobleness, brave and high;
Lifted from aught that could hold control
Unworthy the lady, so sweet and shy,
Whose finger-tips with his own are met
In the courteous, reticent minuet.

Pause we now ere we turn the page;
Fleet let the beautiful pageant pass,
Glimpse of the pomp of a splendid age,
Blooming here as in magic glass.
Swift through the waltz as we fit along,
Something we've lost of the languid grace,
Subtle and soft as remembered song,
Which thrills in the airy and pictured space
Where the music throbs and the dance is set—
The proud, the leisurely minuet.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 18, Vol. XIII.]

SUNRISE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "MACLEOD OF DARE," ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.**PUT TO THE PROOF.**

It was not at all likely that at such a crisis George Brand should pay much attention to the man Kirski, who was now ushered into the room. He left Edwards to deal with him. In any case he could not have understood a word they were saying, except through the interpretation of Edwards, and that was a tedious process. He had other things to think of.

Edwards was in a somewhat nervous and excited condition after hearing this strange news, and he grew both impatient and angry when he saw that Kirski was again half dazed with drink.

"Yes, I thought so!" he exclaimed, looking as fierce as the mild student face permitted. "This is why you were not at the shop when I called to-day. What do you mean by it? What has become of your promises?"

"Little father, I have great trouble," said the man, humbly.

"You?—you in trouble?" said Edwards, angrily. "You do not know what trouble is. You have everything in the world you could wish for. You have good friends, as much employment as you can want, fair wages, and a comfortable home. If your wife ran away from you, isn't it a good riddance? And then, instead of setting about your work like a good citizen, you think of nothing but murdering a man who is as far away from you as the man in the moon; and then you take to drinking, and become a nuisance to every one."

"Little father, I have many troubles, and I wish to forget."

"Your troubles!" said Edwards—though his anger was a little bit assumed: he wished to frighten the man into better ways. "What are your troubles? Think of that beautiful lady you are always talking about—who interested herself in you, the bigger fool she!—think of her trouble when she knows that her father is to die! And for what? Because he was not obedient to the laws of the Society. And he is punished with death; and you—have you been obedient? What has become of your promises to me?"

The man before him seemed at this moment to arouse himself. He answered nothing to the reproaches hurled at him; but said, with a glance of eager interest in the sunken eyes,

"Is she in great trouble, little father?"

This gleam of intelligence rather startled Edwards. He had been merely scolding a half-drunken poor devil, and had been incautious as to what he said. He continued, with greater discretion,

"Would she have her troubles made any the less if she knew how you were behaving? She was interested in you; many a time she asked about you!"

"Yes, yes," the man said, slowly; and he was twisting about the cap that he held in his hand.

"And she gave you her portrait. Well, I am glad you knew you were not fit to retain such a gift. A young lady like that does not give her portrait to be taken into public-houses—"

"No more—do not say any more, little father," Kirski said, though in the same humble way; "it is useless."

"Useless!"

"I will not go back to any public-house—never!"

"So you said to me four days ago!" Edwards answered.

"This time it is true," he said, though he did not lift his bleared eyes. "To-morrow I will take back the portrait, little father; it shall remain with me—in my room. I do not go back to any public-house; I shall be no more trouble." Then he said, timidly raising his eyes, "Does she weep—that beautiful one?"

"Yes, no doubt," said Edwards, hastily, and in some confusion. "Is it not natural? But you must not say a word about it; it is a secret. Think of it, and what one has to suffer in this world, and then ask yourself if you will add to the trouble of one who has been so kind to you. Now do I understand you aright? Is it a definite promise this time?"

"This time, yes, little father. You will have no more need to complain of me. I will not add to any one's trouble. To-morrow—no, to-night—I take back the portrait; it is sacred. I will not add to any one's trouble."

There was something strange about the man's manner; but Edwards put it down to the effects of drink; and was chiefly concerned in impressing on the dazed intelligence before him the responsibility of the promises he had given.

"To-morrow, then, at nine you are at the shop."

"Assuredly, if you wish it, little father."

"Remember, it is the last chance your master will give you. He is very kind to give you this chance. To-morrow you begin a new course of conduct; and when the young lady comes back, I will tell her of it."

"I will not add to her troubles, little father; you may be sure of it this time."

When he had gone, Brand turned to his companion. He still held that letter in his hands. His face, that had grown somewhat haggard of late, was even paler than usual.

"I suppose I ought to feel very glad, Edwards," he said. "This is a reprieve, don't you see, so far as I am concerned. And yet I can't realize it; I don't seem to care about it; all the bitterness was over."

"You are too bewildered yet, Brand—no wonder."

"If only the girl and her mother were over here," he said; and then he added, with a quick instinct of fear: "What will she say to me? When she appealed to the Council, surely she could not have imagined that the result would be her father's death. But now that she finds it so—when she finds that, in order to rescue me, she has sacrificed him—"

He could not complete the sentence.

"But he has richly deserved it," said Edwards. "That is not what she will look to," he said. "Edwards," he added, presently, "I am going home now. This place stifles me. I hate the look of it. That table is where they played their little sleight-of-hand business; and oh! the bravery of the one, and the indifference of the other, and Lind's solemn exposition of duty and obedience and all the rest of it! Well, what will be the result when this pretty story becomes known? Rascality among the very foremost officers of the Society: what are all those people who have recently joined us, who are thinking of joining us, likely to say? Are these your high-priests? Are these the apostles of self-sacrifice, and all the virtues?"

"It is bad enough, but not irreparable," said Edwards, calmly. "If a member here or there falls out, the association remains; if one of its high officers betrays his trust, you see how swift and terrible the punishment is."

"I do not," said Brand; "I see that the paper decree is swift enough, but what about the execution of it? Have the Council a body of executioners?"

"I don't know about that," said Edwards, simply; "but I know that when I was in Naples with Calabressa, I heard of the fate of several against whom decrees had been pronounced; and I know that in every instance they anticipated their own fate; the horror of being continually on the watch was too much for them. You may depend on it, that is what Lind will do. He is a proud man; he will not go slinking about, afraid at every street corner of the knife of the Little Chaffinch or some other of those Camorra fellows."

"Edwards," said Brand, hastily, "there is a taint of blood—of treachery—about this whole affair that sickens me. It terrifies me when I think of what lies ahead. I—I think I have already tasted death; and the taste is still bitter in the mouth. I must get into the fresh air."

Edwards got his coat and hat and followed. He saw that his companion was strangely excited.

"If all this work—if all we have been looking forward to—were to turn out to be a delusion," Brand said, hurriedly, when they had got into the dark clear night outside, "that would be worse than the suicide of Ferdinand Lind or the disappearance of Beratinsky. If this is to be the end—if these are our companions—"

"But how can you suggest such a thing?" Edwards protested. "Your imagination is filled with blackness, Brand. You are disturbed, shocked, afraid. Why, who are your colleagues? What do you think of—" Here he mentioned a whole string of names, some of them those of well-known Englishmen. "Do you accuse them of treachery? Have you not perfect confidence in them? Have they not perfect confidence in the work we are all pledged to?"

But he could not shake off this horrible feeling. He wished to be alone, to fight with it; he did not even think of going to Lord Evelyn; perhaps it was now too late. Shortly afterward he bade Edwards good-night, and made his way to his rooms at the foot of Buckingham Street.

Waters had left the lights low; he did not turn them up. Outside lay the black night-world of London, hushed and silent, with its thousand golden points of fire. He was glad to be alone.

And yet an unknown feeling of dread was upon him. It seemed as if now for the first time he realized what a terrible destiny had nearly been his; and that his escape, so far from rendering him joyful, had left him still trembling and horrified. Hitherto his pride had conquered. Even as he had undertaken that duty, it was his pride that had kept him outwardly calm and indifferent. He would not show fear, he would not even show repugnance, before these men. And it was pride, too, that had taught him at length and successfully to crush down certain vague rebellions of conscience. He would not go back from his oath. He would not go back from the promise to which Natalie's ring bound him. He would go through with this thing, and bid farewell to life; further than that no one could have demands on him.

But the sudden release from this dire pressure of will left his nerves somewhat unstrung. For the mere sake of companionship he would like to have taken Natalie's hand, to have heard her voice; that would have assured him, and given him courage. He knew not what dangers encompassed her, what agony she might not be suffering. And the night did not answer these sudden, wavering, confused questionings; the darkness outside was as silent as the grave.

Then a deeper gloom, almost touching despair, fell upon him. He saw in all those companions of his only so many dupes; the great hope of his life left him, the future became blank. He began to persuade himself that he had only toyed with that new-found faith; that it was the desperation of *ennui*, not a true hope, that had drawn him into this work; that henceforth he would have no right to call upon others to join in a vain undertaking. If such things as had just occurred were possible in this organization, with all its lofty aims and professions—if there was to be a background of assassination and conspiracy—why, this dream must go as others had done. Then what remained to him in life? He almost wished he had been allowed to go forward to this climax unknowing; to have gone with his heart still filled with faith; to be assured until the last moment that Natalie would remember how he had fulfilled his promise to her.

It was a dark night for him, within and without. But as he sat there at the window, or walked up and down, wrestling with these demons of doubt and despair, a dull blue light gradually filled the sky outside; the orange stars on the bridges grew less intense; the broad river became visible in the dusk. Then by-and-by the dull blue cleared into a pale steely-gray, and the forms of the boats could be made out, anchored in the stream there. These were the first indications of the coming dawn.

Somewhere or other he ceased these restless pacings of his, and was attracted to the window, though he gazed but absently on the slow change taking place outside—the world-old wonder of the new day rising in the east. Up into that steely-gray glides a soft and luminous saffron-brown; it spreads and widens; against it the far dome of St. Paul's becomes a beautiful velvet-purple. A planet, that had been golden when it was in the dusk near the horizon, has now sailed up into the higher heaven, and shines a clear silver point. And now, listen!—the hushed and muffled sounds in the silence; the great city is awakening from its sleep—there is the bark of a dog—the rumble of a cart is heard. And still that saffron-red spreads and kindles in the east, and the dome of St. Paul's is richer in hue than ever; the river, between the black-gray bridges, shines now with a cold light, and the gas-lamps have grown pale. And then the final flood of glory wells up in the eastern skies, and all around him the higher buildings catch here and there a swift golden gleam: the sunrise is declared; there is a new day born for the sons and the daughters of men.

The night had fled, and with it the hideous phantoms of the night. It seemed to him that he had escaped from the grave, and that he was only now shaking off the horror of it. Look at the beautiful clear colors without; listen to the hum of the city awakening to all its cheerful activities; the new day has brought with it new desires, new hopes. He threw open the windows. The morning air was cold and sweet—the sparrows were beginning to chirp in the garden-plots below. Surely that black night was over and gone.

If only he could see Natalie for one moment, to assure her that he had succumbed but once, and for the last time, to despair! It was a confession he was bound to make; it would not lessen her trust in him. For now all through his soul a sweet clear voice was ringing: it was the

song the sunrise had brought him; it was the voice of Natalie herself, with all its proud pathos and fervor, as he had heard it in the olden days:

"A little time we gain from time
To set our seasons in some chime,
For harsh or sweet, or loud or low,
With seasons played out long ago,
And souls that in their time and prime
Took part with summer or with snow,
Lived abject lives out or sublime,
And had their chance of seed to sow
For service or disservice done
To those days dead and this their son."

"A little time that we may fill
Or with such good works or such ill
As loose the bonds or make them strong,
Wherein all manhood suffers wrong.
By rose-hung river and light-foot rill
There are who rest not; who think long
Till they discern as from a hill,
At the sun's hour of morning song,
Known of souls only, and those souls free,
The sacred spaces of the sea."

Surely it was still for him and her together to stand on some such height, hand in hand, and watch the sunrise come over the sea and the awakening world. They would forget the phantoms of the night, and the traitors gone down to Erebus; perhaps, for this new life together, they might seek a new clime. There was work for them still; and faith, and hope, and the constant assurance of love. The future might perchance be all the more beautiful because of these dark perils of the past.

As he lay thus communing with himself, the light shining in on his haggard face, Waters came into the room, and was greatly concerned to find that not only had his master not been to bed, but that the supper left out for him the night before had not been touched. Brand rose, without betraying any impatience over his attendant's pertinacious inquiries and remonstrances. He went and got writing materials, and wrote as follows:

"DEAR EVELYN.—If you could go over to Naples for me—at once—I would take it as a great favor. I can not go myself. Whether or not, come to see me at Lisle Street to-day, by twelve.

"Yours,
G. B."

"Take this to Lord Evelyn, Waters; and if he is up, get an answer."

"But your breakfast, sir. God bless me!"

"Never mind breakfast. I am going to lie down for an hour or two now: I have had some business to think over. Let me have some breakfast about eleven—when I ring."

"Very well, sir."

That was his phrase—he had had some business to think over. But it seemed to him, as he went into the adjacent room, that that night he had passed through worse than the bitterness of death.

CHAPTER LV.**CONGRATULATIONS.**

THE Secretary Granaglia, the business of the Council being over, carried the news to Von Zoesch. It was almost dark when he made his way up the steep little terraces in the garden of the villa at Posillipo. He found the tall General seated at the entrance to the grotto-like retreat, smoking a cigar in the dusk.

"You are late, Granaglia," he said.

"I had some difficulty in coming here," said the little man with the sallow face and the tired eyes. "The police are busy, or pretending to be. The Comendatore tells me that Zaccatelli has been stirring them up."

"Zaccatelli!" said Von Zoesch, with a little laugh. "It will soon be time now for Zaccatelli to come down from his perch. Well, now, what is the result?"

Granaglia briefly recounted what had occurred: the other manifested no surprise.

"So this is the end of the Lind episode," he said, thoughtfully. "It is a pity that so able a man should be thrown away. He has worked well; I know of no one who will fill his place; but that must be seen to at once, Granaglia. How long have they given him?"

"A month, your Excellency. He wishes to go back to England to put his affairs in order. He has a firm nerve."

"He was a good-looking man when young," said Von Zoesch, apparently. Then he added: "This Beratinsky-Zaccatelli affair has been."

"you think of him? The Granaglia. What is he trusted?"



ICE MOUNTAINS AT NIAGARA FALLS.—DRAWN BY W. H. GIBSON.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. Q. D.—The Woman's Exchange, 4 East Twentieth Street, New York city, buys, or rather disposes of, fancy articles, point or Honiton laces, etc. The regular fancy stores usually have such articles made by their own employees.

H. H.—Read reply just given "S. Q. D." The Exchange is conducted by ladies.

CHATHAM.—You can have the coiffure you mention made by any of the leading hair-dressers in this city. We do not furnish addresses in this column.

Mrs. H. W. M.—Get some brocaded satin de Lyon for a basque and for the front and side breadths of your black silk. Have three or four flowing back breadths of plain silk, and trim with small pleatings or else bias gathered flounces at the foot.

MARY.—White muslin dresses worn in the summer by ladies in mourning are in better taste trimmed with tucks and tucked ruffles than with serpentine braid, though the latter is used. The silk dress trimmed with crape is appropriate with a crape bonnet worn without a veil.

D. L. C.—Some shirred Surah satin—which is heavier than Surah silk, and more lustrous—will look well as scarf drapery on the waist and as sashes on the skirt of your figured wool dress. One of the most popular ways of making such a dress is that having a round waist and full round skirt with side sashes; another design has a pleated shooting-jacket with a gored skirt that has two deep pleatings covering the back breadths, while the front has a square-cornered apron, wrinkled, and reaching almost to the foot of the skirt. This apron has a bias fold on three sides of it, and falls on a very narrow pleating below.

B. L. K.—A black silk suit for spring will look well made with a basque and a skirt like that just described to "D. L. C." with two pleatings behind, and the apron trimmed with beaded passementerie. The coat should be double-breasted, lined with thin lining silk, either lavender, red, black, or old gold, and interlined with soft flannel for warmth. You will not need any trimming but handsomely jetted buttons for such a garment. Twenty yards will not be considered enough material by most dressmakers for such a silk suit, as they still require that quantity for a dress without an outside jacket.—We do receive postage stamps that are in good order in exchange for patterns.

C.—Small silver vegetable dishes are in as good taste as, and more serviceable than, china. The dress of a waiter in a private family does not differ from the conventional black suit, with white neck-tie and white cotton gloves.

CONSTANOV.—The article on wedding costumes published in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. X., gives answers to most of your inquiries, which we have not space to repeat. The gentleman's friends should call on the lady as soon as the engagement is announced, which call she may return in his company or with one of her family. Canonical weddings are celebrated before noon.

MARY.—The engraving of Gainsborough's "Musidore" was published in *Bazar* No. 7, Vol. X.

C. E. B.—Mrs. Spofford's story, "The Brocade," was published in *Harper's Bazar* No. 23, Vol. IV.

G. E. S.—The star marks the beginning of pattern figure, and is used where a pattern is to be repeated one or more times in the course of the round. A pattern figure which begins with * usually ends with the clause, "Repeat from *."

VIOLET.—When the reception takes place immediately after the wedding, you can discriminate between particular friends whom it is convenient to entertain and those invited to the church. If simple calling cards are sent, you should include all invited to the ceremony whose acquaintance you wish to continue.

A HOOSIER.—You will be apt to find all classes, from the highest to the lowest, at Manhattan Beach.

STUPID.—Ladies go in walking dress, with bonnets, to four-o'clock teas, invitations to which do not require an acceptance if you attend; otherwise send your visiting-card.

GILES.—The article on palmistry to which you refer was published in *Harper's Bazar* No. 7, Vol. VII. You can obtain the number by remitting the price, 10 cents.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Your periodicals will be addressed as you may direct, whether to the head or the individual members of your family.

MERZERIM.—We can not possibly undertake to tell you how to carry on your business.

ARMINIUS.—You had better address the gentleman directly for particulars of his family, which we should not feel liberty to give, even if we knew them.

JOSIE.—The popular poem, "Our Own," beginning,

"If I had known in the morning

How wearily all the day

That I said when you went away,"

was written by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, for *Harper's Bazar*, in 1874, and published in No. 11, Vol. V. This poem has so often been copied without credit, that its origin seems to be generally forgotten.—We can not undertake to vouch for individuals, or to decide upon the merits of a lady's handwriting.

A FRIEND TO THE "BAZAR."—We can not find the paragraph you mention.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—When a lady asks a gentleman to escort her, the carriage should wait at her own house, and not be sent for him.

FANNIE.—A gentleman may ask permission to call on a lady, or she may invite him to do so. It is an unwarrantable liberty for him to presume to call without a special invitation.

AMELIA.—Read the above answer. You should, of course, write your friend's friend to call again if you wish to continue his acquaintance.

M. F. B.—We know of no book that teaches the angular English chirography. A writing-master will be your best guide, if you can not teach yourself. In our opinion, which you ask, this style of penmanship is neither as legible nor as pretty as an elegant round hand. We have repeatedly said that we do not undertake to judge of the merits of our correspondents' handwriting.

SUBSCRIBER.—Satin stitch is worked in a succession of close stitches lying side by side, and completely covering the material; it is worked over and under so that both sides of the work look alike, the needle being brought out on one side exactly on the outline, carried across and down on the other. The direction of the stitch depends somewhat on the shape of the figure to be worked, and is always clearly shown in the illustrations in the *Bazar*.

M. H. K.—Directions for transferring the designs to both light and dark materials were given in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. XIII. The edges of Canton flannel curtains may be turned down and fastened with coarse silk in a fancy stitch, as herring-bone or cross-seam; or, if the hem is not desired, can be finished with heavy cord, with galloon or gimp, or overcast in button-hole stitch. The edge of a table-cover is similarly finished, with or without the addition of a tassel at each corner, or else is bordered with fringe.

WORTH ATTENDING TO AT ONCE.

If your wife does not already know about the "Automatic" or "No Tension" Sewing Machine, trial at home can be arranged. Ladies careful of health, and appreciating the best, will now have no other. Wilcox & Gibbs S. M. Co., 658 Broadway, New York.—[Adv.]

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The most wonderful of all musical inventions; a machine which in a purely mechanical manner produces any kind of music, Polkas, Marches, &c., &c., without any practice or knowledge of music whatever; in this respect far superior to any music-box, for there is no limit whatever to the number of tunes it will play. The performances in a flexible strip paper, which is supplied with the instrument, and is easily changed, showing it in its improved form, and is having the largest sale ever obtained by a musical instrument in the country. It has fine black walnut

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which the tune is stamped or perforated, is about 10 inches wide, and as it passes through the rollers and over the keys, the strikers spring through the perforations in the paper and strike the right note; this is all done automatically, without any assistance from the operator (except turning the rollers), and the tunes played perfectly. It would be one of the most appropriate presents to make any one, especially a child, who has a love for music, and is fond of playing with musical instruments. Its execution is perfect, and it is a most interesting and valuable instrument.

It is selling faster than any musical instrument ever invented. The music is fine, and everybody delighted. The price of the

Piano-ettes only \$5, including a selection of popular tunes. Address, THE MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO.,

57 Washington St., Boston, Mass., U.S.A., Sole Manufacturers.

\$5. The Wonderful Mechanical Piano-ette. \$5.

The most marvellous mechanical invention of the age. It will play any tune in a melodious and pleasing manner.

It is a small instrument, easily managed, and can be played by a child as well as by a grown person and will furnish music for social gatherings of any description, playing hour after hour, without any knowledge of music being required in the operation.

The most wonderful of all musical inventions; a machine which in a purely mechanical manner produces any kind of music, Polkas, Marches, &c., &c., without any practice or knowledge of music whatever; in this respect far superior to any music-box, for there is no limit whatever to the number of tunes it will play. The performances in a flexible strip paper, which is supplied with the instrument, and is easily changed, showing it in its improved form, and is having the largest sale ever obtained by a musical instrument in the country. It has fine black walnut

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1. For instance, Heaven has endowed this young person with great Wealth, some Beauty, but oh, such bad Grammar! 2. While here is one *passée*, poor, and pug-nosed, but who talks like the back part of a Dictionary. 3. Maud Muller, who sighed to be the Wife of the Justice of the Peace merely because he made a fine appearance on horseback— 4. Just ought to have seen what a disagreeable Old Pill he was in the Domestic Circle. 5. And here you have one of the Stupidest Bores ever was, but the very Man to go to if you want to borrow money.

FACETIÆ.

In the roadways of life you will find many lovable souls, many happy ones, and some whose mission it is to make others happy; you will find the bitter cynic and the professional dead-beat. Cherish the lovable, cultivate the happy, honor the humorist, tolerate the pessimist, but kick—kick as you never kicked before—kick as you never kicked behind—kick the dead-beat.

"How do you keep out of quarrels?" asked one friend of another.

"Oh, easily enough," was replied. "If a man gets angry with me, I let him have all the quarrel to himself."

Unsuccessful real-estate dealers are unlike post-office clerks in that while the former can't sell, the latter cancel.

Charles Edward swung on the garden gate,
Waiting for 'Liza Jane,
When he felt the force of a number eight,
And heard a voice explain,
In tones that were both loud and gruff:
"I think you'd better travel;
You've hung around here long enough;
Here you can't strike pay gravel;
But as you're poor as a spring sheep
In cold and stormy weather,
I'll give you a raise to help you keep
Sole and body together."

A Glasgow citizen staying at a London hotel meditated an early walk one morning. He called to a tidy servant who was tripping down stairs, "Fesh ma shoon, lassie."

The girl, hesitating how to make herself understood, at length replied, "I don't talk French; but I'll send Louis."

EXQUISITE SALVE FOR CHILBLAINS.—A certain master of hounds sent as a New-Year's present a *pâté de foie gras* to a farmer in his locality, who, in acknowledging with much gratitude the receipt of the delicacy, assured the donor that since his wife had dressed her chilblains with the salve, she had experienced the greatest possible relief.



FIAT EXPERIMENTUM.

MASTER TOMMY. "Mother dear, do you think Oscar would save a little girl's life if she fell into the water?"
MOTHER. "I dare say he would, dear."
MASTER TOMMY. "Oh, then, mother dear, do frow Totsy in."

A young lady who went out to India with matrimonial intent, and returned single, said if she had been a hit there, she would not have been a miss here.

Some people are never satisfied, never contented, always "on the grumble." Mr. Penhecker has no sons depending upon him for expensive education and putting out in the world. He has, however, half a dozen unmarried daughters.

Mrs. P., looking round the family tea table, declares proudly that for her part she is quite content; in her dear daughters she possesses *ample resources*.

"Yes," says Penhecker, directly, in his sharp way, "but we are not able to *husband them*."

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"

The wife exclaimed, her temper gone—

"Is home so dull and dreary?"

"Not so, my love," he said—"not so;

But man and wife are one, you know,

And when alone I'm weary."

When a married woman buys a pug-dog for a low price, she gets a bargain, and her husband gets something to boot.

Said Brown, "Smith won't have so soft a thing as he has had."

"I don't know," replied Robinson; "he'll have a soft thing so long as he doesn't lose his head."

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud?—Because it is continually lightning.

An Irish father, complaining of being constantly ill-used by his sons, said, "There is no affection in any one of them but little Larry. He is a good son. He never strikes me when I am down."

The bailiff who went to seize the poor cobbler's all, was not satisfied when the poor man handed him one of his tools, saying, "Départ and take my awl."

"Punning is the lowest form of all wit," said one to a punster, who replied, "And therefore the foundation of all wit."



A COLLECTOR BOLD.

COLLECTOR OF RELICS. "There, sir, is the Nose off one of the most celebrated Statues in Europe. I secured it myself."

FRIEND. "But it must have ruined the statue."

COLLECTOR OF RELICS. "Ah, but you don't reflect what an addition it is to my collection!"



LADY. "Yes, my child, you can clean it off. But whom have you got to help you?"
VOICE FROM THE DEPTHS. "It's his Partner, ma'am. He does the shoveling an' I do the scrapin'."

SHARPER'S BAZAAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. XIV.—No. 12.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

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AN ALLEGORICAL REVIVAL.

By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE upper-ten of London, though having the name of being among the most exclusive and obdurate aristocracies in the world, do nevertheless condescend to be entertained by persons below them in the social scale. Mr. Freake, of Cromwell House, now one of the wealthiest men in town, began life in a humble way; some go so far as to say he was assistant in a suburban public-house; another and more creditable story is that he was a common house-painter. Whatever his start, he invested his savings wisely, and at present owns the greater part of South Kensington, the most fashionable part of the city. His wife, a lady somewhat his junior in years, and undoubtedly his superior in birth, has for several years past been in the habit of giving entertainments on a grand scale. To these gatherings the great in name and rank are invited, and they accept the invitation. A quondam pot-boy en-

tertains the nobility and gentry of England. The situation in America would have nothing strange in it; here, it strikes one as a bit of ironic comedy. Why do these people go? Do they scent the approaching cataclysm that is to subvert society, and do they wish to make friends of those who may get the upper hand of them ten years hence? At all events, the carriages of Lady Vere de Vere, of Lord Tomnoddy, of the Earl and Countess of Bareaces, stop the way at Cromwell House as often as there is an entertainment there, and the titled personages troop into the marble entrance-hall and up the carved staircase, to shake hands with a short, compact lady of fifty, handsomely dressed, and with a small, robust, white-haired man of sixty-five, with a short aquiline nose in the middle of a round, good-humored face—the host and hostess. Thence they pass on to their chairs in the theatre beyond—a finely decorated room, capable of seating three hundred people in rows one above another: at the higher end is an organ; along the sides lofty curtained

French windows open into a conservatory. After the performance, whatever it be, is over, the audience disperse to re-assemble in the supper-room, where a superb collation is waiting to be eaten. They finally congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Freake on the success of their undertaking, and so drive home again, meditating on the levelling tendencies of the age.

There is, no doubt, a long and interesting history of social intrigue behind all this, into which we can not enter. But Mrs. Freake is evidently no ordinary woman. If she has ambition, she has talent and generalship as well. Her entertainments are never commonplace; they have something new and noticeable about them. Were it otherwise, they probably would not have such vogue; for, after all, in angling for Personages, the plebeian fisher must use superior bait. Mrs. Freake is never unequal to the occasion. In the first place, she reconnoitres among her literary and artistic acquaintances. Having secured their co-operation, she next enlists the support of the

reigning beauties and special celebrities, male and female. Now the entertainment is organized and the programme drawn up, and ultimately comes the issue of invitations. "Mr. and Mrs. F. request the honor" of So-and-so's presence, not to dine, or to dance, or to talk scandal or politics, but to view such and such a spectacle, written or arranged by such and such distinguished authors or artists, and presented by such and such well-known amateur-public ladies and gentlemen. The device is sagacious, and it succeeds. Last year, for example, we had a series of tableaux from the novels of Walter Scott. The scenes and costumes were arranged and selected by the foremost artists of London—Sir Frederick Leighton, Millais, Poynter, Sant, Fildes, Boughton, and the rest—and the parts were taken by such celebrities as Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West, Miss Williams, and a score of others better known here than in New York. This was got up for the benefit of a charity; tickets were sold at a guinea to the select few, the princes and prin-



Fig. 1.—CAMEL'S-HAIR AND SILK DRESS.
FRONT.—[For Back, see Fig. 4, Double
Page.]—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3053; BASQUE,
OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING SKIRT, 20
CENTS EACH.—[For pattern and descrip-
tion see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 44-53.]

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM
5 TO 9 YEARS OLD.—CUT PAT-
TERN, NO. 3047; PRICE 25
CENTS.—[For pattern and de-
scription see Supplement,
No. III., Figs. 20-28.]

Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR
GIRL FROM 4 TO 6
YEARS OLD.
For description
see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—CASHMERE
MORNING GOWN.
For description
see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—FOULARD AND CASH-
MEE MORNING GOWN.
For pattern and description
see Supplement, No. VI.,
Figs. 40-43.

Fig. 6.—TWILLED WOOL AND SILK MIDSHIP-
MAN SUIT.—BACK.—[For Front, see Page
180.]—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3048; BASQUE,
OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING SKIRT, 20
CENTS EACH.—[For pattern and descrip-
tion see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-8.]

cesses all went, and eighteen hundred pounds were made by the successive representations. On each occasion the room was crowded to suffocation. And I must admit that it was well worth going to, as well for incidental as for direct reasons. You not only saw the "Beauties" posed for inspection in a series of graceful and artistic pictures, but you sat shoulder to shoulder with the best society in London, and had the advantage of overhearing scraps of their intellectual and fastidious conversation, such as would satisfy your curiosity for good and all.

No one was surprised to hear this winter that something of the same kind was to be again attempted. Being the "little season," the programme was less magnificent, but it was promising enough. We were to have an "allegory," not from the banks of the Nile, but from the times of Queen Elizabeth—an emblematic dramatic representation, including such characters as Father Christmas, Time, the Old and New Year, Will-o'-the-Wisp, and so forth, assumed by persons no less eminent than the aesthetically beautiful Miss Williams, Mrs. Evans-Bell, Miss Ethel Coxon, writer of "Monsieur Love," Miss Graham, Miss Gilbert, sister of the dramatist, Mr. Colnaghi, Colonel Alexander, and several more. This time, however, the assistance of professional artists and authors was dispensed with, and it was announced that the entire allegory was written, the songs and music composed, and the dresses designed, by Mrs. Freake herself. This statement must be taken with a grain of salt. We know that she did not design the dresses, and that she composed the music to one song only; as to the poem itself, it is not too gross flattery to say that we think she may have written that.

We drove to Cromwell House in a heavy rain, and were received by a double line of footmen, who ushered us to the cloak-room, and afterward passed us on from hand to hand until they landed us in the presence of our host and hostess, and thence we were conducted to our seats in the centre of the great room, which was already nearly filled. It was an afternoon performance, and so the dresses were somewhat subdued; and the company, to tell the truth, seemed to be of a slightly mixed character: at least there were some half-dozen young women behind us whose speech and manners seemed suggestive rather of the basement than the first floor of society's dwelling-place.

But a great many people of real consideration were there: the indefatigable Oscar Wilde, for example, in a white waistcoat, a fur collar, black silk socks, and low pumps; the dignified wife of the Premier, Mrs. Gladstone, and her daughter; the Misses Corkran, one an artist, the other a novelist; Mrs. Morel-Mackenzie, the handsome wife of the renowned throat doctor; Miss Mary Robinson, the learned, poetic, and pretty, who brings out a translation of Greek poems interspersed with few specimens of her own genius every season; Robert Browning, serene and cordial; Julian Hawthorne; Holman Hunt; Arthur Sullivan: in short, most of those famous or entertaining individuals whom one meets everywhere—understanding that word, of course, in the sense of nowhere that is not somewhere. Meanwhile a young gentleman on the heights above us played the organ at intervals to encourage conversation. At length a bell sounded, the few lights were turned out, leaving the room in darkness, and the heavy velvet curtains drew back to the music of a New-Year's carol sung behind the scenes. Now was revealed an inner transparent frosted curtain. After a pause this veil was lifted, and we saw more plainly a moon-lit vista, snow-laden trees (real trees, but cotton snow) on each side, a rustic bridge and wintry hills in the background. And now a piano struck up, the singing ceased, and a fantastic figure in a long-eared cap and party-colored garments, with a fool's bauble in his hand, came capering forward, and introduced himself as the Lord of Misrule (Mr. Maclean). After a comic song and dance, to him entered Will-o'-the-Wisp (Mr. Colnaghi), carrying his beguiling lantern, from which issued a red gleam.

But at this point an incident happened which was not on the programme. One of the sparks which Will-o'-the-Wisp was tossing about him in his grotesque dance with the Lord of Misrule fell upon a snow-drift in the side scene; it caught, and in another moment the scenery was in a blaze. There was a futile attempt to suppress the fire without attracting attention; then there was a rush of actors and assistants on to the stage; and then almost the whole of the audience rose in panic, and surged toward the doors. In a few minutes more there would have been a terrible crush and scramble, and probably many people would have been injured. But by this time the exhortations of a number of sensible persons, added to the fact that the fire was evidently being got under, succeeded in arresting the tumult; and a little later, all danger being over, the audience slowly and suspiciously began to resume their seats. Mrs. Morel-Mackenzie had fainted, and Miss Corkran had run away at the first alarm, and only stopped when she reached the sidewalk outside the house, where the rain drove her in again. But except these, there were no casualties, and by-and-by the performance was allowed to proceed.

The ladies of the cast now began to make their appearance, and were received with great applause. They were attired in Grecian costumes—Crocus in saffron-colored silk; Snow-drop in pale green; Snow and Hoar-frost in white cashmere, one with a soft diaphanous white veil, the other with a gleaming glittering one. The progress of the plot, which had begun to loiter a little, was here re-enforced by the entrance of King Christ-mas (Colonel Alexander) in a scarlet robe edged with snow-wreaths, a long white beard, and crown of holly. Of the dialogue which ensued, it will, perhaps, be enough to say that it led up to the entrance of Mrs. Evans-Bell, veiled in black gauze,

leaning on a staff, and declaring in sepulchral tones that she was the Old Year at the point of dissolution. A tender parting scene between Will-o'-the-Wisp and her was interrupted by the appearance of Time, who, in the person of Miss Coxon, a tall and appalling figure, warned 1880 to be off, and make way for 1881, who, as Miss Williams, in a white Greek dress, presently came in, and exchanged courtesies with all present. A general merry-making now ensued, and then the pretty New-Year made a poetical address to her allegorical companions and to the audience, and the curtain fell to the sound of much clapping of hands. It went up again, to allow the actors and actresses to make their final obeisance; and then there were loud calls for "Author!" to which Mrs. Freake, who had been sitting in the front row before the stage, responded by rising and courtesying as graciously as the narrow space in which she stood permitted. Then we crowded slowly off to the refreshments, exchanging greetings and comparing notes as we went along, and speculating on the probable consequences had the fire got a little better started. It appeared that there was a squad of professional firemen behind the stage, but these worthies sat still as interested spectators of the conflagration. Oscar Wilde declared that he had experienced a "consuming thrill;" Mr. and Mrs. Freake acknowledged that they "felt uncomfortable" for a few minutes. In the retrospect, however, the accident was very popular; and combined with pâté de foie gras, Champagne, and jelly, sent us all home in the best of humors.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 70 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued March 1, opens with a beautiful engraving of SAINT TIMOTHY as a boy, accompanied by an article from the Rt. REV. T. U. DUDLEY, Bishop of Kentucky. It also contains "The Snow Ben," one of W. O. STODDARD'S instructive and entertaining stories for boys; "Archie Kirk's Leap for Life," a thrilling tale of the Hebrides, illustrated; Chapter Twelve of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby meets with a great misfortune, illustrated; a short article on "Niagara Falls in Winter," with an exquisite full-page illustration by W. HAMILTON GIBSON; "The Otter," a natural history article, illustrated; "A Whole Week," a pretty story for little girls; Chapter Five of "Phil's Fairies," illustrated; a full page of illustrated "Pinafore Rhymes"; "Phantom Faces," a winter's evening amusement article by BELLEW, illustrated; a full Post-office Box, which, among other attractions, contains an illustration that will please all boys; poems and puzzles.

NEW STORY BY MARY CECIL HAY.

In the number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 12 will be found the opening chapter of a new Serial Story by MARY CECIL HAY, entitled

"INTO THE SHADE."

MISS HAY'S stories are always popular, and this one will be found to possess all the charm of style, delicacy of character-painting, and interest of plot which have made her name a favorite with the readers of England and America.

F. W. ROBINSON'S NEW STORY.

Our readers' attention is invited to the powerful Serial Story,

"WOMEN ARE STRANGE," by the favorite novelist F. W. ROBINSON, author of "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," etc., which is begun in the present Number of the BAZAR, and will be continued weekly until the end.

MARCH HINTS.

THE maiden Spring upon the plain Comes in a sunlit fall of rain, sings Poesy. And though Truth, looking severely over her shoulder, might rewrite the lines, The maiden Spring with tingling feet Slides down long ways of snowy sleet—what should it profit us? No matter if the soil be iron-bound, and the brooks still hushed in the white gravity of winter. When that shrewd damsel, March, whistles her way through leafless woods and desolate fields, crying, "Awake! awake!" no tree so held in icy thrall that it shall not bend its head and swell its buds to answer her, not a pale tuft of grass so dead that it shall not feel the new life stirring at its roots. Already the nun-like arbutus sprinkles with incense the cold forest temples of the coast. In a little while a high-bred circle of wood-violets will come thronging down the sheltered brooks to attend the first bird matinée of the season. Even now the crocuses have one eye open beneath the mould, and the flowering almonds will soon be wreathing themselves in pink.

Thus early does Nature begin her preparations for the summer holiday, to preen herself in an ever-varying beauty for months to come. Nor is it too soon for us to decide on our way of accepting her lavish hospitality, and make ready our spirits to "go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with earth and heaven."

Other nations declare that we Americans have no genuine appreciation of natural scenery. We visit the regions of acknowledged sublimity and beauty, discharge fit adjectives at proper marks with neatness and unanimity, and feel that the popularity of the show is well earned. But it is the human element only for which we really care. The tomb of HÉLOÏSE, the grave of KEATS, Kenilworth, St. Peter's, the dungeon of Chillon, the pomp of ancestral dignity, the decaying grandeur of systems of life and thought alien to our land and time, the wonders of ancient wealth and immemorial art—these are dramatic, and strike the unwonted Yankee with vivid force. But he seldom babbles o' green fields, or goes out of his way for a prospect.

To our critics, on the other hand, scenery is an unwearing delight. Perhaps it is because so little of accessible Europe has been left by Art to Nature; because, as THACKERAY said of one, the familiar view is so rich that it seems to knock you down with its splendor (a view that has its hair curled, like the swaggering waiters of the attendant inns), that Europeans care so much for unspoiled rusticity and hidden nooks of loveliness.

Or it may be that it is only a high culture which is content with Nature for her own sake, and that, as a people, we are not yet advanced enough for her fine society. It is not the ploughman, to whom the green earth means crops, and the brave o'er-hanging firmament a reservoir of sun and showers to make them grow, who loves the country. His day-dream is of crowds and pavements and gay shop windows. So the citizen of common tastes and habits, who would put the town behind him for his summer holiday, thinks of hops and races at Long Branch, or bitter waters and idleness at Saratoga, or the vapid pleasures of some cheaper Long Branch and Saratoga, with their indolent bustle and show. Or, if he has outgrown those immature delights, and strikes off for himself into the Delectable Mountains, he does not dream of being content with peaks of amethyst and sapphire skies. He must hunt, or fish, or write letters to the newspapers to excuse himself to himself for being there. And his wife must be sure that the air will benefit her, and that the family rustication is cheaper than housekeeping at home.

It is said that the Chinese civilization has been stationary for centuries because the Chinese mind insists on submitting every new suggestion to the test of utility. If it does not further the increase of material wealth or comfort, it is rejected. Nor can these utilitarians comprehend an ideal pleasure, growth, or reward. In ourselves, the most modern of moderns, there is not a little taint of this ancient intolerance, which does not tend to dignity or breadth of character. Now that March leaves the invitation card of summer upon us, and we begin to think of costumes, railway guides, and boarding-places, might we not wisely resolve to go to the country for the pure pleasure of the country, to indulge in vernal beauty for simple indulgence's sake, or for the ideal gain of our own sure growth in it, as the soft grass we lie upon grows daily, unheeded of the sun and wind that ripen it, or of its own ulterior usefulness?

THE DECORATION AND FURNITURE OF TOWN HOUSES.

IN the interior arrangement of our houses, adherence to style is less important than attention to fitness; for a fashion is evanescent, whether it be to-day's aesthetic melancholy of sage green and peacock blue in coloring, or the barbaric *entourage* of the last generation, with their carpets of huge flowers, their hearth-rugs of Bengal tigers, and their staircase walls lined with imitation of marble blocks.

Until lately, perhaps owing to paucity of ideas, the artists of our times have held only the Classic, Mediæval, or Oriental worthy of notice; but at length certain among them, dissatisfied with the domestic use of articles meant for the sacrificial ceremonies of ancient temples, with the religiously conceived and uncomfortably adapted Gothic paraphernalia, or with the debased Renaissance, whose disgusting commonplaceness was relieved only by vulgar display of material, have thought that a compromise might be found combining Classic beauty and the sound construction of the Gothic without too much of the more expensive fretwork, sunken carving, and tiny balustrading of that later period when Chippendale, Sheraton, Adam, and Pergolesi endeavored to overcome the French fashions, whose garish splendor of boule, marquetry, and metal mounts had obtained such prevalence that the better work never quite abolished them. So much, indeed, and so long, have the upholsterers had their customs and traditions in the French, that no really worthy furniture was to be had among all the exhibits of the last Paris Exposition at a moderate cost; perhaps, also, because no demand for it had been felt.

Artistic furniture needs only shapes attesting its use and good manufacture. It can be made of the soft woods, stained and varnished. The strong and ornamental rush-bottomed chairs de-

signed by William Morris, of blackened and lacquered birch rods, are examples to the point; and any who have seen large articles of yellow pine, treated in opposite methods, will confess there could be nothing handsomer in its way than that. Certainly such simple things are superior to the veneering and gluing of wood, shaped against the grain, to break at every blow, and equally superior to Oriental imitations, since no Occidental pencil has yet reached results, as Japanese and East Indians do, with a couple of strokes and a dash of gold powder, and the efforts to do so have been atrocious. These Oriental imitations, by-the-way, have done a double wrong, both by warping the genius of many of our own artists aside from its natural course, and by reaction on the Eastern producers, who, instead of working out their own fancies at once, now work according to their ideas of European wants, making their shawls of Parisian and Paisley patterns, for instance, while their caste carpet-weavers are thrown over by the weaving of the prisoners of the Indian jails, whose rugs are full of crude colors and poor ideas.

The first thing necessary in the decoration and furnishing of our homes, it might be said, is our own education. The Kensington School of Design has, in this light, wrought a great work, teaching the elements of beauty by making the multitude familiar with lovely shape and fit combination; and it has established habits of thought in relation to home decoration according to which we understand that objects faithful to one type, be it Classic or Mediæval, are less desirable than those merely suited to their purpose and in harmony with the wall decoration, which should itself not be of any especial fashion other than the general spirit of the house, the whole so combined as to seem home-like and not museum-like. The possession of one really beautiful article soon teaches us the wretchedness of all the rest we have if unworthy of its companionship, and we find ourselves learning both what beauty is and the need of it by surrounding ourselves with it. Honesty is the next requirement in the task; for it is not only safer and cheaper to have it, but it is the only foundation for beauty. Graining in the copy of costly woods, veining in the copy of marbles, wainscoting with paper that represents wood fibres, all these things fail in intention, because no amount of such work achieves a representation of the real thing. On these principles we find truth, boldness, strength, and grace, and comprehend that as much art lies in the everyday adornment of our houses as in the great works of sculpture and painting.

It is to be regretted that the modelling of furniture is left to the upholsterer, instead of being under the direction of the architect as a part of the constructive design; although while one house is exteriorly so much like another, presenting together rows of uniform gray or brown façades, without relief to the eye, it might afford little promise for the interiors. It is to be admitted that under different conditions of climate, and with gas and sewer gas, it is not best to follow the old Italian architects who decorated the fronts of houses in distemper; but flat surfaces and cornices could break the dreariness by rendering simple colors, while a few stencil decorations and figure panels could be had at a reasonable cost, and be agreeable and effective. An ordinary building could make an attractive variation from the prevailing monotony if painted in pure tones of light red, black, and white, relieved by lines of stencilling in blue or yellow or green, done judiciously. It is a pity there is no school of decoration to give the one word of direction, and that decorative painter, sculptor, and architect can not work together in the matter. All Italy shows the marvellous use of colored marbles to brighten dead surfaces, and makes us guess what might be the illuminating effect on our street fronts of blocks of unpolished richly tinted marbles, of glazed terra cotta, or of the new faience called Burmantoft, suitable for outside or inside uses, its silicas having united so thoroughly with its metallic oxides as to make it resistant to fire or atmosphere, while it freshens with every rain-storm. The money thrown away meanwhile in ignorant purchase of ordinary ornament would give tile-work entrances and doorways that would offer a welcome in themselves.

Cheerfulness is as much to be considered with in our town houses, too, as without. They are generally lighted at but one end, and this is to be remembered at the first step on the vestibule floor. In some houses the hall floor is already of coarse marble. To lay a pavement of tiles on this is expensive, and it is better to let a little of it form a border for rugs, and to save scouring by painting that little in warm tints, all giving sense of comfort on opening the door. Instead of this, a line or two may be incised about the edges, and filled with colored cement—Baron Triqueti in this way, but with more elaboration, went over some of the old floors of Windsor Castle; or a generous diaper may be slightly incised over the whole, and small red and black tiles inserted at the junction of the cemented lines. A space for a sunken mat may be cut away just inside the door; but to cut away the whole surface of such a floor for a superfluous of tiles would be weakening to the constructive strength. It would be better to remove only a border, and fill that with tile or marble mosaic, or to superimpose altogether whatever is needed, and bevel it down in the doorways. When, however, as it is usually the case in this country, the floor is of wood, the upper wood can easily be removed, and the tiles laid in cement, and, in view of the wear and tear of linoleum and oil-cloth, this is cheap in the end; but in arranging the tiles it should always be held that a broad treatment increases the space; no "all-over" patterns are so satisfactory as plain red tiles surrounded by black or buff, or the colors leading to the prevailing tone farther on. This floor can be expensive with rich marble mosaics, less so with

Minton tessere, and less still with mosaic tiles, or vari-colored marble chips are pressed into a cement, dried, and polished at one-tenth the cost of the rich mosaic.

If the floors of the rest of the house are handsome, taste will perhaps incline to the side of health and cleanliness, and rugs that can be often shaken will be used within a border of bare floor. The cheapest way to manage a floor, and avoid carpeting the whole of it, is to paint a two-foot margin in four dark coatings, giving each time to harden, and sizing last of all. Abroad, whole floors are often of tiles, but they are cold and unhomelike; and when a new floor is laid, it is better of hard wood, waxed, whether oak or one darker. A more costly but not more artistic border than the painted one is the parquet of well-fitted woods of contrasting colors—the "carpet parquet" is a movable affair of thin wooden strips glued on canvas; it leaves just the depth of the carpet inside, but after all pretends to be what it is not.

When we come to wall decoration, it is found that, except in very grand reception-rooms, paneling with elaborate moldings is unsatisfactory, holding dust, and needing much cleaning, while unsuitable for pictures and other ornaments, as it requires too even balancing of articles in dividing spaces and panels, and destroys picturesqueness. There are objections, also, to silks and satins strained along the walls as too delicate, and to tapestry as too gloomy and dusty for town use. Flock papers, also, being of wool, catch the dust, although for rooms with high dadoes and small paper surface some of them, such as the exquisite and well-known sunflower pattern of Mr. Talbert's, with ground of light olive green, greenish-yellow flowers, and darker leaves, all closely blended, are well adapted, and are sufficient decoration themselves. There are dado papers of Venetian leather design of a delightful ornament in golden bronze, so thick that they will not crack, gilded, painted, and lacquered so as to defy gas and smoke. Thanks to such designers as Jeffrey, Crace, Morris, and others, good paper-hangings can now be had at small cost, rich patterns being often repeated in cheaper way. A very lovely half paper is a design by Mr. Walter Crane, of a creamy yellow tone, the wall-flower diaper a golden brown brightened by a powder of pale pink petals falling from the thick almond flowers of the frieze paper above, on whose soft blue ground swallows fly in and out. In using this paper the lower one must be hung squarely, the line of the stairway raking up across the checkers or diapers; but the picture-rod dividing it from the frieze is to follow the slope of the stairway, and the top space to be filled in with the frieze. In all these papers gold can be introduced, either in the cheap gilt size or in the expensive gold-leaf, but it so soon loses brilliancy that it is undesirable.

"Muralis" is the name of another wall-hanging, practically linoleum, lined with canvas, the fibrous substance stamped in low but sharp relief, and painted; it can be put round a room, either as frieze or dado, without joints, or in the panels of doors or ceilings, and is not dear. Tiles well ornamented, which are undoubtedly done better in this age than ever before, are of good effect in occasional panels upon the walls of halls; and there is also a wood tapestry, which, however, is only a sort of veneering, thin and poor, and a pretense anywhere; and there are India or Manila matting, which look neat as dadoes, bound down by a narrow strip of moulding; but paper, in its various degrees, is perhaps to be preferred to all the rest.

Some of the raised flock papers are suitable for ceilings either entirely or in panels; lacquered and gilded, like the old Venetian work, they have an excellent effect; and a white flock paper, so used, when soiled, can be painted. When the ceilings have bad plaster decorations, they can be cut away, although it is not a cheap thing to do, and an ornamented canvas plaster can be applied, or slight moldings can be fastened in panels, or the plain surface can be left for these papers. Where the ceiling is flat, it may be tinted light gray, or cream, or, like Giotto's ceiling in the Arena Chapel, a faint blue, to avoid the glare of white; and where there are only slight flowing enrichments, they may be treated like Wedgwood-ware in extremely delicate tints of rose, green, or buff. If the cornices are plain, they also may be tinted in several shades, the lighter at the top, so that they shall not form a noticeably dark frame to the ceiling; but if they are of ill design, let them be picked out as little as possible; yellow tones will there always give light and prominence, blue ones shadow and retirement. Below the cornice a band of simple dis temper or stencilling will be agreeable. Much graceful ornament and delicate coloring in borders may be learned from the Pompeian decorations; but it is to be wished that modern histories of beautiful and noble deeds might supersede the processions of ancient mythology. Much fine work, too, can be done with the use of our fauna and flora on panels or on friezes, either on the delicate scale fit for a lady's boudoir, or on such a grand scheme as the series designed by Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., for the Duke of Westminister, where were used the scarlet ibis, cranes, gulls, herons, cockatoos, and hedge-row birds, in combination with their appropriate haunts and foliage. It is, indeed, a matter to be urged that other leading artists might consider it not beneath them to take the decorative treatment of houses in hand, not as easel pictures, always to be seen on an eye-line, but in relation to their broad harmony with all the surroundings, the master-hand designing and retouching, his students carrying out his ideas. The money spent by householders in prints and incongruous objects would be spent to much more advantage in a plan of decorative treatment of walls and ceilings, which can be done on substances that make them virtually as subject to removal as paintings and prints hanging from their hooks.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING BONNETS.

LATE importations of millinery show plainly that small bonnets will not be laid aside during the spring. They are very dressy, and are so becoming to many faces that ladies who have several bonnets will not fail to provide themselves with a pretty capote of Tuscan braid or of open-patterned straw lace for church and receptions, also for calling and driving in the city. During the summer months, pokes and picturesque large round hats will be most generally worn, but even then the small close bonnet of lace and of flowers will not be wholly abandoned. Some of the new small shapes have a small coronet, while in others the brim is pointed upward in the middle, and descends thence close to the hair on the edge. A few Normandy crowns are also seen on such bonnets. The wide ribbons will be very little used for small bonnets except as strings; they will be trimmed with laces and flowers, and especially with the new large pompons that are partly flowers and partly feathers. A great many shirred Surah bonnets are found among early importations, and these are shown both in large and small sizes.

Plush effects are given to new gauzes by many looped rows of silk threads being woven on the outer surface. Plush-like stripes, either plain or *ombré*, are seen not only in these thin fabrics, but in the ribbons and the Surahs for piece trimmings. The material, however, for which the greatest popularity is predicted is the satin *merveilleux* in bayadere stripes similar to that described last week for parts of dresses. This comes in very dark rich colors of strange combinations that are very handsome for trimming creamy yellow braids. A very pretty shaded effect is given by having the shades extend entirely across the fabric; thus from selvedge to selvedge over one hundred shades are used by the manufacturers. Soft fabrics and wide ribbons for trimming are laid in many folds, as bows and loops are not effective in soft stuffs. Many folds of *ombré* satin straight across the crown is one favorite trimming, while others have folds covering the brim, and still others cover but half the crown, and are finished with lace on the edges. Silk net with a tape edging is shown in widths for trimming and for strings; this comes in black, cream, and white, as well as the stylish bronze *d'art*, condor brown, and the new laurier, or laurel pink.

An effort is made to revive the old-fashioned silver gray shades to use with steel and silver laces. This color is especially refined-looking in shaded satin ribbons combined with dark red velvet, but the newest combinations for it are gold, or else sage green or mignonette, and at the first glimpse these seem simply odd—not pretty. For the same reason the mixtures of silver and gilt in lace, and the trimming creamy straws with steel laces, have not met with general favor, though the eye is apt to follow the fashion, and will probably soon become used to, and then approve, this new fancy. A dove or other gray bird is used to trim silver gray bonnets, and those of black lace with steel garniture.

NEWLY IMPORTED BLACK DRESSES.

Among the most stylish of the new dresses are those of the black soft twilled silk known as satin in Surah, or as satin *merveilleux*. Some of these dresses are entirely black, while others have gay-colored Surahs embroidered with them, or else a great deal of steel used as trimming. The soft Surahs drape so gracefully that the over-dresses are usually very much wrinkled and folded. The apron front, which is permanently attached to the lower skirt, is formed of a series of curved folds accentuated almost to a point in the middle of the front, or else very low on one side; the back drapery falls gracefully in looser, longer folds. One such costume entirely of black satin *merveilleux* is richly trimmed with pleatings of the same, gathered Spanish lace, and wide jet passementerie, which is mounted on net, and has the effect of lace. The skirt has two knife-pleatings of the material, each a finger deep around the foot. Above this is a pleating half a yard deep edged with Spanish lace three inches wide, and this lace falls on the narrow pleating. Still higher up the front is drapery of many folds representing a sharply pointed narrow apron. Up the sides are two rows of the beaded net like panels, while the back drapery falls soft and long. Over this elaborate skirt is worn a kind of surtoult which is not large enough for a polonaise nor so short as a basque, but partakes of both these garments. The two middle forms of the back are no longer than a basque, as they are cut off and folded in pleats under the side forms, leaving a wide open space to the end of the surtoult, which displays the drapery of the skirt beneath, and is partly filled by two rows of gathered Spanish lace that pass up each side of the garment. These lace frills also edge the bottom of the surtoult, continue up each side of the front, and pass around the neck in a full high ruff. As the lace passes up the front it outlines a vest which is formed of diagonal pleats, or rather tucks that are regularly stitched in, and over this vest the jetted net is laid. The sleeves are caught up slightly on the inside seam above the wrists, and have a cuff of jet and lace. There are no pockets.

This dress is being copied in various black materials for Lenten costumes. Satin de Lyon both plain and striped, also the new satin Siciliennes, will be much used for such dresses throughout the spring months. Some of the black Surah dresses have very elaborate shirring across the upper part of the aprons, and in the flounces; others have steel trimmings used as embroidery on net for plastron or vest, and as fringe, and still others have bright colors introduced, notably red and black *damier* designs, like checker-board blocks. This gay trimming is also of Surah, and appears in balayeuze pleatings on the black skirt, also as a blouse-like vest that

droops below the waist line, and is partly pleated and partly shirred. The shirred pointed basques are very handsome made of Surah, and some of these have a round collar as deep on the shoulders as a yoke formed of many rows of shirring. The neck of the dress is so much the objective point of trimming at present that a Byron collar and two bows of checked red and black Surah are sometimes mounted above a shirred full yoke.

Black cashmere dresses are also being made up for the early Lenten season, and are trimmed with borders of black Surah satin, beaded fringe, and Spanish lace. Such a dress is very handsome made with two deep straight flounces of cashmere shirred in several rows at the top, folded in pleats below, and bordered with a bias band of satin Surah two inches wide. The apron, attached to the belt permanently, is very much wrinkled, and reaches to the top of the upper flounce, where its edges are turned under out of sight. The back fullness forms two soft yet bouffant puffs separated by rows of shirring, and on the upper puff fall two folded bands of the Surah, meeting in V shape where they are completed by a long-looped Surah bow. The round basque has the middle forms of the back folded in two box pleats that show triple pleats of Surah where they fall open below the waist line. The front has a vest of the satin laid in fine pleats to a point below the waist, and the cashmere of the basque that is drawn from under this vest is shirred along the entire edges of the vest from the neck to the point. Black satin ribbon, tied in a bow below the point, is inserted in the second dart. The collar and cuffs of black satin are cut in square shapes, and wrought with jet beads in vermicelli designs. Frills of very fully gathered Spanish lace are then put around the neck and sleeves, and ladies of very fair complexions do not add anything white inside these. To complete this suit there should be a small capote bonnet of Spanish lace, with some jet and feather pompons for trimming.

Ladies who are making up grenadiers at this early season are advised that the handsomest ones yet imported are striped rather than brocaded, and that the stripes are alternately of satin and of open-work-like lace. In some cases this striped stuff is confined to the basque alone, while the skirts are of plain iron grenadine, or else the smooth sewing-silk grenadiers, with some of the striped goods used for retrossées and borders. Spanish lace, Breton, thread, and steel, or jetted laces, are also used for garniture. One notably handsome dress of black grenadine, with half-inch stripes of satin and of some open-meshed design, has each of the sides covered with a jabot of black silk Spanish lace, the jabots being half a yard wide. On the front, between the jabots, are three deep striped flounces widely shirred and bordered with two rows of lace. The back drapery is an extension of a wrinkled breadth that crosses the top of the front like a scarf-apron, and this falls in a single long slender curve of the straight scarf—not cut in the middle at the bottom—and merely held by pleating the ends into the belt. A narrow jabot of lace is down the middle of the back of the foundation skirt, and is disclosed when the scarf falls open. The basque has the neck cut out square, and filled in with four rows of Spanish lace that extend in a double standing ruff at the back; just outside of this ruff at the back is a bias standing collar, with wire in it to hold the lace ruff erect. Two rows of the lace are gathered on the edge of the basque in the front. The back is irregularly trimmed, the side form on the left being caught up by a bow on the middle box pleats, while the side form on the right is simply hemmed, and has weights in the hem to hold it quite flat. The sleeves have two ruffles of lace falling toward the wrists, and are gathered up slightly on the inside of the arm.

VARIETIES.

Pompadour chemisettes are novelties in lingerie; these are made to wear with open-throated dresses, and are usually of sheer India muslin. They are quite full on the chest, and are shirred across, leaving a narrow ruffle at the top, which is edged with lace, or else notched in saw-teeth and wrought with red, blue, or white. The open square space at the throat is not very large, and the whole is completed by a large Byron collar. This collar is of the single mull muslin, very simply wrought on the edge, and on account of its sheerness is universally becoming.

Shirred cuffs of India muslin are to be worn outside the dress sleeves turned up from the wrists.

Pink or blue muslin hem a inch wide are all around wide mull neck-ties. Sometimes tucks of the same width are across the ends of the tie, and colored muslin to match the hem is passed inside the tuck.

New linen collars are straight bands like those worn by clergymen, but are made to lap in front, finished with a curve, and fastened by a gold button.

Breakfast caps take on square shapes both in front and back. They are made of rows of pleated white lace mounted on a net crown, three rows being turned each way from the crown, and the join hid by a small jabot. The only trimming is a pair of very small rosettes made of doubled Surah, and placed on the left side.

The newest pleated mull collars are trimmed with point d'Aurillac lace. Two or three rows of the lace are used, so that very little mull is seen on the pleats. A large Louis Quatorze bow of the mull and lace trims the front. Silk muslin collars are also trimmed with point d'Aurillac.

The newest fichus are no longer simply folded neckerchiefs, but are very elaborate, having a box-pleated standing ruff, with revers down the front. The revers are notched in Directoire style, and edged with two gathered rows of lace.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. WORLINGTON, SMITH, & CO.; AITKEN, SON, & CO.; LORD & TAYLOR; and A. T. STEWART & CO.

PERSONAL.

In spite of the troublous times in Ireland, they are anticipating fine social gayeties there. Lady COWPER, the vice-régale châtelaine, is to have Drawing-rooms and levees in March, and the GUINNESES are to give fancy balls.

The correspondent of a newspaper comments on the democratic circumstance that his only companions in a five-cent omnibus ride were the Vice-President of the United States and Sir EDWARD THORNTON, that Mr. HILL and Mr. RUSSELL, both millionaire members of Congress, are usually to be seen on foot or in the horse-cars, forgetting to mention the fact that Lady THORNTON, Mrs. HILL, and Mrs. RUSSELL have some of the most magnificent turn-outs in Washington.

The widow of Barry Cornwall, although in her eighty-sixth year, is still as bright as ever, and alive to all around her.

—Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT, that Irish disturber of the English peace, is a man of dark skin, chiselled features, and determined expression. His right coat sleeve is empty. He is well educated, speaks several languages, and is a powerful orator.

—The Prince of Wales attended the Prussian wedding as the Queen's representative.

—A civil service association has lately been formed in Boston, with such names as those of CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jun., MARTIN BRIMMER, GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JOHN M. FORBES, JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, HOAR, KIDDER, ENDICOTT, SELBY, LAWRENCE, and many others of those best known in business, the members holding that the civil service should be made as permanent as that of the army or the navy.

—Mr. A. B. HAYS, who lately died in New York, the oldest bank cashier in the world, was perhaps the only person ever named for AARON BURR, and his name was so detestable to him that he never signed it in full.

—Mr. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON denies the statement of Mr. JAMES JACKSON JARVES that Mr. STILLMAN's archaeological work in Crete is a failure on account of Turkish obstructions, and says, as president of the Archaeological Institute, that there is no reason to doubt that results of importance will be gained.

—Queen MARGHERITA's bedroom is furnished in pale blue satin; the mattresses are of white brocade; the bedstead is of dark wood, and over the head hangs an ivory crucifix, and a little oil-painting framed in gold; easy-chairs are by the fire-place, above which is a picture of the little Prince of Naples. Adjoining this is the Queen's study, hung with café-au-lait satin, and beyond are the dressing-rooms, lined with mirrors, and decorated with rare china.

—The Queen has granted Lady DUFFUS HARDY an additional pension to that which she already enjoys.

—The English papers are amazed at the details of Senator SHARON's house and its ground-plan, published in the report of his daughter's wedding, considering the same of much value to house-breakers.

—Dr. WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, a candidate for the Marshalship of the District of Columbia under the new administration, although formerly a slave, is a man of fine education and literary ability. He was aided in getting his profession by Sir BENJAMIN BRODIE, and enjoys the acquaintance of most of the eminent men in England and America. His skill and his refinement give him more practice among the white people of his neighborhood than the colored.

—Madame ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN (DELPHINE GAY) always dressed at home, when *sans cérémonie*, in flowing white muslin or cashmere, with her abundant blonde hair carelessly knotted.

—The late Prince Imperial was the last NAPOLEON that set foot in the park at Malmaison. He was playing there a few days before the outbreak of the war that cost him his inheritance, and a thunder-storm rising, the lightning struck the tree planted there by NAPOLEON I. in the presence of JOSEPHINE. The tree gradually withered, and it was at last cut down, with other decaying and defacing timber, and as it happened, to the satisfaction of the superstition of the neighboring country people, on the very day that the Zulu assegais laid low the Prince.

—It is a matter of interest that, as long ago as 1756, the Rev. JAMES MAURY, the grandfather of Lieutenant MAURY, said that the mastery of the Ohio River and the great lakes would make either the mouth of the Hudson or of the Potomac the emporium of the East Indies.

—At seventy-three, JEFFERSON DAVIS has all the erectness of figure and healthiness of color characteristic of a man at two-thirds of his age.

—General BUTLER's yacht *America* is about to start on a cruise to the West Indies.

—A son of LUCRETIA MOTT—Mr. THOMAS MOTT—has rented a villa at Newport for the season. Newport has always been a resort of the Friends.

—Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT BURDETT-COUTTS and his wife are expected soon to make a visit and an extended tour in this country. Mr. BARTLETT is said to be a remarkably fine-looking man, with a fresh complexion, and magnificent proportions to his six feet of stature, and his wife is a very well preserved Englishwoman. A cousin of the above-named gentleman—Mrs. RIDDLE, of Brooklyn—is a lineal descendant of Dr. RUSH, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

—George Eliot leaves about two hundred thousand dollars, chiefly to members of the LEWES family. Nothing, it is said, will induce Mr. CROSS to relinquish his determination of writing her biography.

—Mr. SPRINGER, of Cincinnati, is a lineal descendant of the Duke of Thuringia, known as "Louis the Springer," on account of his famous leap from the castle where he was a prisoner, a picture of which incident is among the ornaments of his descendant's house.

—The Princess of Wales is a fine musician, and plays from CHOPIN and SCHUMANN with feeling. She is very fond of French art, and her private rooms are filled with innumerable objects in Dresden and Sèvres, with small objects brought from India by the Prince, and with screens of her own embroidery. The French are very fond of her in return, and a white marble statuette by M. D'EPINAY represents her as a lady of the time of HENRI Deux, dressed in a long brocade petticoat, the bodice loaded with precious stones, the head adorned with a cap with streaming feathers, and the features fine as a cameo, the whole thing an object of exquisite beauty.

is divided into halves, and the halves are slipped over each other. A strand of double zephyr wool in two shades each of olive and blue is slipped between the halves of each brown strand, and then wound to form a tassel. A woollen ball in the colors of the tassel is set above each tassel on the knotted heading, and small tufts of similar wool are fastened at regular intervals on the soutache.

Monograms, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE monograms are worked on linen with fine embroidery cotton of a single color or in contrasting colors in satin and in overcast stitch.

Border for Tidies, etc.—Cross Stitch Embroidery and Holbein-Work.

THIS design, which is suitable as a border for tidies, covers, towels, and similar articles, is worked on linen or canvas with embroidery cotton in two shades of blue, in cross stitch and Holbein-work.

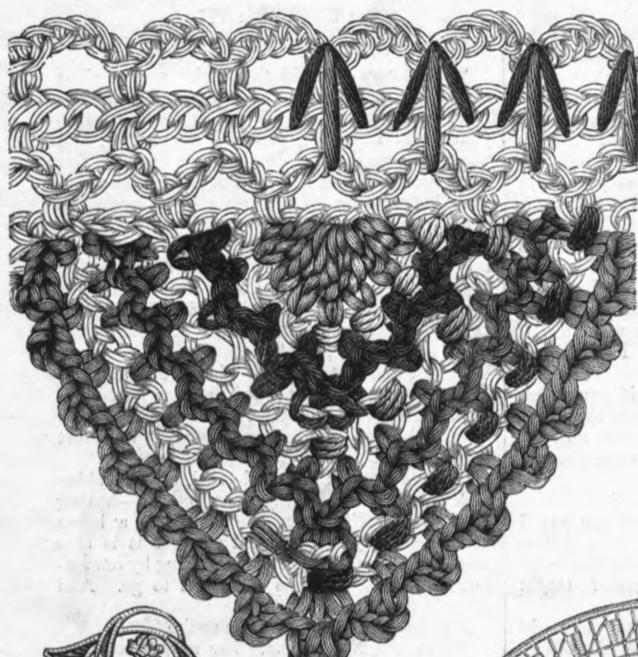


Fig. 1.—MONOGRAM.

Crochet Border for Furniture.

THIS border is worked with burlap ravelings, or hempen cord, and Germantown wool in various colors. To make it, take a double hemp thread

CROCHET BORDER FOR FURNITURE.

b

3 2 1

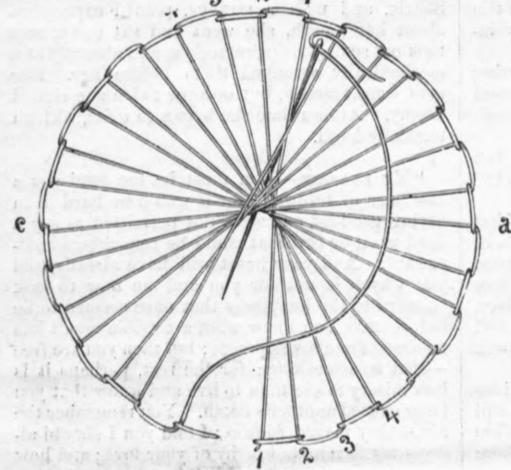
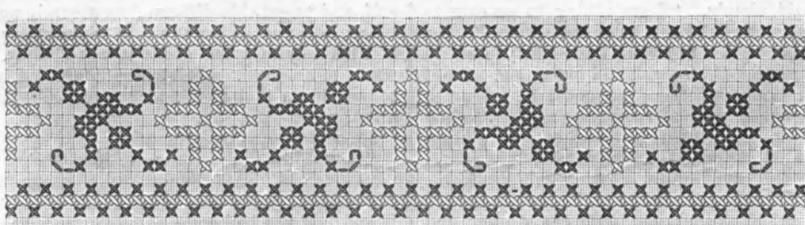


Fig. 4.—FIRST DETAIL OF ROSETTE FOR COLLAR, FIG. 1, PAGE 189.

and a coarse bone crochet-needle, and work a chain stitch foundation of the required length, then cut the thread. For each point on the border, work in the following manner: Fasten the hemp thread on the next 6th foundation st. (stitch), work 7 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. (single crochet) on the following 4th foundation st., 2 sl. (slip stitch) on the next 2 foundation st., 15 ch., go back and connect to the 4th foundation st., 2 sl. on the 3d and 2d foundation st., 29 ch., 1 sc. on the 14th foundation st.; in this manner three chain stitch scallops are worked as a foundation for the worsted-work in each point. In the 1st round, the innermost chain stitch scallop of each point is filled in with white Germantown yarn, as follows: Connect to the middle foundation st., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the 1st ch. of the scallop, 2 ch., * connect to the same foundation st., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch. in the scallop, 2 ch.; repeat from * 4 times; then connect to the foundation st., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the last st. in the scallop, 1 ch., connect to the foundation st., cut the thread, and secure the end. 2d round.—In this round the innermost and the second chain stitch scallops are connected with red wool. Work 1 sc. on the free vein of the 1st st. in the inner scallop, 1 ch., 1 sc. on the 1st ch. in the outer scallop, * 1 ch., 1 sc. on the next st. in the inner scallop, 1 ch., 1 sc. on the following 2d st. in the outer scallop; repeat from * twice, then 2 sc. on the following 2 st. in the outer scallop, working off these 2 sc. and



BORDER FOR TIDIES, ETC.

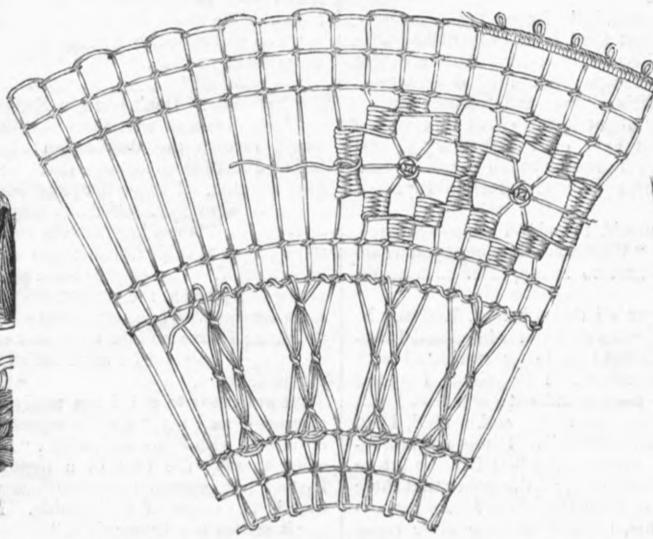


Fig. 6.—THIRD DETAIL OF COLLAR, FIG. 1, PAGE 189.

the one on the preceding ch. together, + 1 ch., 1 sc. on the next st. in the inner scallop, 1 ch., 1 sc. on the following 2d st. in the outer scallop; repeat from + twice, then 1 ch., 1 sc. on the foundation st. between the inner and outer scallops, cut the thread, and secure the end. 3d round.—This round connects the second and the outermost chain stitch scallops. Observing the illustration, work with brown wool as in the preceding round. When all the points have been completed thus far, they are edged with the 4th round, which is worked continuously on all of them with light blue wool in the following manner: * 1 sc. on the free vein of the 1st ch. in the outermost scallop on the 1st point, 1 p. (picot, consisting of 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the 1st of them), 7 times alternately 1 sc. on the following 2d ch. and 1 p., then 1 sc. on the same st. with the preceding sc., 7 times alternately 1 p. and 1 sc. on the following 2d ch., then 2 ch.; continue to repeat from *, but at every repetition connect the middle st. of the 1st p. on the point to the last p. on the preceding point. For the top of the border work with a

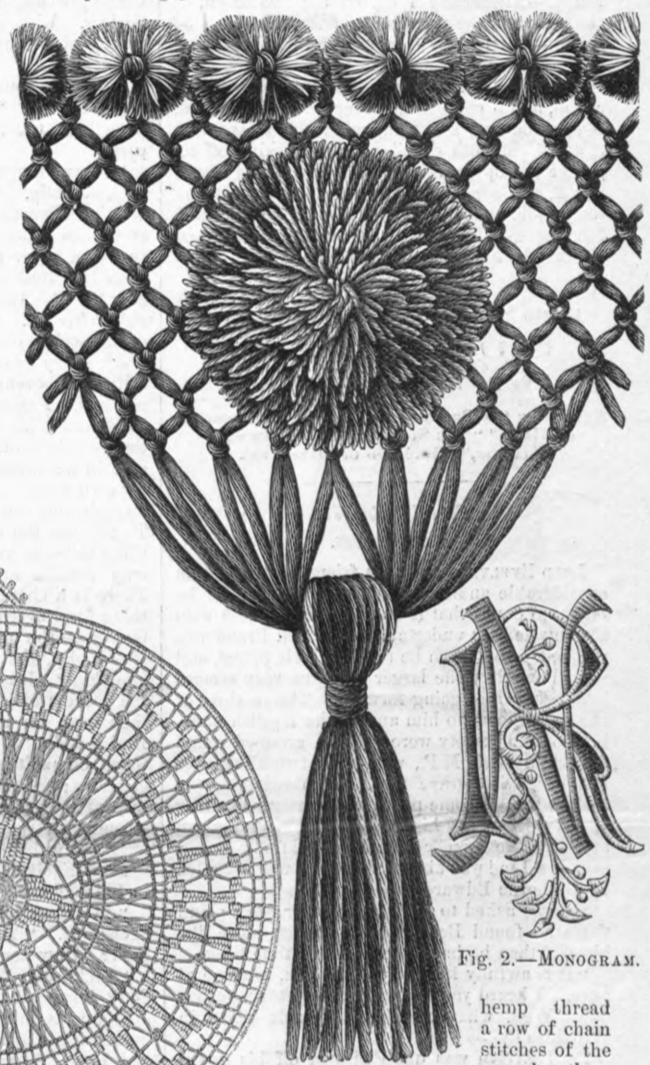


Fig. 2.—MONOGRAM.

hemp thread a row of chain stitches of the same length as the foundation, and join it to the latter by means of the

KNOTTED FRINGE FOR FURNITURE.

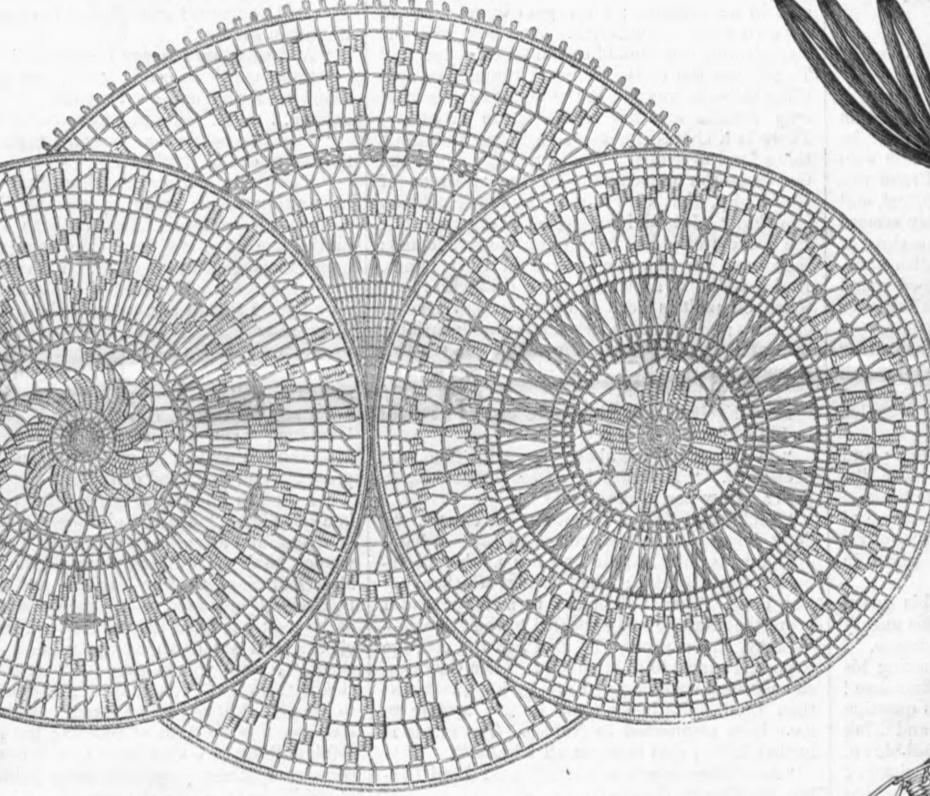


Fig. 3.—SECTION OF COLLAR OF BRAZILIAN SOLS, FIG. 1, PAGE 189.—FULL SIZE.



Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3049; SUIT, 25 CENTS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II, Figs. 9-19.

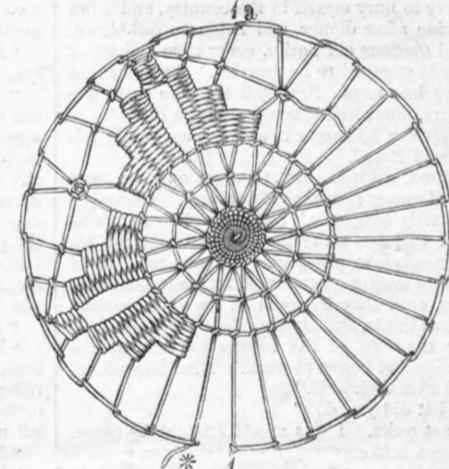


Fig. 5.—SECOND DETAIL OF ROSETTE FOR COLLAR, FIG. 1, PAGE 189.

5th round, which is worked with hemp thread as follows: * 1 sc. on the following 3d foundation st., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the following 3d ch. in the detached row, 2 ch.; repeat from *. Work on the second row of ch. for the 6th round.—Alternately 1 sc. on the next st. and 5 ch., passing by 2 st. The border is now ornamented in point Russe as shown in the illustration with colored wool or filoselle silk, and the tassels are attached to the lower edge. Each tassel is composed of a loop tassel made of wool of the colors used in the border, from which depends a loose tassel of hemp thread with knotted ends. Tassels are attached on each point, between each two points, and halfway between these tassels on each side.

Edgings for Lingerie.—Russian Braid and Crochet.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 189.

THESE edgings are worked with linen braid on both sides of which are projecting loops, and fine crochet cotton. For the edging Fig. 1 work on one side of the braid as follows for the 1st round.—Alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) in the following 2d loop, and 2 ch. (chain stitch). 2d and 3d rounds.—1 sc. (single crochet) on every st. (stitch) in the preceding round. 4th round.—1 dc. on the first sc. in the preceding round, * 3 ch., 1 sc. on the same st. with the preceding dc., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the same st. with the preceding sc. and dc., reserving the upper vein on the needle, 1

dc. on the following 4th st., working off the upper vein and that of the preceding dc. together; repeat from *. 5th round.—Work as in the preceding round, transposing the pattern. 6th round.—Alternately 1 sc. around the upper veins of the dc. worked off together, and 3 ch. 7th and 8th rounds.—1 sc. on every st. in the preceding round. 9th round.—Alternately 1 sc. on the next st. in the preceding round, and 5 ch., passing over 3 st. 10th round.—Alternately 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5 in the preceding round, and 5 ch. 11th round.—Alternately 2 sc. separated by 4 ch. around the next 5 ch. in the preceding round, and 5 ch. 12th round.—Work 1 dc. in each loop on the other side of the braid.

For the edging Fig. 2 work on one side of the braid as follows: 1st round.—* 1 dc. in the following 2d loop, 10 ch., going back over the first 5 of these, work 5 dc.; repeat from *. 2d round.—Alternately 1 dc. on the middle ch. of the next 5 in the preceding round, and 3 ch. 3d round.—Alternately 1 dc. on the following 2d st. in the preceding round, and 1 ch. 4th round.—Alternately 1 sc. on the next st. in the preceding round, and 5 ch., passing over 2 st. 5th round.—Alternately 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5 and 5 ch. 6th round.—4 dc., working off together the upper veins of the first 2 and of the last 2, and separating the middle 2 by 3 ch. on the middle ch. of every 5 in the preceding round. 7th round.—Work at the other side of the braid alternately 1 sc. in the next loop and 1 ch.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR NO. 13, Vol. XIII.]

SUNRISE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "MACLEOD OF DARE," ETC.

CHAPTER LVI.

A COMMISSION.

LORD EVELYN obeyed his friend's summons in considerable anxiety, if not even alarm; for he made no doubt that it had some connection with that mysterious undertaking to which Brand was pledged. But when he reached Lisle Street, and was shown into the larger room, no very serious business seemed going forward. Two or three of the best known to him among the English members of the Society were present, grouped round a certain Irish M.P., who, with twinkling eyes but otherwise grave face, was describing the make-shifts of some provincial manager or other who could not pay his company their weekly salary. To the further surprise of the new-comer, also, Mr. Lind was absent: his chair was occupied by Gathorne Edwards.

He was asked to go into an inner room; and there he found Brand, looking much more like himself than he had done for some time back.

"It is awfully kind of you, Evelyn, to come at once. I heard you had returned to town yesterday. Well, what of the old people down in Wiltshire?"

Lord Evelyn was quite thrown off his guard by this frank cheerfulness. He forgot the uneasy forebodings with which he had left his house.

"Oh, capital old people!" he said, putting his hat and umbrella on the table. "Excellent! But you see, Brand, it becomes a serious question if I have to bury myself in the country, and drink port-wine after dinner, and listen to full-blown, full-fed glorious old Tories, every time a sister of mine gets engaged to be married. And now that Rosalys has begun it, they'll all take to it, one after the other, like sheep jumping a ditch."

"They say Milbanke is a very nice young fellow," said Brand.

"Petted, a little. But then an only son, and heaps of money: perhaps it's natural. I know he is a ghastly hypocrite," added Lord Evelyn, who seemed to have some little grudge against his brother-in-law in prospect. "It was too bad of him to go egg on those old megatheria to talk politics, until they were red in the face, denouncing Free Trade, and abusing the Ballot, and foretelling the ruin of the farmer as soon as the Education Act began to work. Then he pretended to be on their side."

"What did you do?"

"I sat quiet. I was afraid I might be eaten. I relapsed into contemplation, and began to compose a volume on 'Tory Types: Some Survivals in English Politics. For the information of Town Readers.'"

"Well, now you have done your duty, and cemented the alliance between the two families—by drinking port-wine, I suppose—what do you say to a little pleasure-trip?"

"Oh, is that all?" he said, looking up quickly. "Is that what your note meant?"

"The fact is, Evelyn," he said, with a trifle of embarrassment, "Natalie and her mother are in Naples, and I don't know precisely in what circumstances. I am a little anxious about them—I should like to know more of their surroundings: why, for one thing, I don't know whether they have any money, even. I would go over myself, Evelyn, but the truth is, I can not—not very well. At least I ought not to go; and I thought, if you had time—being an old friend of Natalie's—you would like to see that she was all right."

"Where is Lind?" said Lord Evelyn, suddenly.

"Lind is in Italy also," said Brand, evasively.

"Not with them?"

"Oh no."

There was rather an awkward silence. At length Brand said:

"Something very serious has happened, Evelyn; and the question is whether, in the interests of the Society, it should not be kept a secret, if it is possible."

"I do not wish to know any secret," Lord Ev-

elyn said, simply. "I am willing to go over to Naples at once, if I can be of any service."

"It is very kind of you; I thought you would say as much," Brand said, still hesitating. "But then I doubt whether you could be of much service unless you understood the whole situation of affairs. At present only two over here know what has occurred—Edwards and myself.... Yes, I think you must know also. Read this letter; it came only last night."

He unlocked a drawer, took out a letter, and gave it to Lord Evelyn, who read it slowly. When he had finished, he put it on the table without a word.

"You understand?" Brand said, calmly. "That means that Lind is to be punished with death, for treachery. Don't think about me; I've had a narrow escape; but I have escaped—thanks to Natalie's courage and decision. What I am concerned about is the effect that such a disclosure might have on the fortunes of the Society. Would it not provoke a wide-spread feeling of distrust? Wouldn't there always be a suspicion—"

"But you yourself, Brand!" Evelyn exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, you—I thought you would have been the first to resign, after such an escape."

"I have fought all through that, Evelyn," he said, absently. "It was my first impulse—I confess it. The thought of being associated with such men sickened me. I despaired; I wished they had never been found out; and that I had been let blindly go on to the end. Well, I got over the fit—with a struggle. It was not reasonable, after all. Surely one's belief in the future of the Society ought to be all the firmer that these black sheep have been thrust out? As for myself, at all events, I ought to have more hope, not less. I never did trust Lind, as you know. I believed in his work, in the usefulness of it, and the prospects of its success; but I never was at ease in his presence; I was glad to get away to my own work in the North. And now, with the way clearer, why should one think of giving up? To tell you the truth, Evelyn, I would give anything to be in America at the present moment, if only Natalie and her mother were in safety. There is a chance for us there bigger than anything Lind ever dreamed about. You know the Granges—the associations of the 'Patrons of Husbandry,' that were founded by the Scotchman Saunders? It is an immense social organization; the success of it has been quite unprecedented; they have an immense power in their hands. And it isn't only agriculture they deal with; they touch on politics here and there; they control elections; and the men they choose are invariably men of integrity. Well, now, don't you see this splendid instrument ready-made? From what I hear from Philadelphia—"

Lord Evelyn's thoughts were elsewhere than in Philadelphia.

"You must tell me about yourself, Brand," he exclaimed. "Your life is no longer in danger, then? How has it happened?"

"Oh," said Brand, somewhat carelessly, "I don't know all the particulars as yet. What I do know is that Natalie and her mother disappeared from London; I had no idea whether they had gone. Then Calabressa turned up; and I heard that Natalie had appealed to the Council—fancy, she, a young girl, had had the courage to go and appeal to the Council! Then Calabressa suspected something—I saw by his questions; then Lind, Beratinsky, and Reitze appear to have been summoned to Naples. The result is in that letter; that is about all I know."

"And these others in there?" said Lord Evelyn, glancing to the door.

"They know nothing at all. That is what I am uncertain about. Whether to leave the disappearance of Lind unaccounted for—merely saying he had been summoned away by the Council; or to let everybody who may hear of it understand that, powerful as he was, he had to succumb to the laws of the Society, and accept the penalty for his error. I am quite uncertain; I have no instructions. You might find out for me in Naples, Evelyn, if you went over there—you might find out what they consider advisable."

"You are in Lind's place, then?"

"Not at all," said he, quickly, and with a slight flush. "Edwards and I are merely keeping the thing going, until matters are settled. Did you notice whether Molyneux was in the next room when you came through?"

"Yes, he was."

"Then excuse me for a minute or two. I want to speak to you further about Naples."

Brand was gone some time; and Lord Evelyn was left to ponder over these strange tidings. To him they were very joyful tidings; for ever since that communication was made to him of the danger that threatened his friend's life, he had been haunted by the recollection that but for him Brand would in all probability have never heard of this association. It was with an infinite sense of personal relief that he now knew this danger was past. Already he saw himself on his way to Naples, to find out the noble girl who had taken so bold a step to save her lover. Not yet had darkness fallen over these two lives.

Brand returned, carefully shut the door after him, and seated himself on a corner of the table.

"You see, Evelyn," he said, quite in his old matter-of-fact way, "I can't pretend to have very much regret over what has happened to Lind. He tried to do me an ill turn, and he has got the worst of it; that is all. On the other hand,

I bear him no malice; you don't want to hurt a man when he is down; I can guess that it isn't the death penalty that he is thinking most of now. I can even make some excuse for him, now that I see the story plain. The temptation was great; always on the understanding that he was against my marrying his daughter, and that I had been sure of for some time. To punish me for not giving up my property, to keep Natalie to him-

self, and to get this difficult duty securely undertaken, all at once: it was worth while trying for. But his way of going about it was shabby. It was a mean trick. Well, there is nothing more to be said on that point: he has played—played a foul game—and lost."

He added, directly afterward,

"So you think you can go to Naples?"

"Certainly," said Evelyn, with promptness. "You don't know how glad I am about this, Brand. If you had come to grief over your relations with this Society, it would have been like a millstone hanging on my conscience all my life. And I shall be delighted to go to Italy for you. I should like to see the look on Natalie's face."

"You will probably find her in great trouble," Brand said, gravely.

"In trouble?"

"Naturally. Don't you see, Evelyn, she could not have foreseen that the result of her appeal would involve the destruction of her father. It is impossible to believe that she could have foreseen that. I know her; she would not have stirred hand or foot. And now that this has been discovered, it is not her father's guilt she will be thinking of; it is his fate, brought about indirectly by herself. You may be sure, Evelyn, she will not be overjoyed at the present moment. All the more reason why one who knows her should be near her; I have no idea what sort of people are about her; I should be more satisfied if I knew you were there."

"I am ready to go; I am ready to start this afternoon, as I say," Evelyn repeated; but then he added, with some hesitation: "But I am not going to play the part of a hypocrite, Brand. I could not pretend to sympathize with her, if that is the cause of her trouble. I should tell her it served her father right."

"You could not be so brutal, if you tried, Evelyn," Brand said. "You might think so. You could not tell her so. But I have no fear. You will be discreet enough, and delicate enough, when you see her."

"And what am I to say from you?"

"From me?" he said. "Oh, you can say I thank her for having saved my life. That will be enough, I think. She will understand the rest."

"I mean, what do you advise her to do? Ought they to return to England?"

"I think so, certainly. Most likely she will be waiting there, trying to get the Council to reverse the sentence. Having been successful in the one case, the poor child may think she ought to succeed in the other. I fear that is too much to expect. However, if she is anxious, she may try. I should like to know there was somebody near her she could rely on—don't you understand, Evelyn?—to see that she is situated and treated as you would like one of your own sisters to be."

"I see what it is, Brand," Lord Evelyn said, laughing; "you are jealous of the foreigners. You think they will be using toothpicks in her presence, and that kind of thing."

"I wish to know that she and her mother are in a good hotel," said Brand, simply, "with proper rooms, and attendance, and—and a carriage—women can't go walking through those beastly streets of Naples. The long and the short of it is, Evelyn," he added, with some embarrassment, as he took out from his pocket-book two blank checks, and sat down at the table and signed them, "I want you to play the part of big brother to them, don't you know. And you will have to exercise skill as well as force. Don't you see, Calabressa is the best of fellows; but he would think nothing of taking them to stay in some vile restaurant, if the proprietor were politically inclined."

"Yes, yes; I see: garlic; cigarettes during breakfast, right opposite the ladies; wine-glasses used as finger-glasses. Well, you are a thorough Englishman, Brand!"

"I suppose, when your sisters are abroad, you see that they are directed to a proper hotel?" said Brand, somewhat angrily.

"I know this," said Evelyn, laughing, "that my sisters, and you, and Calabressa, and myself, all boiled together, wouldn't make half as good a traveller as Natalie Lind is. Don't you believe she has been led away into any slummy place, for the sake of politics or anything else. I will bet she knows the best hotels in Naples as well as you do the Waldegrave Club."

"At any rate, you've got to play the big brother, Evelyn; and it is my affair, of course; I will not allow you to be out of pocket by it. Here are two checks; you can fill them in over there when you see how matters stand; —, at Rome, will cash them."

"Do you mean to say I have to pay their hotel bills?"

"If they have plenty of money, certainly not. But you must find out. You must take the bull by the horns. It is far more likely that they have so little money that they may be becoming anxious. Then you must use a firm hand—I mean with Natalie. Her mother will acquiesce. And you can tell Natalie that if she would buy something—some dress, or something—for the mother of old Calabressa, who is still living—at Spezia, I think—she would make the old chap glad. And that would be a mark of my gratitude also; you see, I have never had even the chance of thanking him as yet."

Lord Evelyn rose.

"Very well," said he, "I will send you a report of my mission. How am I to find them?"

"You must find them through Calabressa," he said, "for I have not got their address. So you can start this evening?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then I will telegraph at once to Calabressa to let them know you are coming. Mind you, I am very grateful to you, Evelyn; though I wish I was going in your stead."

Lord Evelyn got some further instructions as to how he was to discover Calabressa on his ar-

rival in Naples; and that evening he began his journey to the South. He set out, indeed, with a light heart. He knew that Natalie would be glad to have a message from England.

At Genoa he had to break the journey for a day, having some commission to perform on behalf of the Society: this was a parting bequest from Gathorne Edwards. Then on again; and in due time he entered Naples.

He scarcely noticed, as he entered the vehicle and drove away to his hotel, what barefooted lads outside the station were bawling, as they offered the afternoon papers to the newly arrived passengers. What interest had he in Zaccatelli?

But what the news vendors were calling aloud was this:

"The death of the Cardinal Zaccatelli—death of Zaccatelli—the death of the Cardinal Zaccatelli."

CHAPTER LVII.

FAREWELL!

"NATALUSHKA," said the tender and anxious mother, laying her hand on the girl's head, "you must bestir yourself. If you let grief eat into your heart like that, you will become ill; and what shall we do then, in a strange hotel? You must bestir yourself, and put away those sad thoughts of yours. I can only tell you again and again that it was none of your doing. It was the act of the Council; how could you help it? And how can you help it now? My old friend Stefan says it is beyond recall. Come, Natalushka, you must not blame yourself; it is the Council, not you, who have done this; and no doubt they think they acted justly."

Natalie did not answer. She sighed slightly. Her eyes were turned toward the blue waters beyond the Castello dell' Ovo.

"Child," the mother continued, "we must leave Naples."

"Leave Naples!" the girl cried, with a sudden look of alarm. "Having done nothing—having tried nothing?" Then she added, in a lower voice, "Well, yes, mother, I suppose it is true what they say, that one can do nothing by remaining. Perhaps—perhaps we ought to go. And yet it is terrible."

She shivered slightly as she spoke.

"You see, Natalushka," her mother said, determined to distract her attention somehow, "this is an expensive hotel; we must be thinking of what money we have left to take us back. We have been here some time; and it is a costly journey, all the way to England."

"Oh, but not to England—not to England, mother!" Natalie exclaimed, quickly.

"Why not to England, then?"

"Anywhere else, mother," the daughter pleaded. "If you wish it, we will go away. No doubt General Von Zoesch knows best; there is no hope. We will go away from Naples, mother; and—and you know I shall not be much of a tax on you. We will live very cheaply somewhere; and perhaps I could help a little by teaching music, as Madame Potecki does. Whenever you wish it, I am ready to go."

"But why not to England, Natalushka?"

"I can not tell you, mother."

you, and it appears a beautiful dream—anxious sometimes, and troubled, but always with a golden future before it that almost bewildered the eyes. And what am I to say of your goodness, so unvarying and constant, and your thoughtfulness, and your great unselfishness and outspokenness? When was there the least misunderstanding between us? I could read your heart like my own. Only once, you remember, was there a chance of a shadow coming between us—through my own folly; and yet perhaps it was only natural for a girl, fancying that everything was going to be smooth and happy in her life, to look back on what she had said in times of trouble, and to be afraid of having spoken with too little reserve. But then you refused to have even the slightest lovers' quarrel; you laughed away my folly: do you wonder if I was more than ever glad that I had given my life into your wise and generous guidance? And it is not now, when I am speaking to you for the last time, that I can regret having let you know what my feelings were toward you. Oh, my darling, you must not imagine, because these words that I am writing are cold and formal, that my heart beats any the less quickly when I think of you and the days we were together. I said to you that I loved you; I say to you now that I love you, with my whole heart; and I have no feeling of shame. If you were here I would look into your face and repeat it—I think without a blush; I would kiss you; I would tell you that I honor you; that I had looked forward to giving you all the trust and affection and devotion of a wife. That is because I have faith in you; my soul is open and clear to you; read, and if you can find there anything but admiration for your nobleness of heart, and earnest hopes for your happiness, and gratitude to you for all your kindness, then, and not otherwise, shall I have cause for shame.

"Now I have to send you my last word of good-bye."

She had borne up so far; but now she put the pen aside, and bent her head down on to her hands, and her frame was shaken with her sobbing. When she resumed, she could scarcely see for the bitter tears that kept welling to her eyes.

"—and you will think, looking at these cold words on the paper, that it was easy for me to do so. It has not been so easy. I pray God to bless you, and to keep you brave and true and unselfish, and give you happiness in the success of your work. And I ask a line from you in reply—not sad, but something that I may look at from time to time, and that will make me believe you have plenty of interests and hopes in the world, and that you do not altogether regret that you and I met, and were friends for a time. NATALIE."

This was a strange thing: she took another sheet of paper, and slowly and with a trembling hand wrote on it these words—"Your Wife." That was all; no doubt it was the signature she had hoped one day to use. She regarded it long, and earnestly, and sadly; until, indeed, she could not see it for the tears that rose afresh into her eyes. Then she tore up the piece of paper hastily, folded her letter, and addressed it, without sealing the envelope, and carried it into the other room.

"Read it, mother," she said, and she turned to the window to conceal her tear-stained face.

The mother opened the letter, and glanced at it. "You forget, child," she said, "I know so little English. Tell me what it is you have written."

So she was forced to turn. And apparently, as she spoke, she was quite calm; but there was a darkness underneath her eyes; and there was in her look something of the worn, sad expression of her mother's face. Briefly and simply she repeated the substance of the letter, giving no reasons or justifications. She seemed to take it for granted that her decision was unavoidable, and would be seen to be so by every one.

"Natalushka," the mother said, looking anxiously at the troubled face, "do you know what you are about to do? It is an act of expiation—for something you have not committed."

"Could I do otherwise?" she said. "You, mother—would you have me think of a marriage procured through my father's death? It is too horrible."

"My poor child, are you to have no happier life than I have had, after all? When I used to see you, I used to say to myself, 'Ah, my little Natalushka will never know what has befallen me; she will have a happy life.' I could see you laughing as you walked in the gardens there. You looked so pleased, so content, so bright and cheerful. And now you also are to have a life of disappointment and sad memories."

"Oh, you must not talk like that, mother," the girl said, hastily, in a low voice. "Have I not you with me? We shall always be together, shall we not? And you know we shall not have time for brooding over what is past; we shall have much to do; we must make a pleasant small home somewhere. Oh, there are many, many people far worse off in the world than we are. So you must think of getting away from Naples, mother; and think of where you would like to live; and where I should be most likely to be able to earn a little. The years will teach us to forget; and—and—And now you know why I do not wish to go back to England."

Her eyes were cast down; but she was forcing herself to speak quite cheerfully.

"You see, mother, my knowing English is a great advantage. If we were to go to one of the towns on the Riviera, like Nice or Mentone, where so many English families are, one might get pupils who would want to learn English songs as well as Italian and German."

"Yes, yes, Natalushka; but I am not going to have you slave for me. The little allowance that my cousins send me will do very well for us two, though you will not get so fine dresses. Then, you see, Natalushka, Mentone or Nice would be a dear place to live in."

"Very well, mother," said the girl, with the same apparent cheerfulness, "I will go down and post my letter, and at the same time get the loan of a guide-book. Then we shall study the maps, and pick out a nice, quiet, remote little place, where we can live—and forget."

She passed into the hall, and went to the bureau for some postage stamps. As she stood there, some one, unperceived, came up to her. It was Calabressa.

"Little daughter," said he, in a trembling voice.

She uttered a slight cry, and shrank back.

"Little daughter," said he, holding out his hand.

But some strange instinct possessed her. She could not avoid touching his hand—or the tips of his fingers, rather—for one brief second; then she turned away from him with an involuntary shudder, and went back through the hall, her head bent down. Calabressa stood looking after her for a moment or two; then he turned and left the hotel.

He walked out to Posillipo. Near the villa where he had formerly sought the representatives of the Council he passed an old woman who was selling fruit by the road-side. She glanced up at him, and said,

"The door is closed, signore."

"The door must be opened, good mother," said he, scarcely regarding her as he hurried on.

Arrived in the garden of the villa, his summons brought out to the entrance of the grotto the Secretary Granaglia, who somewhat impatiently told him that it was quite impossible that any member of the Council should see him.

"And no doubt it is about that Lind affair?"

"Indirectly only," Calabressa said. "No, it concerns myself mostly."

"Quite enough time, the Council thinks, has been given to the Lind affair. I can tell you, my friend, there are more important matters stirring. Now farewell; I am wanted within."

However, by dint of much persuasion, Calabressa got Granaglia to take in a message to Von Zoesch. And, sure enough, his anticipations were correct; the good-natured, bluff old soldier made his appearance, and seemed glad to get a breath of fresh air for a minute or two.

"Well, well, Calabressa, what is it now? Are not you all satisfied?—the young lady with her sweetheart, and all that? You rogue! you guessed pretty rightly; to tell them the news was no light matter; but by-and-by she will become reconciled. Her lover is to be envied; she is a beautiful child, and she has courage. Well, are they not satisfied?"

"I crave your pardon, Excellency, for intruding upon you," Calabressa said, in a sort of constrained voice. "It is my own affair that brings me here. I shall not waste your time. Your Excellency, I claim to be substitute for Ferdinand Lind."

The tall soldier burst out laughing.

"What the devil is the matter with you, Calabressa? have you gone mad?"

For a second Calabressa stood silent; his eyes downcast; his fingers working nervously with the cap he held in his hands.

"Your Excellency," he said, as if struggling to repress some emotion, "it is a simple matter. I have been to see the beautiful child you speak of; I addressed her, in the hall of the hotel; she turned away from me, shuddering, as if I were a murderer—from me, who love her more than I love life. Oh, your Excellency, do not smile at it; it is not a girlish caprice; she has a noble heart; it is not a little thing that would make her cruel. I know what she thinks—that I have been the means of procuring her father's death. Be it so. I will give her father his life again. Take mine—what do I care?"

"Nonsense, nonsense, my Calabressa. The girl has bewitched you. One must talk to her. Take your life in exchange for that of Lind? Pooh! We can not send good men after bad; you are too valuable to us; whereas he, if he were released, could be of no more use at all. It is a generous notion on your part, friend Calabressa; but it is Quixotic. Moreover, impossible."

"You forget, Excellency, that I can claim it," said Calabressa, firmly. "Under Article Five I can claim to be the substitute for Ferdinand Lind. Your Excellency yourself has not the power to refuse me. I call upon you to release Lind from the death penalty; to-morrow I will take his place; then you can send a message to—Natalie Berezoly's daughter, that, if I have wronged her, I have made amends."

"Friend Calabressa," said Von Zoesch, in a kindly way, "it seems as if you had transferred your old love for Natalie Berezoly to Natalie's daughter, only with double intensity. But, you see, we must not allow you to sacrifice yourself merely because a girl turns her heel on you. It is not to be thought of. We can not afford to lose you; besides, it is monstrous that the innocent should suffer, and the guilty go free—"

"The articles of the Society, your Excellency—"

"That particular article, my Calabressa, was framed with a view to encourage self-sacrifice and generosity, no doubt; but not with a view, surely, to any such extreme madness as this. No. The fact is, I had no time to explain the circumstances of the case to the young lady, or I could easily have shown her how you were no more involved than herself in procuring the decree against her father. To-day I can not; to-morrow I can not; the day after to-morrow, I solemnly assure you, I will see her, and reason with her, and convince her that you have acted throughout as her best friend only could have done. You are too sensitive, my Calabressa: ah, is it not the old romance recalled that is making you so? But this I promise you, that she shall beg your pardon for having turned away from you."

"Then," said Calabressa, with a little touch of indignant pride—"then your Excellency imagines that it is my vanity that has been wounded?"

"No. It is your heart. And she will be sorry for having pained a true friend; is not that as it should be? Why, your proposal: if she agreed to it, what would be the result? You would stab her with remorse. For this momentary slight you would say: 'See, I have killed myself. Learn now that Calabressa loved you.' But that would be very like revenge, my Calabressa, and you ought not to think of taking revenge on the daughter of Natalie Berezoly."

"Your Excellency—" Calabressa was about to protest; but he was stopped.

"Leave it to me, my friend. The day after to-morrow we shall have more leisure. Meanwhile no more thoughts of Quixotism. Addio!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NATIVE ORCHIDS.

MANY of our readers have no doubt seen at floricultural exhibitions and in large private collections of plants those curious and strange forms of plant life known as orchids, or air plants. The latter term is not, however, applicable to all the family, as many of them are terrestrial, growing in the earth as other plants do. Among our native plants are found many examples of the family growing in bogs, pasture-lands, and on mountains and hill-sides. Numbers of these are susceptible of cultivation if they have the proper surroundings, and as much attention paid to their culture as we ordinarily pay to plants of much inferior interest and value. Their rarity and the beauty and singularity of their flowers commend them to those who take a real interest in the cultivation of plants. We therefore urge upon such of our readers as enjoy this delightful pursuit to make collections of them, and attempt their cultivation. The mere collecting of them will be a source of pleasure, because it involves healthful and enjoyable rambles in wood and field at a season when the summer heats are not yet overpowering, and insect life in the shape of mosquitoes not annoying.

As regards their cultivation no definite rules can be given, the best hints therefor being afforded by the habitat of the species, and its relative situation as to sunshine or shade, some growing in close moist woods, in peaty soil, among sphagnum moss, and others at the other extreme, being found in open fields, growing in loamy soil among the grass.

In order to direct those who may wish to attempt their cultivation, we give a list and short description of some of the leading species, and the situations in which they are most generally found. Some of them are quite rare, and will require some search to find them, and if not obtainable in one's own neighborhood, may have to be procured through the agency of some friend living in the neighborhood of the locality where they grow. Nearly if not all of them can be successfully taken up when they are in bloom, taking care to preserve a ball of earth to the roots, and not allowing them to be wilted or dried by the sun or wind in transporting them.

The genus *Cypripedium*, commonly known as lady's-slipper or moccasin-flower, from its fancied resemblance to lady's shoe or to a moccasin, is very widely disseminated throughout the country. We often see specimens of the exotic species exhibited at the floricultural exhibitions, where they are much admired for the beauty and singular appearance of their flowers.

C. spectabile, which is, perhaps, the finest of our native species, is found throughout the Eastern, Northern, Middle, and Western States, from Maine to Wisconsin, growing in low meadows and peat bogs, particularly in the mountainous sections. The leaves somewhat resemble those of the white hellebore; the flowers, sometimes two and three on a stem two feet high, are very large, purple, with the lower lip, or toe of the shoe, white, with red veins and crimson spots inside. Flowers in July.

C. pubescens is found in bogs, low damp woods, and also in sunny, fertile hills, generally in rocky places. It is more common in the Northern and Western States than in the Eastern States. The leaves are large and hairy, or pubescent, whence its name. The flower-stems are about two feet high, sometimes with two flowers; the upper petals are greenish-yellow, with red spots; lower lip pale yellow. It flowers in May and June, and is very showy species.

C. arietinum, or ram's-head flower, is a very curious and rare species, found in sphagnum swamps and damp woods from Maine to Wisconsin. The leaves are nearly smooth; the flower-stem from six to twelve inches high, producing a single flower in June. The upper petals are of a greenish-brown color, the lip white, with crimson veins. This is of a curious pointed shape, so that when looked at in front it resembles a sheep's head, the two lateral petals above answering for the horns.

C. acaule grows in evergreen woods, either dry or moist, and in shady rocky places among them. The flower-stem is from six to twelve inches high; flower large, of a pale purple color, and sometimes nearly white. It flowers in May and June.

C. parviflorum is a somewhat common species, growing in rich, low woods, flowering in May and June. The flowers, which are fragrant, are borne on a stem about a foot high; the upper petals are brownish-purple, the lip bright yellow with brown spots.

C. candidum is a rare species, found in low grounds in Pennsylvania and westward. The flower-stem is from five to ten inches; the upper petals of the flower are greenish-white, the lip white. It produces only one flower on the stem.

The roots of all our native cypripediums are fibrous and tufted.

Platanthera, or false orchis, is a rather plentiful genus, there being sixteen or more species found growing in the Northern, Eastern, Western, and Middle States. We shall only notice the

most beautiful of them. These have a spur to the flower somewhat like that of a larkspur.

P. ciliaris, or yellow fringed orchis, is a very beautiful species, growing in bogs and wet places, and also in old meadows and dried-up swamps. It is rather rare northward, but becomes more common southward. It grows from eighteen inches to two feet high, having a short spike of very handsome, bright yellow flowers, the flat lip of which is edged with a fringe at least a quarter of an inch long. The roots consist of fleshy fibres. It flowers in July and August.

P. blephariglottis, white fringed orchis, grows in low swampy places and on the edges of ponds, and is more common northward than the preceding species. The flower-stems are about a foot high, the flowers white and very beautiful, produced in June and July. Roots as in the above species.

P. psycodes grows in low bogs and mountain meadows, and is somewhat common. The flower-stem is about two feet high, bearing a spike about six inches long of fringed purple flowers, which are very beautiful. Roots fleshy.

P. fimbriata is found in wet meadows from New England to Pennsylvania, where it is a rare species, but becomes more plentiful northward. The flowers are much larger than those of the preceding species, but of a paler color. Stem two feet high. It flowers in June.

P. peramana is found in moist meadows and banks in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and southward. The flower-stem is from two to four feet high. The flowers are very large and showy, of a violet-purple color. They are not fringed, but only deeply incised or cut on the edges of the petals. It flowers in August.

P. dilatata is a common species northward, growing in peat bogs. Flower-stems from ten to eighteen inches high, with spikes of white flowers, which are produced in June and July.

P. leucophaea, a species found in Ohio and westward. The flower-stem is from two to four feet high, with a spike of large flowers about a foot long. They are of a dull white color, with a thread-like fringe on the edges. It blooms in July.

Orchis spectabilis, a somewhat common species, growing on hills in rich woods, in shady, rocky places. It grows from four to six inches high, flowering in May. The flowers are white and purple, and very handsome. The roots are thick fleshy fibres.

Gymnadenia flava grows in the pine-barrens of New Jersey, and southward. The flower-stem is about fifteen inches high, bearing a dense spike of orange-colored flowers. Roots are very fleshy, sometimes tuber-like.

Calypso borealis, a very beautiful species, found well to the northward, from Nova Scotia to the Columbia River, and also in Vermont and Northern New York. It is very rare. The flowers resemble those of a cypripedium, and are quite showy, being variegated with yellow and purple. The root is a solid bulb, growing in moss. It may be difficult to cultivate, but should not be more so than many of our exotic orchids. It flowers in May.

Corallorrhiza multiflora, coral-root, is rather common, and is found growing about the roots of trees in woods. The flower-stem is from ten to eighteen inches high, and produces rather large brownish or purplish flowers, with a whitish lip spotted with crimson. It flowers in August and September. Another species, *C. odontorhiza*, is found in similar situations, but is not quite so common. The roots are very much branched, and are probably somewhat parasitical, fastening themselves to the roots of the trees under which they grow.

Aplectrum hyemale, putty-root, Adam and Eve. This is a very curious plant. It is rather rare, and grows in rich mould in woods. The flower-stem is about a foot high, the flowers greenish-brown or purple, with a whitish speckled lip. The root is a solid bulb or corm, sometimes an inch in diameter. A bulb is produced every year, but lasts for three years, when it dries up. The roots are fibrous, so that two or three roots of different ages may be found coupled together. Hence its name of Adam and Eve. The bulbs are very glutinous, and are used by country people, when bruised and a little water added, as a cement for glass and china ware. It is said to be very durable. From being thus used it is called putty-root.

Arethusa bulbosa is another of the bulbous-rooted sorts, found growing in bogs and sphagnum swamps. It is a low-growing plant, producing a very beautiful purple sweet-scented flower an inch or two long. It flowers in May.

Pogonia ophioglossoides, adder's-tongue, a common species, growing in bogs and sphagnum swamps, flowering in June and July. The flowers are about an inch long, pale purple, generally only one on a stem, but sometimes two or three, and are very handsome, being beautifully fringed. The root is composed of thick fibres.

P. pendula is a rarer species than the above, with oblong, tuberous roots; found in rich woods from Vermont westward. It flowers in August and September. The flowers are whitish, ting

Lace Bonnet.

The edge of this bonnet is bound with dark red satin merveilleux, which is pleated on the front and sides, and plain in the back, and, turned on the inside, forms a facing for the brim. The binding is bordered on the outside by a row of gold braid folded lengthwise through the middle, which projects from under the black chip that covers the remaining part of the brim. The crown is covered with box-pleated black lace three inches wide. The bonnet is trimmed with a bow of red satin ribbon, two shaded red ostrich feathers, and a comb with a filigree top, which is inserted among the lace. The strings are of black satin ribbon, two inches and a half wide, and are fastened on the crown under the trimming.

Chip and Satin Bonnet.

The brim of this bonnet is composed of alternate bands of brown and straw-colored chip, and is joined to a stiff crown covered with brown satin. The back of the brim forms a ravers, which is faced with brown velvet, and a bias band of similar material an inch and a half wide is set along the inside of the remaining part in such a manner as to form a narrow piping at the outer edge. The velvet band is covered by a frill of brown satin ribbon laid in double box pleats, and set on under a shirred band of straw-colored ribbon; the seam of the latter is concealed under a strip of brown velvet. Brown satin ribbon two inches wide, the ends of which form strings that are tied in the back, is brought across the front of the crown. A rosette-like bow of brown and straw-colored ribbon at each side, a brown ostrich tip falling across the ravers in the back, and a bouquet of roses, forget-me-nots, and wheat at the front, compose the trimming.

Caps and Hood, Figs. 1-6.

For the cap Fig. 1, a brim fourteen inches long and three inches wide is cut of black stiff net, and sloped along one side for the front from the middle to the ends, which are left an inch and a half wide. The brim is edged with wire, and bound with black taffeta ribbon. On this brim are arranged in the manner shown in the illustration loops of red satin ribbon two inches and a half wide, and a circular piece of white figured tulle surrounded with lace two inches and a half wide. The cap is secured to the head by ends of elastic attached to the ends of the brim, one end furnished with a button, and the other with a loop.

The foundation of the cap Fig. 2 consists of a brim of black stiff net which is pointed at the middle of the front, and to which is attached a net-like crown made of black dotted tulle. This crown is hemmed in the back to form a shirr, through which an elastic braid is run. A scarf of tulle edged with blonde lace is arranged on the crown. The trimming consists of ruches of blonde lace, loops and ends of lilac satin ribbon, and a half-wreath composed of leaves made of similar ribbon. The strings, which are tied in the back, are made of lilac satin ribbon covered with gathered tulle, and edged with blonde lace.

The shawl which is shown on the head in Fig. 3, and opened out in Fig. 6, is worked with a single thread of black mohair wool in a design composed of close and open shells, similar to that of the three-cornered shawl shown on page 812, *Bazar* No. 51, Vol. XIII. To make it, begin with a foundation 68 inches long, and work 25 rounds on it according to the description given for the three-cornered shawl, then continue the work as follows: 26th round.—Work alternately 2 close shells, one on each side of the close shell in the preceding round, and 2 open shells. 27th round.—Work as in the 25th round, bringing the close shell between the 2 close shells in the preceding round. The 28th, 29th, and 30th rounds are composed of open or chain stitch shells only. For the 31st through the 38th round, repeat twice from the 25th through the 28th round, transposing the pattern. 39th and 40th rounds.—Work as in the 25th and 26th rounds. 41st round.—Alternately 1 close and 1 open shell, bringing a close shell between every 2 close shells in the preceding round. 42d round.—Work as in the 40th round, transposing the pattern. 43d round.—Alternately 1 open and 1 close shell, working each open shell that comes above 2 close shells in the preceding round with 5 ch. (chain stitch) instead of 3 ch. 44th round.—Alternately 2 close shells, one on each side of the open shell, consisting of 3 ch. in the preceding round, and 2 open shells, worked with 4 ch. instead of 3 ch. 45th round.—Work successively 1 close shell between the next 2 close shells in the preceding round, 6 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the 4th st. (stitch) in the next open shell, 2 sc. on the following 2 st., 6 ch., 1 sc. on the middle dc. (double crochet) of the next 5. 46th round.—Work as in the 44th round, bringing the 2 close shells at the sides of the close shell in the preceding round. 47th round.—Work as in the 43d round, working alternately 1 of the open shells with 5 ch., and the following 3 with 3 ch. each. 48th round.—Work as in the 44th round, working the 2 open shells that come above one in the preceding round composed of 5 ch. with 4 ch., the remaining ones with only 3 ch. 49th round.—Work as in the 45th round, bringing the 2 open shells consisting of 6 ch. each above the 2 open shells in the preceding round consisting of 4 ch., and 2 open shells separated by 1 close shell above the other 2 open shells in the preceding round. 50th round.—Alternately 2 close shells separated by 2 open shells consisting of 4 ch., each above the 2 shells in the preceding round consisting of 6 ch. each, and 4 open shells. 51st round.—Alternately 1 open and 1 close shell, bringing an



Fig. 1.—Cap of Lace and Ribbon.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

same illustration shows the manner of working the four figures in point de reprise which form the star at the centre, and the row of punto tirato knots and small wheels which defines the inscribed square. When the inner circle of a rosette is complete, the foundation is laid for the outer part in a similar manner, and the lace-work is executed according to Fig. 6. The remaining rosettes and parts of rosettes are worked in the same manner, and each is edged in button-hole stitch in which picots are worked at regular intervals, as shown in Fig. 6. The lace-work for the collar, and that for the cuffs, which is worked in a similar manner, is applied on fine linen, as shown in the illustration, which is cut away from under it along the button-hole stitch edge.

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MY LOVE.

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIZZIE LORTON OF GREYRIGG," "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "FROM DREAMS TO WAKING," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

"OTHER EYES."

THE curtain had drawn up, and the new act of the drama had begun. There was a dead silence among the guests. Mr. Branscombe, who had heard nothing of Cyril's misdemeanor before this moment, was startled, and looked at his daughter quite naturally, not having had time to take up an attitude or to put himself into any kind of moral pose. He was anxious to see how Stella would bear herself, but he did not feel able to give her any note of direction. She must get out of the scrape in the best way she could, and only when it was all over would he come in with his final flourish. Randolph Mackenzie, near Hortensia, turned all manner of colors, his whole being thrilled with pain for Stella, and with indignation against Georgie Pennefather, and Hortensia's prim little face became rigid and rather red, as befitted a tender-souled and virtuous Evangeline before whom naughty subjects were discussed. For the rest, they merely held their breath and listened, while Dr. Quigley, appearing to be absorbed in a book of photographs, kept his eyes fixed on Stella, looking up sideways from under his bushy brows.

"It would be very dreadful indeed, if it were true," said Stella, in a low but perfectly distinct voice, standing there, with her head slightly bent, and her eyes fixed and steady, a little too self-composed and nerved for perfect simplicity of "parry." She was evidently prepared for the attack, and was not taken by surprise.

"Oh, it is true enough. Jack knows all about it," said Gip. "And hasn't he made good use of his time, just? He has not worn the willow for those he left behind him, whatever other people may have done. But, after all, wearing the willow is out of fashion now—isn't it, Stella?"

Again wild, forced, rude kind of laugh gave extra point and meaning to her words, and again the room heard and understood, and watched in silence for more to come.

"Is it?" said Stella, quietly. "I suppose constancy—for that is what you mean by wearing the willow, is it not?—is as much the fashion now as it ever was with some, and as little so with others."

"Those 'some' don't lodge here," said Gip.

"Don't they?" said Stella, with an admirable appearance of sublime indifference.

"I don't think you need ask," said Georgie Pennefather, sharply, glancing at Valentine with her bold black eyes showering down on him an infinite of fiery reproach.

"No," said Stella. "The whole question does not belong to me in any way. I have nothing to do with it."

Georgie was baffled. She had been met by that impenetrable smoothness which causes all the arrows to glance off into space, and which turns the point of all the spears; and even she, reckless as she was, dared not cast conventional politeness so entirely to the winds as to attack the girl of whom she was jealous at too close quarters.

"At all events," she said, going back to the point which she knew to be vulnerable, though she could not see the wound—"at all events, Cyril Ponsonby has shown what he is made of. He can not lay claim to confidence, or even to common honor. A man spooning a young married woman! Horrible! disgraceful! At least I think so, if you don't, Stella!"

"I should think so too, if I believed it to be true," said Stella. "But I do not believe it," she repeated, this time even more firmly than before.

Augusta touched her foot beneath her gown; Mr. Branscombe twisted his mustache in a nervous and irritated manner; Colonel Moneypenny bent over to Augusta Latrobe, and whispered: "What a noble creature! Ah! how few would do as she has dared to do!"

But in saying this he thought of himself and the fair widow's advocacy of him, and belief in him, should he be attacked in her presence and slandered in his own absence. He did not think of Sandro Kemp, say; nor would he have called it noble in her had she defended that obnoxious designer of walls and ceilings. Valentine Cowley bit his lip, as his manner was when annoyed, and very heartily in his own mind consigned Cyril Ponsonby and Georgie Pennefather to the infernal deities together. Dr. Quigley, still watching and looking, made up his mind as to the meaning of the whole affair; and Randolph had a curiously mixed feeling of admiration, sympathy, sorrow, and something quite undefinable to himself—something that made him rejoice at Val Cowley's discomfiture, and yet feel sorry and disappointed somehow; but why he did not know and could not for the life of him understand. Mean-

while Stella stood there quite quietly, alone in her advocacy, and yet quite sufficiently supported.

Then Dr. Quigley came up to her and said, in his slow, measured way:

"You are quite right, Miss Stella, not to believe ill words of an old friend. I don't believe a word of it all! There is some mistake somewhere, or it is merely the ordinary gossip of a small station where people have nothing better to do than pick holes in each other's coats, and make nothing into something. Cyril Ponsonby is not the fellow to make love to another man's wife."

"No, he is not," said Randolph, from the other side of the room. "The story is either a mistake or an exaggeration; I am sure of that."

Her two supporters nearly broke down Stella's guard. She had borne both loneliness and opposition in her advocacy with grand constancy; but when it came to help, and the rallying of shield-bearers, she was nearly overcome. Still, she had managed to control herself for pride's sake; and she did manage to keep her face set as before. And then others, who had been taken by surprise in the beginning, and who had held their breath in expectation of the drama to come, began to talk among themselves, as people will, no matter what is afloat, after the first few moments of silent excitement. The sharpness of the interest was blunted by the inevitable egotism of human nature, and the whole thing passed off into the noise and movement of an ordinary evening party.

But when they were arranging their charades, Val said to Gip, in a kind of aside:

"I did not think you had it in you, Gip! If any one had told me, I would have denied it on your behalf."

"What?" asked Gip, with the most innocent manner in the world.

"Such abominable cruelty! I hate to see such cruelty from one girl to another. It was really too mean of you to take such an advantage. I could not understand you, Gip. I do not understand you."

Valentine spoke hurriedly, with scarcely suppressed excitement, and evident annoyance of a graver kind than the occasion seemed to warrant, seeing that he was originally Gip's friend and only later adherent of Stella's.

"You will take her part, of course," said Gip, with an odd mixture of defiance and discomfort.

Valentine turned his eyes right into hers.

"Any one would take her part," he answered.

"Oh, if you are as much gone as that, I have no more to say!" said Gip, with flashing eyes and a little quiver about her lips. "I didn't know that you had come spoons as far as that."

"Nonsense, Gip! and you know it is nonsense! It has nothing to do with being gone or coming spoons," said Valentine, angrily. "It was simply a case of ordinary feeling, ordinary womanly delicacy and compassion. It was an unprovoked attack from first to last, and I can only say I am sorry for it. I would not have believed such a thing of you unless I had heard it with my own ears."

And on this he turned away, while Gip's quick-beating and accusing heart said, "Did I do wrong?" the faintest echo of "Yes" whispered by her conscience breaking through the louder "No" of her jealousy and wrath. That "Yes" would have to be spoken in a more distinct voice yet before she would be brought to the grace of penitence and the nobility of confession; if, indeed, she should ever be so brought—ever be so far humbled. Crying "peccavi" and "mea culpa" in earnest was not much in Georgie Pennefather's experience. Up to now she had never been so deeply stirred as to be led to do a serious wrong. Her peccadilloes hitherto had been of a very insignificant and superficial kind, and it was very easy to say, "I'm awfully sorry!" for a mistake which had not been intended, and which had not been very damaging when made. When it came to the acknowledgment of evil thoughts, and repentance for a cruel action, that was another matter altogether. The smoke of the battle must clear away before you can bury your dead; and passions must be subdued before you can feel that while under their influence you have wronged another, and so come into the clearer light of consciousness of sin and avowal of your fault.

There was, however, just so much sense of wrong-doing in Gip as made her say that night, when she and Pip, in blue slippers and crimson flannel dressing-gowns, were talking over the events of the evening:

"Was I a brute to Stella, Pip? I was wild against her!—but was I a brute?"

"Well, you were a little rough on her, I must say," said Pip, with the air of one who is sorry to condemn, but who can not help herself. "If I was, she is a sneak, and deserved it," said Gip, tearing at her embroidery with vigor.

Then she burst into a curious fit of crying, alternating with a wild and harsh kind of laughter, that rather frightened as well as shocked Pattie, and made her think for the moment that her twin Dove had gone mad. But this unwonted hysterical attack soon passed; and after they had both agreed that Stella was a sneak, as Gip had said, and that Val was an awful idiot to be taken in by her, and that it was downright horrid in a girl to pretend to be constant to one man when she was doing everything she could to get hold of another, they felt a great deal easier in their minds. All the same, Pattie repeated, sorrowfully:

"But you were awfully rough on her, Georgie, and I was sorry; for it is such awfully bad form, you know, to be nasty like that before such a lot of people!"

To which Georgie answered, with an evanescent gleam of repentance on her flushed little face:

"I'm awfully sorry if I gave it her too hot. She deserved it, but I did not want to be a brute."

"But you were," said Pattie, with grave regret.

"If I was, Val slated me hard enough. So we may cry quits over that!" said Gip, her gleam of repentance passing into space, and her naughty passions once more triumphant.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

THE only effect which Georgie Pennefather's ill-timed attack had on Valentine Cowley was to make him still more tenderly devoted to Stella, and doubly anxious to take that place of spiritual brother which conceals so much more than it confesses, and gives so much more than it asks. So far the poor Dove had taken nothing, and had lost a great deal, by her imprudent outburst; but after that first "slating," as the vulgar little creature called it, Valentine said no more, and cut the ground of complaint from under the feet of his former playfellow by his almost rude rollick, his rough gayety, when they were together. It was rough that was forced and gayety that was assumed; and Gip, who was by no means remarkable for either sensitiveness or perspicacity, saw through the veil, and resented the attempt to blind her as much as she had resented the process of making Stella's soul. She was scarcely like herself in these later days; and from the most easy-going, joyous, unconcerned kind of modern slang-loving Thalia, developed into a very fury, always more or less in a bad humor, and alternating between shrill impertinence and gloomy sulks. She made even her own family feel the sudden change that had been wrought in her—a change for which Valentine Cowley alone was responsible, and the effect of which should by rights have been confined to him. But she was too sore, poor little creature, to be wise or just; and the fox which she had carried so bravely in the beginning had by now leaped out and shown his cruel muzzle to more than one on-looker.

As far as Stella herself was concerned, she would have rejoiced to have given back her chum to curly-headed Gip, and to have freed herself from the shaping hand of her would-be Prometheus. Yet how could she? Mr. Branscombe's admiration for this ideal youth, himself restored to adolescence, was so openly expressed and so strongly marked, his invitations were so frequent and so warmly given, and his occupations so unfortunately peremptory when the young fellow did come to Rose Hill, that Stella was thrown more and more in his way, and with less than ever of outside interference. All Highwood said that it was a case, and Miss Stella was doing better than might have been expected for a young lady who had been publicly engaged and as publicly cast aside; but some more astute shook their heads and said: "No; that was not it. It was the father, not the daughter—a case of settlements, not of inconstancy."

The one who suffered most of all—even more than Stella, for she was protected by her own heart, her own consciousness of impossibility—was poor Randolph. He was miserable, and almost without knowing why. He could scarcely flatter himself now that he was Cyril's lieutenant, holding the ground sacred because his friend had planted there his flag. After all that had been said by Jack Pennefather, with that axiom about fire and smoke echoing in his ears, and after the unsatisfactory and reckless letters which he himself had received, he could not pretend to believe that the thing had any life in it now, or that the future had any hope. Nevertheless, he gloomed and watched and wandered about Prometheus and his version of Psyche, with a ferocious kind of care that more than ever brought him into trouble. It made Valentine furious and Stella embarrassed, and brought down on his intrusive mate Mr. Branscombe's elegant ferule with a force that made even the poor grub smart. But nothing in the way of castigation had any lasting effect on him. He was still the jostling and ubiquitous watch-dog to the office of which he had devoted himself, and if at times he embarrassed Stella, at times he helped and protected her. And one success wiped off the score of twenty failures. When he saw the dear troubled eyes brighten as he came into the room where she sat alone with Valentine, listening to love so thinly disguised as to be recognizable even by her, anxious as she was not to hear and not to see, he felt then that he had established his claim and given a reason for his existence. If she had really wanted Val Cowley's attentions, well, then he would have been broken-hearted, and would have retired. He should have lost his faith in her, and by her in womankind in general; but he would not have stood in her way. As things were, with the troubled eyes becoming bright when he entered and interrupted, he was satisfied with himself, and full of determination to go on as he had begun.

One day, indeed, he went so far as to leave his "work" for the sake of cutting short a tête-à-tête which he knew was taking place in the drawing-room. And when he went in, making a foolish and very transparent pretext of wanting something that did not exist, Stella was so evidently relieved, so frankly glad and grateful for his coming, that the poor fellow turned redder than usual with delight; and if Miss Stella at that moment had asked him to die for her, he would have performed hari-kari as a short-cut to paradise.

Valentine almost gnashed his teeth with anger at the intrusion. He had been working up to his point with admirable skill and artistry, and it was annoying to have all his clever approaches trodden down and scattered under the huge foot of this stupid son of Anak. Little Randolph cared for the black looks and flaming eyes of the baffled besieger. He had helped and relieved the dear, half-frightened besieged, and that was his reward. But his fingers were well rapped by his employer, who soon came to look for him and carry him back to his grind, and who made the rest of the morning uncomfortable enough.

All the same, those artistic approaches were destroyed for the present, and Stella was able to prevent their immediate reconstruction.

She made it evident to Val in her own quiet way that anything definite would be premature and a dead failure. His only chance lay in his spiritual fraternity, in his keeping his disguise so

closely worn that she should have ceased to fear the possibility of a new revelation, in accustoming her to him as a pleasant and innocuous fact in her life. When habit had welded this fact thoroughly into the substance of her days, and had made it part of her thoughts and one with her doings, then he might come out of his husk, throw aside his disguise, and carry his point, helped by the force of habit. A woman will give to a man who has made himself a necessary friend what she would have denied to the lover; and Valentine knew this as a thing which he designed to test by practice. This, then, was his scheme; and on paper and in potentialities it stood fair and firm.

Thus the visit of the Cowley boys to Highwood was drawing to a close, but Stella's soul was still incomplete, and her fidelity to Cyril unshaken. Val would scarcely flatter himself that he had done much, but he knew that he had done something; and the rest would come in time. Meanwhile, in the frankest and most gentleman-like way possible, he asked Mr. Branscombe's consent to a correspondence which was to do Stella some unknown and undesigned "good"; and in the frankest and most gentleman-like way possible Mr. Branscombe gave that consent, and hoped that his dear child would profit by the chance. So far the young fellow cleverly enough kept the place open and the future in hand.

And then the brothers went off to spend the second half of the vacation at their own house; and Val's letters were so frequent and so long, so full of questions to be answered, and of subjects to be discussed, they took up almost as much of Stella's time as Cyril's had done. Stella took care to make them household property, and to let Val know that she threw them over to her father even before reading them herself. She would have cut the whole thing short had she done as she would; but Mr. Branscombe insisted on the correspondence for the sake of this mysterious "good" that was to accrue to her mind and nature. As there was really nothing which ought to either frighten or revolt her, she was forced to let matters take their course, and to submit to a correspondence which seemed to her a certain desecration of the past, if of no evil in the present.

Not having much to do of any kind, and nothing that was absorbing, Colonel Moneypenny gave a great deal of time and attention to his neighbors; and this little drama of Stella Branscombe's, with the unanswered question, "Would she be faithful to Cyril's memory, or would she console herself with Valentine Cowley?" interested him almost as much as if it had been his own private and personal affair. He professed himself charmed with Stella Branscombe, though he did not say which way he wished her to take, and he envied the young fellows their chances whichever way she went. She was a delightful girl, and worth any man's money; and so he said to Augusta, with a little sparkle of malice in his deep-set eyes, watching to see how she would take praises of such unstinted warmth for one who had evidently the trick of winning men's love. When a girl, in a country where young men are precious by their rarity, could boast of one lover, one aspirant, and one watch-dog, she may be marked dangerous, and a fit subject for other girls' jealousy. But so was Augusta dangerous; in just the same way, and to exactly the same degree. If Stella had three marked off to her share, the widow had just the same number, including himself in Valentine Cowley's place, with the poor dead husband to balance Stella's exiled lover, and Sandro Kemp keeping even step with Randolph Mackenzie. Yet not quite even. Sandro was a burned-out sky-rocket, and Randolph was a watch-dog in situ.

But the burned-out sky-rocket was the more dangerous of the two!

"She really is a most charming girl!" the Colonel said—this malicious fire of exaggeration flashed over his sincerity—"and she will some day make some man supremely happy. I know no one better able to make a man more thoroughly happy than Miss Stella Branscombe."

"She has no business to make any man happy, unless it is Cyril Ponsonby; and that will never be," said Mrs. Morshead, tartly. "She was as good as married, engaged in the face of the world as she was, with all her wedding things ordered. If the young hussy marries, I say she will be just as bad as if she were a widow; and I hope she has too much good feeling and too much modesty for such a thing. I think too well of her, Colonel Moneypenny, to suppose it possible, though they have talked of this young Cowley, and of that long Randolph Mackenzie too. I don't believe a word of either—not a word. And so I have always said. Have I not, Augusta?"

"Have you, mamma?" asked the widow, sweetly, in a voice that meant assent. She saved herself from flat hypocrisy by the mere manner.

"Have I? Why, of course I have," snapped Mrs. Morshead, sharply.

Colonel Moneypenny twisted his mustache with his long nervous fingers, and flushed, as his manner was when annoyed.

"I think you are a little severe, Mrs. Morshead," he said, in an irritable voice.

"No; I am not severe at all," the terrible old woman answered. "If I, and such as I, did not keep people straight, where would society go to, I should like to know? Severe! I am a great deal too lenient; that is what it is—not the other way."

"Do you share your mother's views?" asked the Colonel, turning to Augusta rather abruptly.

The widow looked sweet, mindless, tranquil; and yet her cheeks had that pretty pale pink glow in them which marked a state of internal excitement well covered down and concealed.

"It is a difficult question," she said, quietly.

"Difficult! Where is the difficulty, I should like to know?" said Mrs. Morshead. "It is as plain as a turnpike-road. Where is the difficulty, Augusta?"

"In the children," answered her daughter.
"Not in the woman?" asked the Colonel, quickly.

"More in the children," she replied. "A good step-mother or a good step-father is so difficult to find."

She looked into the Colonel's face as she said this, her calm and candid eyes so expressionless, as free from consciousness as if they had been a doll's.

"And I say it is in the woman," said Mrs. Morshead. "A second marriage is not a bit better than heathen vice and polygamy."

"Oh, Mrs. Morshead!" remonstrated the Colonel.

"Well, Colonel Moneypenny, I think I ought to know, when I have been a widow myself these twelve years and more," said Mrs. Morshead, in a thin voice. "And Colonel Moneypenny, not to be beaten, answered back :

"I don't see how that affects the question, Mrs. Morshead. I have been a widower these twenty-two years, and I don't see the sin of marrying again."

"It would be more to your credit, perhaps, if you did," snapped the old woman; and her voice and eyes and manner sent the blood into the Colonel's face, and kept it there.

A day or two after this little brush with his generally friendly and concordant gossip, Colonel Moneypenny called again at the Laurels, on some frivolous pretense about the next meeting of the book-lending society, with which neither Mrs. Morshead nor Augusta had anything whatever to do. He brought a showy toy for Tony—it was not an expensive one, extravagance being dead against the Colonel's principles; and he gave it with a curious parade of consciousness in well-doing and bashfulness combined. It was the first time in the child's life that he had done such a thing; and when he handed it over to Augusta he felt as awkward and embarrassed as a girl when she receives her first offer and does not love the man. He graciously inquired of the fair widow if she would like her little fellow to ride his pony. His groom should hold him on, and every care should be taken of him. If she wanted him to have a good seat, she could not begin too early with him; and as an old dragoon he would be very glad to see that he was taught well. Hitherto the Colonel had thought of the boy only as a hinderance and a nuisance; now he gave him the place of a medium and association. He was so very pressing in his offers of service, so very paternal and thoughtful, that he showed his hand too plainly, and let Mrs. Morshead into the secret of his play.

"Is that old fool making up to you, Augusta?" she said, sharply, when he left. "What a tiresome girl you are, to be sure!" she added. "It is all your fault, and I am sure I do not know how you do it. First one, and then another; I have no peace in my life with you!"

"Well, mamma, I do not see what I do that should annoy you," said Augusta, with tranquil unconcern.

"You do everything," replied Mrs. Morshead. "I think all you young women in Highwood have taken leave of the few senses Providence ever gave you to go on with. There is Stella Branscombe and Cyril Ponsonby—Stella Branscombe and that young Cowley—Stella Branscombe and that long Randolph Mackenzie—and you and all the men you can get hold of. It is horrible. Nothing but flirting and marrying or wanting to get married; it is downright indecent, I declare it is!"

"It is the old, old story, mamma," said Augusta, imprudently.

"The old, old rubbish! That's what it is!" growled her mother, savagely. "Let me catch you at it, Augusta, that's all! I'll soon teach you what the old, old story means! Have you lost *all* your dignity, *all* your modesty, I want to know? You are nothing better than a mere light-o'-love; that is what you are! Flirting here and flirting there, and you a widow who should be in weeds and with a decent cap on your head, instead of with nothing at all, and your hair like a girl! You are shameful, and no more fit to be the mother of that dear little fatherless boy than if you were sixteen. I am sick and tired of it all, I declare I am; and I almost wish that you would marry, so that I might be at peace for the rest of my days!"

"Do you, mamma?" said Augusta, rising with that same sudden excitement, almost fierceness of face, which her mother had seen in her before, if so rarely, and once to such disastrous results. It was the face which betokened such a strong stirring of the usually quiet waters, and both angered and frightened the old woman.

"Don't look like that at me!" she said, harshly. "I won't be looked at like that, Augusta, as if you were going to strike me! Leave the room, miss, until you can behave yourself as you ought; and be thankful that I do not say leave the house for a bad, wicked, undutiful girl that you are—and as ungrateful as you are high! Go and marry!" she continued, her passion increasing with expression. "Don't think that I want to keep you at home. You are nothing but a nuisance from first to last, a trouble and a plague, both you and your boy. Go and marry that old prig, or Mr. Branscombe, or Sandy Kemp, the sign-painter"—how she sneered and showed her fang-like eye-teeth when she said this!—"anybody you like! I wash my hands of you, and shall be glad to get rid of you. And so I say it!"

Augusta did not answer. Whatever was in her heart of anger and humiliation she stifled as she had so often stifled it before. But this time she controlled only the expression; the feeling raged if her lips were still, and she felt as if she could not bear all this misery and contumely, and live.

Without another word she turned and left the room, and in a few moments Mrs. Morshead heard her leave the house, and saw her walk hurriedly down the drive—alone. For one of the few occasions since she had returned to the cold shelter

of this ungenial home she left her little son to the care of the maids while she went off on her own business without him.

"I have a great mind to say that she shall never come back again, that she may pack up and go, she and her troublesome little brat. She is a wicked and undutiful young hussy, and as sly as she can be; she has been nothing but a torment to me ever since she was born. She may go, and joy go with her!" said Mrs. Morshead, aloud.

But her heart was heavy, and she tried in vain to stiffen her resolution by artificial aid—to keep her anger hot by cracking thorns. In vain, too, she sought for comfort in her cat. The Shah purred lazily when she caressed him, but went to sleep on her lap, for all her terror of consequences, her unacknowledged regret for what she had said, and that one hot tear which fell from her eyes. It was all to give and nothing to receive in this worship of her four-footed favorite; and at this moment what she wanted was the support of sympathy in her wrong-doing, and the assurance that she had acted with dignity, spirit, and maternal propriety all round.

Walking she scarcely knew where nor for what purpose, not conscious of the cold north wind that blew with such bitter force, nor of the heavy clouds which were massing sullenly overhead, not conscious of anything but the pain by which she was stung as by a living serpent. Augusta went on with a rapid step, her head on fire, and her heart one great throb of passionate despair. What should she do? She could not, would not, must not, bear it! Her son's future fortune was precious, and her care; but were not some things even more precious than that fortune? To live as he and she were living now, under perpetual insult, scoff, rebuke, suspicion—in perpetual subjection—was not this paying too dearly for his future wealth? At this moment she thought so; and she thought too, with a woman's madness—that madness of despair and rash resolve which was so seldom hers—that she would give herself to the first man who might ask her; to Sandro Kemp, were he here, for love and without fortune; to Colonel Moneypenny, for fortune and without love; to any one, indeed, rather than be longer the sport and victim of her mother's tongue and temper. Any one! any one! yes, even to the Colonel!

"Well met!" said a voice with an indescribable ring of satisfaction in its tones.

She started as if from a dream, found herself immediately in front of the Colonel's place, Bellevue, with the owner himself on the point of entering in at the lodge-gate.

"Well met!" he said again, taking her hand. "You are just in time to shelter. The snow-storm has begun."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CONCEIT PASTORAL.

"Much virtue in *it*."

WERE I the strong green grass,
And yours the Daisy's crest
Of gold, and snowy breast,
And it should come to pass
That for the Grass you heard
Me passionately sue
For Daisy's love from you,
And listened— In a word,
If you loved me, and I loved you—
Ah, sweet! my blades should lie
Against your dewy lips,
Till your white petal tips
Blushed crimson as the sky;
And, kissed from pink to red,
Your lips should smile anew,
As dawns of rosy hue
To summer days are wed—
If you loved me, and I loved you!

WOMEN ARE STRANGE.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

"Les femmes sont si étranges."—PAILLERON.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN IN THE PIT.

THEY were not doing well at the Royal Gwynne Theatre. Everybody said so, everybody knew so, with the exception of the newspapers which were always congratulating the proprietors on their tremendous success. "They were doing infernally badly," Wigginton said; "but it was all through March's inattention to business and his insufferable conceit, the little cad." "They were doing cussed badly," March said, whose language was not elegant in excited moments, "and were likely to do worse, if Wigginton did not keep his mouth shut a little more, and let other fellows who could act have a chance, and not take 'all the fat' to himself, the greedy hound."

Yes, there was "a frost," a sharp frost, at this high-class West End establishment. Everything had been tried, and everything had failed, although there had been no lack of money in the enterprise. It was not Wigginton's money, nor little March's, for the matter of that; but the money was there, or rather had been there before a lavish expenditure on the front of the house and the reconstruction of the house had absorbed a considerable proportion of it, and left but a miserable balance for authors and actors. Certainly authors, unless they were Frenchmen whose doubtful morality could be toned down or "adapted," were not worth a moment's consideration; and as for actors—well, Wigginton and March could do all the acting between them that the British public could possibly require. One or two general utility men, and Miss Galveston and

Miss Prendergast, and there you were! But there the British public was *not*, for some unaccountable reason which the lessees were not able to comprehend. The novelty of the new house having died away, the audiences unaccountably died away also; people grew sick of upholstery, and even translations from the French—ingenious as the changes were rung on addle-pated husbands and sentimental and salacious wives—palled upon the senses. There was nothing new under the dramatic sun—the house was a back-street sort of theatre, which was always a trouble to get at for the carriageless, and after a while, and as aforesaid, the "frost" set in at the Gwynne.

It was a very sharp "frost" indeed a week or two before Christmas. Times were bad in business as well as in things theatrical, and the weather was against the ordinary play-goer. The ordinary play-goer even would not make use of the order for admission to the Gwynne unless it was a fine evening, and there was nowhere else to go; and it was not a fine evening when a tall, middle-aged man, deeply bronzed by the sun, walked up and down Lambkin Street, on the opposite side of the way to that on which the theatre was situated, and waited impatiently for the doors to open. He had arrived ten minutes before time, having been misled by the advertisements of "crowded houses" and "an extra row of stalls having been added to meet the demand for places," and the fear had been upon him all that day that he should only be able with considerable difficulty to push his way in with the mob into the pit. The idea had not entered his head that the house would *not* be crowded, or that seats had *not* been booked a month in advance; the gentleman being from the country, and a foreign country, had taken every word of Messrs. Wigginton and March's advertisement for gospel truth until he had found himself walking disconsolately up and down the street.

There were seven individuals at the pit door—four men, two women, and a little boy with his face tied up; there were three young men at the gallery entrance; there were a lady and gentleman walking up and down a side turning, as if with the intention of patronizing the establishment presently, but with an objection to making themselves conspicuous before the opening of the doors; there were two slatternly females with oranges persecuting the early arrivals, and offering their wares at the lowest possible percentage of profit in the dreary hope of a customer amongst the community; and there was a policeman wandering in the background like a restless spirit doomed to have his eye eternally on somebody.

When the theatre was open, the gentleman from the country—foreign country—appeared to hold communion with himself as to the advisability of entering, as though some second thought had suddenly suggested the policy of delay. He had expected a crowd, and had intended to be lost in a crowd; and had not bargained for sitting in a row of empty stalls or pit benches, and becoming for a while an object of attention. It was not likely that any one would recognize him at the Gwynne: there were only three people who knew of his return to England, and they were far away in Derbyshire; and in London he had only a few acquaintances who might remember him after five years' absence in India, and no friends.

He was not a man of many friends anywhere, for the matter of that; he had not the gift to make them, or cared not for the trouble, or was very hard to please. He was not certain which was the reason that had seemed to leave him that evening stranded high and dry in London after three days' sojourn in it, and so hard up for amusement that he had ventured to see the new comedy at the Gwynne—if it were really amusement which had brought him to Lambkin Street with that grim cast of countenance.

Crossing the road and standing under the lamp-post to which one of the play-bills was affixed, and reading very attentively every line of the programme, he did not look like a man who had been lured thither by any attraction which the Gwynne Theatre had to offer him; on the contrary, his brows knit more closely, and his lips, undecorated by a mustache, betrayed an extra compression as he read on attentively. One might have even heard a strange half sigh, half groan, escape him as he turned away and went with tremendous strides from the locality, like a man who had changed his mind at the last moment. At eight o'clock, however, exactly half an hour after the doors had opened, he reappeared, hesitated for an instant, as if not quite certain yet which part of the house he would patronize, and then walked into the pit, which he found tenanted by some thirty or forty human beings, principally "dead-heads." The orchestra was playing a quadrille, the house was a blaze of light and color; all that was wanted was that charming sympathy between audience and managers, which, for some unfortunate reason or other, Messrs. Wigginton and March had been unable to procure.

The stalls were nearly empty; but then a co-medieta was to be played first, and those who had booked seats evidently did not care for comediettas, and had left them to a few dingy mortals in red cloaks, dead-heads of the first class, who were sparsely scattered in the front seats, and seemed borne down by a terrible sense of the loneliness of their position. The man in the pit bought a programme, and deliberately chose one of the worst places in the house, immediately behind a post which contributed to the support of the dress circle above his head. Then, having taken off his great-coat, which after five minutes he deliberately put on again, he set himself to the task of studying again the business of the evening from the paper in his hand, and without the remotest idea of looking for it on the stage before him.

Certainly the comedietta was not striking, but having paid his money, the stranger might have paid, also, the players the courtesy of attending them, which he had not. During the whole of the performance he did not look toward them fairly.

Once, when a woman's voice was heard for the first time on the stage, he glanced up quickly for an instant, and then as quickly away again. The few persons who entered the stalls by degrees he was more attracted by, once or twice rising in his seat and regarding the new-comers critically, until assured that they were people in whom he could have no possible degree of interest.

He was seeking some one, or had come to gratify his curiosity rather than to be entertained. The man who sold the programmes, and offered him an opera-glass on hire for one shilling and sixpence, with a half-sovereign as a deposit, was certain about it; the young lady who, in the total absence of custom, had strolled from the refreshment bar to the back seat of the pit, was quite sure of it also, and in the secret recesses of her mind thought that he might have looked at her if he did not care for the performance, or approached her presently and insidiously under the perfectly legitimate plea of "six of cold Scotch."

But he sat there "like an image," and the little world of the Gwynne and all its worldly atoms were far away from his thoughts, until the band was playing the overture before the comedy wherein Wigginton had "all the fat," and March, according to March's opinion in particular, did all the acting.

When the band ceased, this stony, or rather bronze, individual woke up to a sudden interest in the play that was to come; he settled himself in his seat; he looked round, surprised at a few more stragglers who had taken their places near him; he moved a little way from the post, for the better view of the stage which a change in his position would afford him.

The band ceased, there was a pause, but the classical drop curtain did not ascend. They were not quite ready behind the scenes, quick ears in the front of the house might have detected even a murmur on the stage, and the band, after a moment's consideration, broke into a waltz tune to make amends for the delay. The man in the pit had relapsed into thought again, when the music suddenly ceased, and little Bobby March—as his friends familiarly designated him—dressed for his part—and, by Jove! the part of the evening, after all, and thanks to no one but himself, sir—tripped from the left side of the stage, and came jauntily toward the foot-lights.

The house was hushed to silence immediately at his unlooked-for appearance; something had happened, and a disappointment of a crushing character was to ensue, the telegram in the hand of the manager being a significant omen to the meanest capacity.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Mr. March, "I regret very much to inform you that I have just received a telegram from Miss Galveston stating that a sudden illness will utterly preclude her from having the honor of appearing before you this evening. Under the circumstances, I have to kindly ask your indulgence for Miss Edmiston, who upon so short a notice will—"

Mr. March stopped. There was an unseemly interruption in the pit; a tall, sunburned individual was struggling to pass some people in the same row, whose hats and coats he had scattered, and who were remonstrating with him, and urging him to wait a moment—a request to which he did not deign to pay the slightest attention.

"—who upon so short a notice will—" repeated Mr. March, looking toward the pit, and put out a little by the disturbance.

"Order, can't you!" shouted a man who could not hear a word, and whose hat was beneath the heel of the gentleman anxious to get out.

"Sit down!" "Wait a minute!" "Who are you a-shoving?" roared several voices now; but the object of these appeals continued his way, unmoved by protestation, and marched from the pit into the passage beyond, and from the passage into the cold street, with the same stern, immobile expression of countenance.

There was a red-nosed attendant of the theatre underneath the portico who was trotting to and fro, stamping his feet, and knocking two hands together clad in blue worsted mittens. The carriages and cabs had all arrived, and time was all before him till eleven o'clock at night. He who had hurried so unceremoniously from the pit of the Gwynne seized this nondescript by the arm, arrested his progress, and turned him with his face toward him.

"Where is the stage door of this place?" he asked, peremptorily.

"The what—stage door, did you say?"

"Yes—as quickly as you can. Here is half a crown to show me the way."

"Oh, all right," said the man; "but it's no use going there to-night, unless you have any speshul business."

"Which I have," was the reply.

"Come along, then."

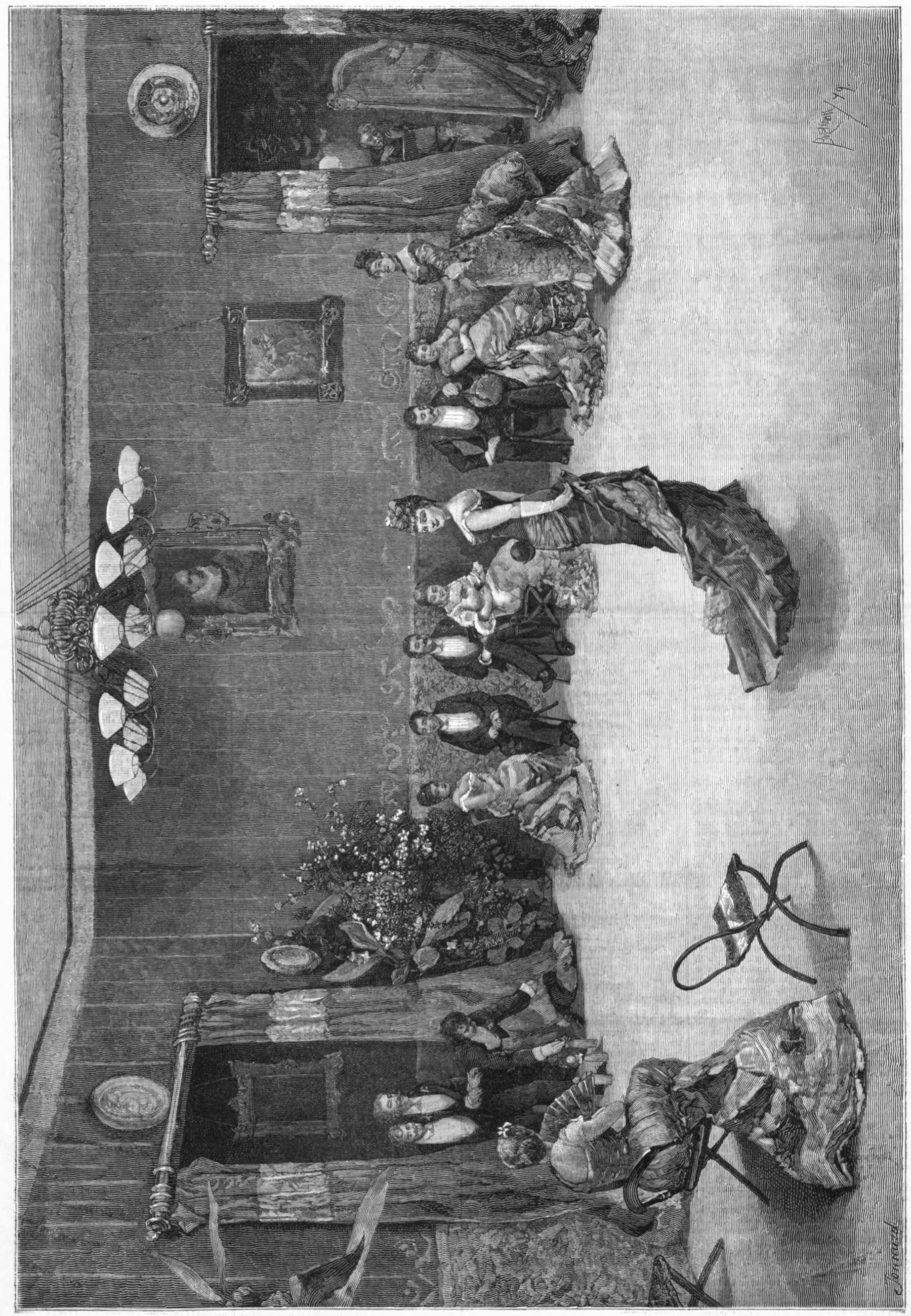
The man took the half-crown, touched his hat, and led the way down a side street to the stage door of the Gwynne, with the tall stranger following very closely at his heels.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GERMAN.

See illustration on page 188.

THIS pretty picture illustrates one of the innumerable figures in this favorite dance, whose chief charm is its infinite variety. The one in question is what is commonly known as the "ten-pin figure," in which the lady selects her partner by rolling a ball toward a row of wooden pins, highly decorated for the occasion, which serve as proxies for the young men who stand behind them. The youth whose pin is struck of course claims the lady's hand. The ten-pins are sometimes dispensed with; in this case the lady tosses the ball to the young men, and becomes the partner of him who is adroit enough to catch it. The picture is exquisitely engraved, and forms a notable addition to our art illustrations.



"THE GERMAN."—FROM A PICTURE BY A. BRENNAN.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

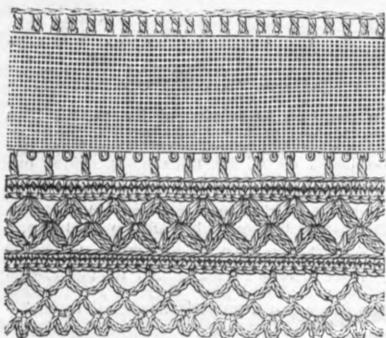


Fig. 1.—RUSSIAN BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

Child's Linen Collar and Cuff, Figs. 1 and 2.

The cuffs and collar are made of fine linen, which is turned down an inch deep and hem-stitched at the edges, and pleated as shown in the illustration.

Collar for Heart-shaped Dress, Fig. 2.

The chemisette

of this collar is made of white mull, and is finished at the neck with a double band an inch wide sloped to a point at the ends. Lace three inches wide is gathered and set along the inner edge of the band. The lace is turned down, and the folds of the jabot are tacked in place.



Fig. 1.—WRAPPER FOR CHILD FROM 2 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Figs. 29-34.

Fig. 2.—WRAPPER FOR CHILD FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3051; PRICE 15 CENTS.
For description see Supplement.

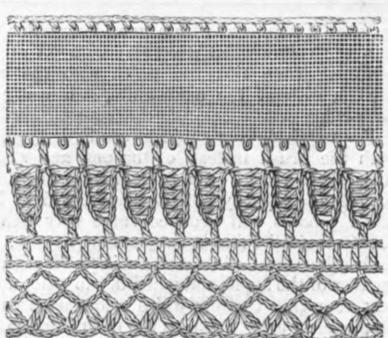


Fig. 2.—RUSSIAN BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

so as to show the pebble in its original state.

Before commencing to paint, wash the article most thoroughly in hot rain or soft water, and in place of soap use soda and washing powder mixed sufficient to make a thick foam of the water. When thoroughly freed from every particle of sand or other impurity,

and well dried, rub the stone well over with fine emery cloth, and commence the decoration as follows: Coat that portion of the pebble you require your design to be worked upon with ordinary starch, or else with gelatine, or common size, according to the nature of the stone, some pebbles being much rougher in texture than others, and allow this to dry (I am now speaking



Fig. 1.—COLLAR FOR HEART-SHAPED DRESS.
For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—CHILD'S LINEN COLLAR.
[See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 2.—CUFF FOR CHILD'S LINEN COLLAR, FIG. 1.

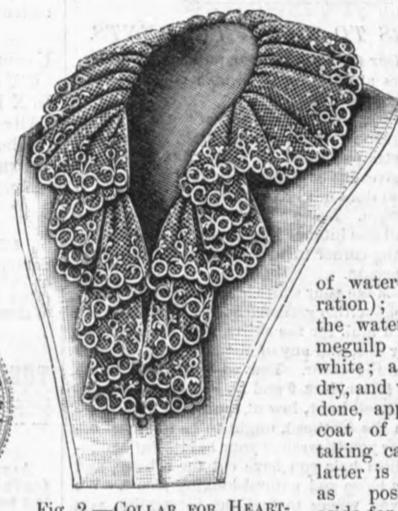


Fig. 2.—COLLAR FOR HEART-SHAPED DRESS.

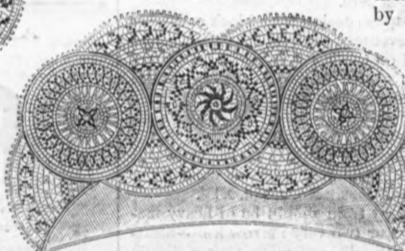


Fig. 2.—CUFF FOR COLLAR, FIG. 1.

of water-color decoration); then mix the water-color with meguip or Chinese white; allow this to dry, and when this is done, apply a thick coat of gum-arabic, taking care that the latter is as colorless as possible; lay aside for a few hours, then tint and finish by applying a coat over the whole of the finest Italian oil varnish.

With regard to oil-painting, the design must be sketched on in the ordinary manner; the col-



Fig. 1.—GAUZE AND SATIN EVENING DRESS.
For description see Supplement.



Fig. 2.—MAUVE FAILLE AND TULLE EVENING DRESS.
For description see Supplement.



Fig. 3.—WHITE FOULARD EVENING DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

ors should be mixed with a good body-color, and thin the colors when necessary with oil of turpentine. Then tint and finish with the color needed, without the flake-white, still using the body-color.

For rough outline subjects use Sydertype, but with the brush instead of the pen, and when a little relief might be required, throw in a few touches of Naples yellow or Chinese white. This latter process will produce some very rich effects, provided suitable subjects are chosen.

Another form of decoration is to blacken the surface of the stone, and when dry to paint a subject requiring entirely white colors, such as the staphanitis, etc. Perhaps the most suitable subjects are landscapes for the large pebbles; crests, coats of arms, monograms, and mottoes, for the medium size; and for the smallest stones, birds' nests, insects, and flowers, and especially butterflies.

China colors can be used, but great care should be taken when firing the stones that the heat be applied as gradually as possible, and the stones allowed to cool very slowly.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TEACHER.—Our Children's Songs, published by Harper & Brothers at \$1, is an admirable collection for the use of children of all ages.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We can not repeat the answers to most of your queries, which you will find in the article on card etiquette published in *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. X. A gentleman gives his card to the servant at the door on entering, but does not leave it at his departure, unless at a reception. Leave a card for each person for whom your call was intended, in the event of their being out, with the corner turned down to indicate that you called in person.

BUSY BEE.—Make your white lawn dresses with embroidered waists—either gathered and belted or basques—and use plain muslin for the skirts, with embroidered trimmings, for one, and any of the new laces, such as Miracourt, for the other. You will find suggestive models in the *Bazar*, Nos. 9 and 10, Vol. XIV.

BEE.—The Greek knot, low at the back, with loose large rings on the forehead, ought to be the most becoming way for you to arrange your hair. Put bandoline on the short hair you have cut for a bang, and curve it into a loose and natural-looking shape. We can not tell you where to find the illustration you want, though you can find the garment in any of the large furnishing stores here.

C. A.—The most stylish design for a black cashmere dress for a girl of seventeen years is that with round waist, soft sash tied on the left side, and a full round skirt with an apron front. If you wish to introduce color, use the shaded striped satins that are imported for trimming spring dresses.

MOLLY.—The muslin and lace dress you mention is suitable for a small evening party.

E. L. H.—For making children's dresses consult the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. XIV.

INQUIRER.—The court train should be of heavy material, edged with one or two very narrow knife-pleatings, deeply faced with silk, and worn over a deeply pleated muslin and lace balayeu. Pleat the top toward the middle, and confine it to a small space at the belt. Do not line it with cambric, but face it deeply.

H. D. P.—Surah is soft twilled silk like that formerly used for neck-ties. The satin merveilleux now so much used for millinery purposes is the same thing more closely twilled to give a satin-like lustre.

F. M. B.—Black camel's-hair without many loose threads will be suitable for the spring dress. Make it with two deep pleatings covering the back of the skirt, and an apron wrinkled on the front and side gores. Put rows of stitching on apron, pleatings, and also across the foot of the front breadths, to which you can add a narrow knife-pleating of the goods. The basque should be single-breasted, and the coat worn with it may be double-breasted, with jet buttons and stitching for trimming. Get condor brown silk with ombre satin merveilleux for a young lady's suit. Wait until later for new styles for making. A little gilt braid will brighten the plain brown dress. Get shaded gray satin Surah for trimming your gray chaddah.

26 YEARS.—Your black sample is vigogne, and will look well made by hints just given "F. M. B." The pretty China silk will be stylish in the summer if made up with round waist and full round skirt, trimmed with alternate blue and red pleatings. There are Louise silks at 85 cents a yard that would go with it nicely.

Mrs. E. E. E.—To give color to your windows, add the stylish red shades with white antique lace, instead of having white holland ones, or else have red plush valances above the scrim curtains.

Mrs. A. M. C.—Read reply just given "Mrs. E. E. E."—Perhaps you will prefer raw silk to plush. Either dark red or peacock blue would suit your room.

BRUNSWICK.—Any of the large stores in New York will furnish you brocaded satin and Genoa velvet. We do not furnish addresses in this column.

VIRGINIA H.—A full round short skirt, or else a demi-train of pale blue brocaded silk, could now be bought at small expense to wear with your blue waist. Spanish lace and some silver soutache would trim it prettily. Nuns' veiling or else grenadine in any of the new shades will make you a pretty thin dress. Put white Spanish lace sleeves in your blue basque.

M. A. C.—In the article on wedding customs, published in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. X., you will find answers to your questions, which we have not room to repeat.

J. E.—In *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. X., you will find a full description of kettledrums. An ingenious person might succeed in making a cribbage-board, but we can not give you instructions. We can not assist you in finding any employment.

Mrs. J. H. P.—We do not give addresses. You will find what you want in our advertising columns.

INTERESTED READER.—We do not publish special monograms by request.

A. J. M.—In the article on crewel-work, published in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. XIII., you will find full and clear directions for transferring the embroidery patterns to the material on which they are to be worked.

Mrs. C. H. P.—Both here and in England it was formerly the practice to wear mourning with craps for a long time without lightening it, but it is now quite common to copy French mourning, which dictates craps for three, six, or twelve months at the most, and then discards it altogether. There is, however, no settled time for such things in this country, though a widow seldom leaves off the deepest mourning with craps trimmings under year. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 7, Vol. XIV., for further hints.

ARCHERY.

The Executive Committee of the National Archery Association of the United States is now in session at the office of the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. G. F. E. PEARSALL, No. 298 Fulton St., Brooklyn, prepared to receive applications from archery clubs in any State of the Union for admission into the National Association.

As the Grand Annual Meeting of the National will be held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, during the second week of July, at which none but members of National Clubs will be allowed to compete, it is advisable that applications for membership be made immediately to the Corresponding Secretary, who will afford all necessary information, with copies of the Constitution, By-laws, etc. [Com.]

SARA JEWETT.

MR. RIKER: Union Square Theatre, N. Y. I am pleased to add my testimony as to the excellence of your FACE POWDER. SARA JEWETT.

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Those who prefer a liquid preparation will find RIKER'S CREAM OF ROSES the most satisfactory article they can use. [Com.]

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THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK BOOK Sent free. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I. [Adv.]

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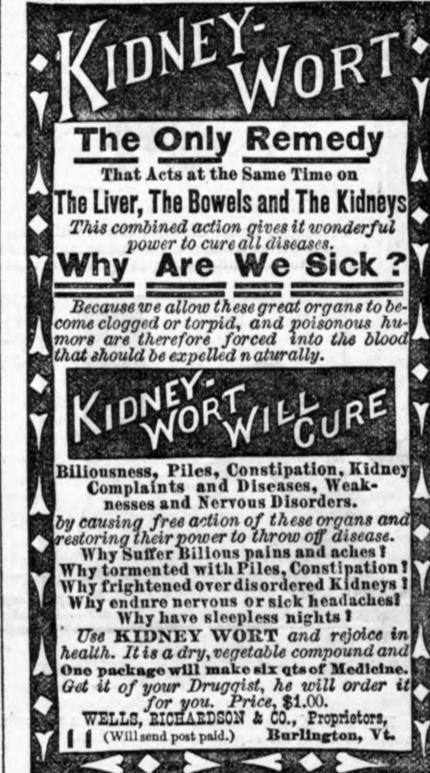
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NOTICE.

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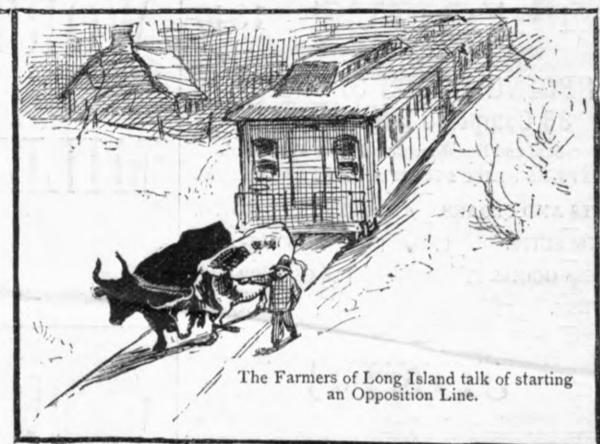
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HUMORS AND ILL-HUMORS OF SUBURBAN TRAVEL.



Our Artist takes a trip down the Long Island Railroad road.

Some Memoranda and Sketches attempted on a Long Island Railroad Train, which, owing to the roughness of the road, are anything but satisfactory, it must be confessed.



FACETIA.

The great Irish agitator, Daniel O'Connell, was at one time defending a man accused of murder at Clonmel. The circumstantial evidence was so strong against the prisoner that the jury had already determined upon their verdict of guilty, when the man supposed to be murdered was brought into court, alive and unharmed. The jury were desired to return their verdict at once, and they did so, but it was one of guilty.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished judge. "What does this mean? If the man has not been murdered, how can the prisoner be guilty?"

"Please your honor," said the foreman, "he's guilty; he stole my bay mare three years ago."

AN EPITAPH FOR A FAITHFUL CAR CONDUCTOR—He took his last fare well.

PRACTICAL EXAMPLE.

MASTER. "Now, boys, give me a definition of the word 'scandal.' "

No one rises; all are silent.

MASTER. "Well, then, it's a 'scandal' that none of you know what it means."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

BELL-HANGER (taking instructions from footman as to a new bell wire). "Where shall I place the bell-handle? Behind your master's chair?"

JOHN THOMAS (indignantly). "Certainly not! What are you thinking about? Why, if master's got the bell close behind him, he'll be ringing me up three times as often as if the bell was by the fire-place, and he'd got to get up and ring it."

MAGISTRATE (to witness with bandaged head). "Did he have any provocation when he struck you?"

WITNESS. "He may have had something of the kind concealed on his person, but it was a brick he struck me with."

HOW TO KILL TIME IN THIS WEATHER—Go on "sleighbing" every day.

"If I catch you shooting my pheasants, I'll shoot you," said the land-owner to the farmer, who replied, "Don't make game of me; I can't stand it."

On a tombstone in the cemetery of Pagny-la-Viole may be read the following inscription: "To the memory of Claudine Menu, wife of Etienne Renard, died January 28th, 1855, aged 44 years, regretted by her four children—Anne, Pierre, François, and Barbe—all dead before her."

SCENE: Hotel Breakfast Table.

PERSON: English Visitor and Indigenous Servant-Girl.

VISITOR. "What sort of a day is this to be, Mary?"

MARY (looking very weather-wise). "Well, I'm thinkin' it'll be goin' to be rainy, rainy all day, wi' shoos pe-tween!"

An oak-tree is just like a tight shoe. Why?—A-corn is the produce of either.

"Are sisters Sally and Nancy resources, pa?"

"No, my boy; why do you ask that question?"

"Because I heard Uncle Joe say that if you would only husband your resources, you would get along a great deal better than you do. That's all, pa."

The wife of the historian Grotte must have been an extraordinary woman. She rode without a saddle; she was not afraid to put off in a boat without a man; and she was plucky enough to marry her lover without permission, and return home without saying a word about it. Sydney Smith described this lady and her lord in his happy fashion: "I do like them both so much! for he is lady-like, and she is a perfect gentleman."

FOND FATHER. "May we hope for the pleasure of your company at our soirée to-morrow, doctor? We shall have a little instrumental and vocal music. My daughter Alice will sing, and afterward Beatrice will recite her new poem. At nine o'clock we shall sup."

DOCTOR. "Many thanks; you are very kind. I will be with you at nine sharp."

A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a ship-yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer, not being well up in the use of the rule, after spending a considerable time over his task, returned. "Now," asked the plater, "what size is the plate?"

"Well," replied the man, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the size of your rule, and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and this trifle of pantile, the breadth of my hand, and my arm from here to there, bar a finger."

A Frenchman was presented to Mahmoud, and found himself, in consequence of progressive ideas, a little embarrassed at having to call him continually "his Highness"—a title even less familiar than that of "his Majesty." The Sultan saw his embarrassment, and remarked, sympathetically, "Call me King of Kings; it's much more simple."

"Here's a little thing I wrote off in about fifteen minutes," as he laid a sheet of note-paper upon the editor's table.

"H—m! yes," replied the editor, after a perusal; "perhaps if you had spent twenty minutes upon it, it would have been worthy of the waste-basket, but as it is—" And he sadly rolled the MS. into a cork for his inkstand.

GOVERNESS. "What is the future of the verb 'to love,' Mary?"

PUPIL (after a pause). "To marry, Miss Jones."

Why is the Greek King George like a cook?—Because he seems likely to make Grease hot for his people.

A game of base-ball is like a buckwheat cake—a great deal depends on the batter.

At our house we make a specialty of chilblains, having two remedies. One is to paint the feet with iodine, which is not always efficacious. The second one is to have a foot tub of water so hot that you only dip one toe and quickly take it out; keep on in this way dipping and withdrawing until the whole foot can be held in the water for a second at a time, say five minutes. The swelling of the feet after this operation may continue for a day or two, but the affliction will be removed.

The other morning an Irishman was heard objurgating as follows within his dilapidated shanty: "Where is my white-handled knife, ye young spalpeen?"

"I don't know, father."

"Bad luck to ye! The next time ye lose it, so as I can't find it at all, I'll cut off your head wid it!"

solemn black, with white neck-tie, and, in fact, full evening dress. The bride makes no difference in her dress; be it morning or evening, she is in full dress, with lace, diamonds, and flowers.

For a wedding at home, which is so much preferred by some people, the most convenient place for the clergyman to stand is arranged by the lady of the house, and cushions are laid down for the bride and groom to kneel upon. The clergyman stands facing the company, while the pair to be married stand with their backs to the guests. After the ceremony the clergyman retires, and the bridal pair take his place.

The favorite fashion for spring weddings is to dress the bridesmaids in short-waisted muslin frocks, long gloves, and poke bonnets after the Kate Greenaway and Walter Crane pictures. Indeed, one or two brides have worn these exquisitely becoming things—the white poke bonnet. The whole scene becomes a picture if the bridesmaids are thus gotten up. It is certainly very pretty.

For a widow or an elderly person a bonnet at her wedding is *de rigueur*, and a veil out of the question. Many elderly brides wear dark velvet or silk costumes and bonnets to church—are married, so to speak, in travelling costume. Such brides dispense with bridesmaids.

There is a sumptuary law against appearing at a wedding in mourning. If the bride's mother is a widow, she should lay aside her cap and veil on that occasion. In England the very uncompromising color bright red is considered "wedding mourning"; that is, the bride's mother or sisters, if in deepest mourning, will wear the color of a Jacquemino rose to the wedding, and still be supposed to be paying the true respect to the departed.

A bride should never be married in black, or put on a black travelling costume. Without consulting the Eumenides, or any of the airy and mysterious guardians who carry about what we call luck, this color is certainly to be avoided at a wedding.

The ceremonial of church weddings at the Catholic and Episcopal communions is to be commended, as it compels both parties to take a public vow and promise which can not be lightly broken. For this reason many of the clergy of other denominations are using the beautiful ritual of the English Episcopal Church. Every pair, however, can, of course, choose for themselves their own church, and the etiquette must vary a little to suit the occasion. Long exordiums from the clergyman are no longer in fashion. The couple are married as quickly as possible, to avoid agitation on the part of the bride, to whom a church wedding is a severe ordeal. Nor is it a good plan to have a hymn sung during the service, although some people of great good taste have done it, for it keeps the bride standing, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," too long for her peace and comfort, at a moment, too, when, with heart fraught with feeling, and a reception before her, she has need of all her strength, nerve, and composure.

It should be added that if the bride is an orphan, and wishes the support of her brothers and sisters, it is perfectly proper that several married couples should precede her into the church, and should stand about her in the space near the altar. A mother who is a widow can accompany her daughter to the altar, and give her away—a very touching ceremony. One very pretty innovation was much admired at a New York wedding last winter. The bridesmaids entered from the vestry, and filled the front pews, and on the entrance of the bride, walked down the aisle to meet her, and then turning, walked back in a procession before her. This was altogether charming.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

EVENING AND DINNER DRESSES.

SHORT skirts and round trains of medium length are both shown on the full-dress toilettes displayed at gas-light openings. Very bouffant effects are given to these skirts, no matter what their length may be, and on many there are panier scarfs and puffed fullness across the hips. For the short dresses soft clinging stuffs are selected, such as cream white embroidered mull, Surah, and nuns' veiling. A great deal of lace is used in the trimmings, especially the inexpensive white laces—such as vermicelli, Alençon, d'Aurillac, and Spanish blonde—in rows of frills that are very fully gathered, or, if the design of the lace favors it, in side-pleatings. When lace is laid on plainly without gathers, the Venetian laces or Irish laces are used, or some of the various church laces that have the effective design cut out of muslin and wrought in button-hole stitches. The waists of these dresses are high, or half-high, with square open fronts, or else they are open in V shape in front and back of the neck. Those that are high are sometimes laced behind, and are as smoothly fitted as a Jersey; these are usually finished with faires or high wired collars, and are almost sleeveless, unless they have transparent lace sleeves that reach just below the elbow. The sheer cream-white muslins embroidered with sprays of flowers are made up over colored Surah, and have for drapery the *ombré* Surahs in full breadths laid in many folds around the figure, and tied behind in a large sash bow. The Surah satin dresses are of delicate blue, pink, jonquil yellow, or reed green, and are made with shirred bodices, shirred fronts for the skirts, and voluminous ruffles of white lace for trimmings. Embroidery on muslin, Spanish lace, and *ombré* sashes are the trimmings most used on the sheer wool dresses. Puffs of satin Surah are placed on the armholes and elbows of the sleeves of these dresses. A pale blue satin Surah dress has two deep flounces of écrù batiste embroidered with gilt threads; between these flounces are masses of shirred tucks of the Surah, and the upper part of the skirt from the belt down forms a soft deep puff around

the figure. The round waist has a shirred tucking forming a yoke, and clusters of shirring at the waist line in back and front. A chalk white Surah dress has borders of stripes of the palest rose, blue, and yellow; this forms flounces and sashes, and lace is on the edge. The left side has three flounces reaching to the waist, and the brocaded apron is in Greek shape. The basque has a pointed *surplice* neck, with a pleated scarf of the bayadere stripes around it. White and pale blue cashmere dresses are painted by hand to show large floral designs, and are bordered with Irish point lace laid over blue Surah satin. The soft white wool stuffs are made into classic-looking robes, with folds lapped *en surplice* across the bust and the peplum over-skirt, which now has a lengthwise box pleat on its shortest side instead of bunches of folds. Gold is the color most often introduced in these dresses, and is seen in strands of bullion amid white chenille fringe that edges the peplum, and for heading this is white passementerie with gold design of Greek squares. Cream white mull dresses are among the prettiest of the short dresses, and are elaborately embroidered, though of simple outlines, and worn with a "baby sash" of exaggerated size made of a whole breadth of *ombré* satin merveilleux shaded from pink to dark garnet.

Dresses made with trains are more bouffant than those of last year. The three or four straight flowing breadths so long worn remain, but they are slightly bunched up just below the waist in the back, or else they are enlarged from the sides by panier-like scarfs, or by shirred fullness set in on the hips; the lower edge of the train is round, and is not caught in fan shape, but left flowing, and is now very much trimmed with three or four narrow but full-pleated frills, on which fall square blocks or leaf points cut in the breadths of the train. The new coral pink picked out with red is chosen for handsome brocaded satins for such dresses, also the silver shades, and the Venetian laces are used for a full gathered plastron, and for frills in the sleeves, which are now caught up quite short inside the arm, like the monk sleeves worn lately. Black brocaded satin dresses for dinners have been lately made by Worth with the side breadths pleated into the belt, then turned upward into the back breadths, which form a court train. Very large leaf or flower patterns of brocade are chosen for these stately dresses, and are used merely for the basque and train, while the front is plain black satin, covered flatly with black net that is elaborately beaded and fringed with jet. Sometimes drop trimming covers the whole petticoat front, and the drops move and jingle with each motion of the wearer. The basques of brocade are so short on the hips that leaf points used for finishing are all that extend below the waist line. There are five of these leaves on each side. The front is cut in a broad curve and trimmed with jet fringe. The middle forms of the back have several jet tassels set upon them. The neck is cut open square, or else the sides curve more widely open at the bottom, and the space is filled in with jetted net, or with white Venetian lace fully gathered. The sleeves are slashed at the top, and beaded net fills in the spaces in puffs. If the neck is long, a wired collar of jet is worn standing; but with a short neck, a broad Venetian lace collar is turned over squarely, and almost covers the shoulders.

The new cloaks for evening eclipse in richness those introduced in the autumn. They are longer, covering the entire figure, in Mother Hubbard style, and are almost covered with embroidery and lace. The Chinese cloaks of white silk wrought with colors are the most elaborate. Sometimes the entire sleeves and collar are made of white ostrich feathers.

OLD-FASHIONED LEVANTINE.

The old-fashioned soft silk called Levantine is largely imported this season in changeable colors, and there is always a metallic shading introduced in these, combining, for instance, bronze with black, gold with green, silver with red, blue, brown, or green. This silk is alike on both sides, and is so soft that it drapes like Surah or the fine wools, hence it is liked for over-dresses, though it is often used for the entire dress, as modistes say there is nothing to combine with it that will be as durable as this pliable silk. Artistic models are copied by Parisian dressmakers in this old-time fabric; thus one dress of black and gold Levantine has regular full paniers and a Watteau pleat at the back, while another has full bishop's sleeves shirred at the top, and a soft puff that falls all around the figure from the belt downward, and is caught up by a cluster of shirring. Quaint Capuchin's or monk's hoods, with pilgrim polonaises, are also made up with the Levantine suits.

WHITE DRESSES FOR AFTERNOONS.

Cream white mull trimmed with embroidery that has a color wrought in it is the novelty for white dresses for summer afternoons. Olive green in the embroidery, with many bows of olive satin ribbon, is a fresh and stylish trimming, while next in favor is the shaded blue and shaded red, from coral pink to cardinal, for a sash and ribbon bows. The skirts are short, the over-skirt is most often *Gracié*, and the high basque is *surplice*. For instance, the front of the skirt forms five great box pleats edged with olive wrought embroidery, falling in a pleated flounce that extends around the foot. The diagonal front of the apron is very short on the left side to show the pleated front, is edged with embroidery, and has a knotted olive Surah sash hanging far back on the left side. Instead of this apron, a scarf of the mull sometimes forms the apron, being caught low down in front by an olive satin bow, then brought up full over the hips, and draped low behind; of course the embroidery edges this scarf. The basque is not lined, and has embroidery set in a point low in the back, and lapped on the *surplice* front. The

sleeves are formed of the embroidery. Satin ribbon two inches wide in very long looped bows is used on such dresses. There is a bow at the throat, another behind the neck, one on the left side at the waist line, and another on the basque behind just below the waist. The Miracourt and vermicelli laces are also used in shells and jabots for trimming white dresses. Lavender satin ribbons, with many tucks in the muslin, and polka-dotted embroidery, are the trimmings for simpler white muslins, and for ladies in light mourning. The tucks are around the full skirt, are two inches deep, and there are usually six or seven tucks above a side-pleated flounce. Sometimes two strips of muslin similarly tucked are draped on the back in two wide loops and two long ends that make the back bouffant. The waist is then tucked lengthwise, and gathered into a belt, or else it is a regular hunting jacket, with the box pleats extending below the waist, and belted in. The pleated collars now worn so much with lace edge are used around the neck. The new sprigged embroideries done in the Hamburg looms on sheer mull are used for more elaborate dresses for the afternoon; usually this figured mull is confined to the basque and apron front of the dress, while the skirts are of plain cream-tinted mull. Open-work Hamburg embroidery on thicker white lawn is made up in the same way for less expensive dresses. Flounces of the embroidered edging are put up the left side to the waist, and two narrow flounces are around the foot: the over-skirt, edged with a scant frill of the embroidery, is then draped to display the side trimming.

FURTHER HINTS.

Leaf-pointed short basques are among the most youthful and simple styles shown at the late openings. The entire edge of the basque, except that of the two middle forms of the back, extends only a finger-length below the waist line, and is cut into ten or twelve leaf points, lined with satin, and sometimes corded on the edges. If the wearer has very small hips, pleating of the dress material or of plain satin may be placed under the points, and in any case the basque is made more dressy by a deep full frill of Spanish lace being gathered there. The two back forms may then be very long, and tied in a bow, or tassel finished, or else the full shirred drapery for the back may be set on these forms.

Striped basques supersede those of brocade for wearing with skirts of solid color. Thus for brightening up a black silk house dress, the entire basque is of black and white stripes, such as half-inch stripes of white satin alternating with black gros grain stripes the same width. If a little dark red satin appears in the facings of the cuffs, collar, and leaf points of this basque, also in the full blouse plastron, the dress is still more gay. For simple wool dresses the trimmed skirt is of coachman's drab violette, or camel's-hair, or else olive green or condor brown, and the basque a round coat made of *ombré* striped wool shading from the tint of the skirt through several darker tones of the same color. The design of the familiar habit suit is still seen in such dresses, the stripes being used for the plain side pieces, and two very deep pleated flounces of satin de Lyon filling up the space in front. A new feature added to this is panier-like scarf drapery on the hips; this is made of the stripes, is crossed in the middle of the front, folded horizontally on the hips, and hangs behind for drapery.

EASTER CARDS.

The Easter cards this year are prettier and costlier than ever, their value being enhanced by the silk fringes and cords and tassels with which the daintiest are adorned. They range in price from a few cents to several dollars, and serve either as a simple token of remembrance, or an expensive souvenir. Chromo-lithography thereon is carried to great perfection, and there is a bewilderment variety of exquisite folding cards, panels, books, etc., with appropriate devices. The newest fancies are miniature books with richly illuminated covers, containing Easter poems and mottoes, such as the "Daisy Egg," with covers ornamented by an egg of daisies crossed by a band of violets; the "Easter Heritage," in the shape of an anchor, holding sixteen illuminated poems, tied together with ribbon; the "Easter Harp," containing George Herbert's Easter hymn and the Latin hymn "Plaudite Cœli"; "Easter Chimes," a ribbon-tied collection of timely verses; the "Easter Dove," a silk-fringed and finely painted card, bearing a dove flying from a storm-cloud to a rainbow, and so on. The custom of sending cards on festive occasions is a graceful one, and deserves encouragement, especially if kept within just bounds.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; JAMES McCREEERY & Co.; STERN BROTHERS; L. PRANG & Co.; A. D. F. RANDOLPH & Co.; and E. P. DUTTON & Co.

PERSONAL.

QUEEN ISABELLA will not allow that she gives balls: she receives her friends at her Palace de Castille, one of the finest residences in Paris. At a recent entertainment, when, ball or no ball, they danced till two in the morning, she wore the palest shade of blue satin, trimmed with white lace and very little jewelry.

They are expecting to have STRAUSS at Newport this summer, among other excitements.

A portrait of CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, which is a remarkably correct drawing, has just been finished by H. M. BERTHONG.

The largest collection of BURNS literature is owned by Mr. JAMES MCKIE, of Kilmarnock, who is preparing a revised edition of his *Bibliotheca Burnsiana*.

On her trip from Nassau to Havana, General BUTLER's yacht *America* made four hundred miles in forty hours.

Among a collection of autographs lately sold in this country, comprising such names as MACAULAY, GOETHE, DOUGLAS JERROLD, LEIGH

HUNT, VICTOR HUGO, LAFAYETTE, MALIBRAN, and JENNY LIND, the autograph of CHARLES LAMB brought the highest price, fifty dollars being paid for it, which signifies that somebody has a higher opinion of him than Mr. CARLYLE.

Herr ANGELO NEUMANN, of Leipzig, owing to a contract, has exclusive right to perform *The Ring of the Nibelungen* in the United States and England, on condition of paying Herr WAGNER ten per cent. of the gross receipts.

Excavations in Crete, where scientific research has been idle for fifteen years, are soon to be undertaken by Dr. SCHLIEMANN.

Senator MAHONE, of Virginia, who weighs ninety-two pounds, is mentioned by MARY CLEMMER as being chiefly nerve, bone, brains, and beard, and looking like a Blue-beard Lilliputian.

The forth-coming centenary of CALDERON DE LA BARCA is to be celebrated in London, by the Royal Spanish Academy, by a poetical competition, the successful competitor to receive a gold medal of one hundred grains, with the effigy of CALDERON and the emblem of the Spanish Academy.

At the recent art loan exhibition in Washington, the arm-chair of Lord BALTIMORE, the spectacles of General JACKSON, a towel used by NAPOLEON, and an ormolu clock of MARIE ANTOINETTE were among the objects of interest.

A black velvet gown with long train, and draperies opening over a white satin petticoat covered with white crape, is the sort of mourning worn by the Countess de Pourtalès.

The Boston Music Hall has been pronounced by Professor LOUIS MAAS, of Leipzig, the finest in the world in form, taste of decorations, and acoustics.

King KALAKAUA has written to VERDI expressing the delight he and the Queen of the Sandwich Islands had received from the music of *Aida*.

The Empress EUGÉNIE's hair, which was never bright enough, is no longer powdered with gold-dust, but is gathered in smooth snowy bands over the forehead.

It is thought that the Princess BEATRICE leads a dreary sort of life, with no definite duties except to stand in full dress near her mother at state ceremonials; but standing in shabby clothes beside a cotton loom may be drearier.

A burlesque of the *Medea* of EURIPIDES will be presented in English by the Sophomores of Yale College at the New Haven Opera-house, next term, for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Though the choruses will be sung to modern tunes, all the traditions of the Greek stage will be preserved in the stage arrangements.

Mrs. HOWE, the banker of Boston, has her rival in the Spanish dame Señora BALDOMERA, who recently duped the people of Madrid out of six hundred thousand dollars by promising to pay them interest at from three to ten per cent. a month. The Spanish authorities have given her three years' imprisonment; but if cumulative sentences had been the order of the day, she would have been sentenced to two thousand years instead, as there were seven hundred complainants.

The study of "Semitic inscriptions" is engaging M. RENAN, who will shortly become the editor of a review devoted to these dry bones of literature.

When the late Czar was a handsome child, and walked the streets of St. Petersburg with a guard or two, the people followed him in crowds, trying to kiss the hem of his garments.

The most learned printer in the United States is said to be Colonel W. A. CILLOWAY, the only living printer who has set up the Bible in the original Greek. He has worked in London, Paris, Rome, and Crete; served in the Mexican war; saved President LINCOLN from capture by the rebels on one occasion; and has suffered from actual hunger on account of poverty.

When Queen ISABELLA visited President GRÉVY the other day at the Élysée, she was simply treated as a friend who had come to dine. Madame GRÉVY did not go to the door to meet her, and did not "Majesty" her the whole evening. M. GRÉVY addressed her usually as "Madame," and attended her to her carriage as he would attend any lady guest.

The May *Atlantic* is the first number issuing from Mr. ALDRICH's editorial hand.

In *Bleak House*, JANAUSCHEK changes her costume nine times, wearing some of the most beautiful and appropriate dresses ever seen on our stage.

Mr. ELIHU B. WASHBURN has been spending a season at the Hot Springs of Arkansas with his brother CADWALLADER, who is seriously afflicted with rheumatic ailments.

Mrs. BETSY PERKINS, of Taunton, Massachusetts, who remembers incidents of one of WASHINGTON's inaugurations, recently celebrated her one-hundredth birthday by giving to all of her daughters one-thousand-dollar bond.

Although CARLYLE held the most decided views on the subject of indexes to books, his *Reminiscences* have been brought out by Mr. FROUDE without an index.

The father of the Empress of Austria is the best zither player in Europe, and has passed much of his life travelling about with a Tyrolean who is also an accomplished performer on this instrument.

The *cotillon* at the recent Bucharest Jockey Club ball lasted four hours. The first dancing room was in the LOUIS Quinze style, yellow, with any amount of glass and Sèvres work about it; the second was red, in the style of the Empire; the third strictly Oriental, walls and windows hung with Persian carpets, while Madame MARIO, Princess OLIVE FLORESCO, Madame ZOE PATCHOURÈS, and the Princess NATHALIE PHILIPESCO did the honors of the occasion.

The many friends of Mrs. ELIZA GREATOREX, the artist, will sympathize with the loss she has sustained in the death of her only son THOMAS, who was shot and killed at Durango, Colorado, March 11, while gallantly defending a woman from the assault of a ruffian. The murderer only escaped lynching by flight. Mr. GREATOREX was a little over thirty years old, and had resided for some five years in the San Juan country, where he had won universal respect. For several terms he had filled the offices of Deputy Treasurer and Clerk of Rio Grande County, and was clerk of the District Court at Del Norte. He had proved himself a capable official, and was regarded as one of the ablest young men in that section of the country. His mother and sisters are now in Algeria, but expect shortly to return to the United States.



Fig. 1.—SATIN PETTICOAT.

Satin Petticoats, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE petticoat Fig. 1 is of quilted red satin, wadded, and lined with taffeta. It is trimmed with a knife-pleating two inches and a half wide, and a gathered ruffle, surmounted by a puff with a heading, of satin. The gathered ruffle is

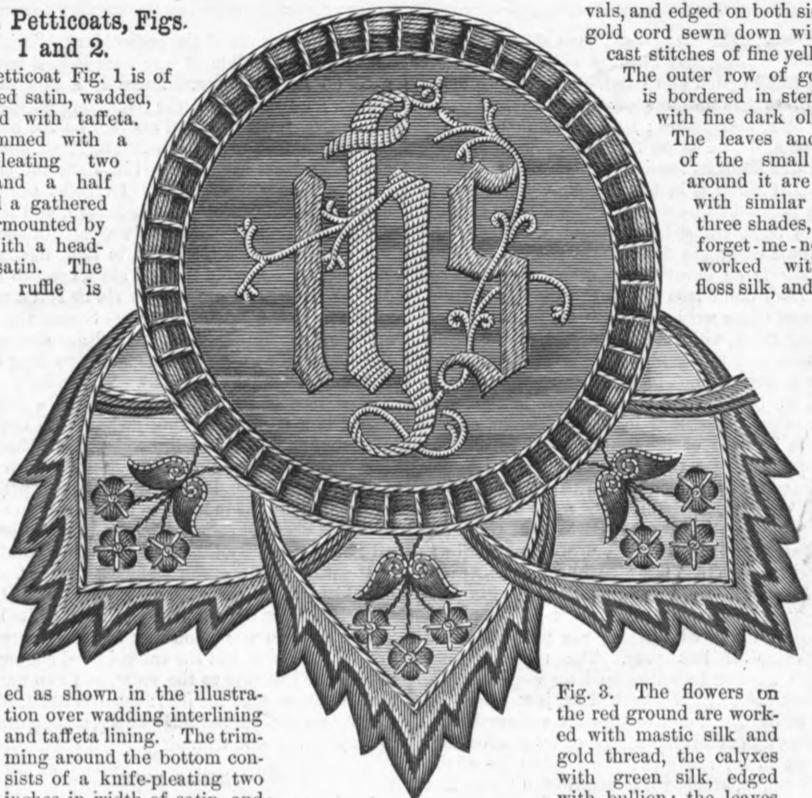


Fig. 2.—CENTRE OF PULPIT CUSHION, FIG. 1.

embroidered in satin stitch and point Russe with pink, blue, and olive green silk, and finished at the lower edge with button-hole stitch scallops as seen in the illustration.

The petticoat Fig. 2 is of peacock blue satin, quilt-



BOX FOR POSTAGE STAMPS.

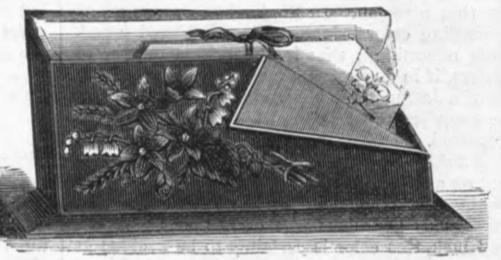
ed as shown in the illustration over wadding interlining and taffeta lining. The trimming around the bottom consists of a knife-pleating two inches in width of satin, and a gathered ruffle two inches wide of the same material, embroidered with silk of the same shade, and edged with button-hole stitch scallops. The gathered ruffle is surmounted by an upright heading set on under folds of the satin. The skirt is attached to a wide belt.

vals, and edged on both sides with gold cord sewn down with overcast stitches of fine yellow silk. The outer row of gold cord is bordered in stem stitch with fine dark olive silk. The leaves and stems of the small sprays around it are worked with similar silk in three shades, and the forget-me-nots are worked with blue floss silk, and crossed



Fig. 2.—SATIN PETTICOAT.

with gold thread, the centre of each consisting of a knotted stitch in yellow-brown silk. The leaf-shaped points are worked in feather stitch with ré-séda silk in three shades, and the inner edge of the work is defined with gold cord. The remaining embroidery is executed in like manner according to



BOX FOR CORRESPONDENCE CARDS AND ENVELOPES.



Fig. 1.—PULPIT CUSHION.—SATIN AND STEM STITCH AND APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.—See Figs. 2 and 3.—[Designed by Madame Emilie Bach, Directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work.]

Pulpit Cushion, Figs. 1-3.

THE top of this cushion is covered with a piece of mastic-colored satin twenty-two inches square, on which is applied a piece of red satin eighteen inches square; a piece six inches and a half square is cut out of the centre of the red square, and the corners are cut out in the manner shown in Fig. 3. A circular piece of red satin two inches and three-quarters in diameter is applied at the centre of the mastic square. After the design for the centre has been transferred to the material according to Fig. 2, the letters are worked in satin stitch with gold thread and gold bullion in the manner shown in that illustration. The edge of the application is covered with old gold floss silk in two shades, which is fastened down with transverse stitches of gold thread at regular inter-



SCREEN WITH PORTFOLIO.—BRILLIANT EMBROIDERY.

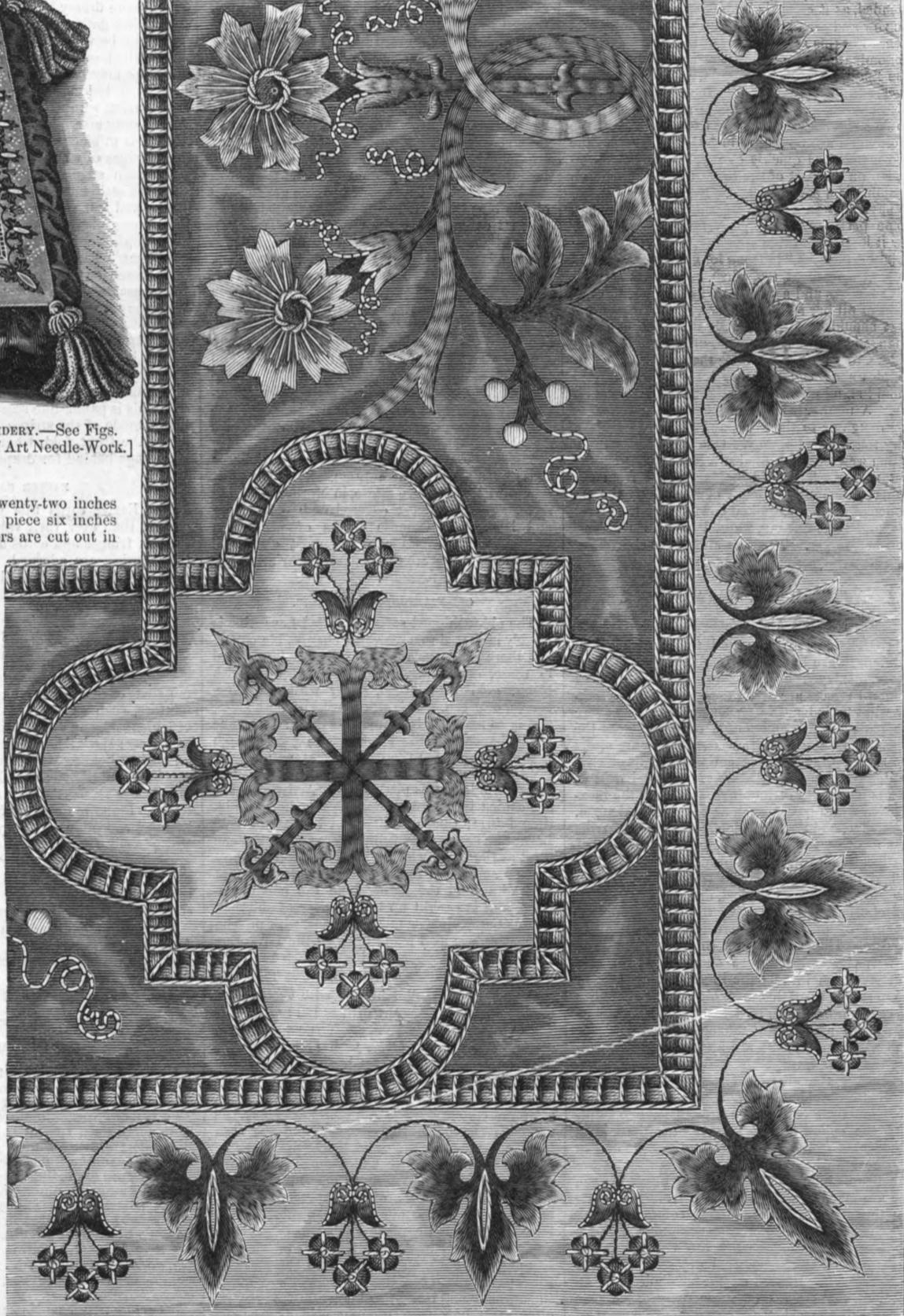


Fig. 3.—BORDER OF PULPIT CUSHION, FIG. 1.



WOODBINE DESIGN FOR BUREAU OR TABLE COVER, ETC.—CREWEL WORK.—FROM THE NEW YORK DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.

one placed diagonally over it with blue silk. The leaves in the outer border are worked with réséda silk in several shades and gold thread, the forget-me-nots with blue silk and gold thread. The sides of the cushion are covered with a strip of the material, which is gathered along the sides, and set on so as to form a puff, and the embroidered cover is stretched over the top, and fastened. The edge is finished with heavy silk cord, and tassels of silk and bullion are attached at the corners.

WOODBINE DESIGN FOR BUREAU OR TABLE COVER, ETC.

THE spray and vine of woodbine, furnished us by the courtesy of the New York Decorative Art Society, is intended to be used on a bureau-cover or scarf table-cover made of linen or crash. It is perfectly suitable, however, to other materials, if worked in solid embroidery, and on a cloth not so large as to make the pattern seem meagre. The colors are olive greens for the leaves, a deep brownish-red for the stems, and a very dark reddish-purple for the berries. Any one accustomed to nice shading, and having a keen and true eye for color, might venture to work the pattern in the autumnal tints to which woodbine beautifully turns. But only an experienced needle-woman would find it easy softly to blend the many shades of red, the occasional splashes of yellow, and the incidental touches of brown decay on the edges of the leaves. It is a pattern that is very pretty worked in outline, although the sharply irregular edges of the leaves make it specially good in solid work.

A bureau-cover on linen or crash, with the pattern begun, and crewels to finish it, may be had of the Decorative Art Society for four dollars. The vine may run across the end of the scarf, with plenty of the material below to fringe out handsomely, and the spray may be wrought here and there at irregular distances on the cloth. Or two of the sprays may be used carelessly for the ends, and the vine may be left out. For a small square linen cover a repetition of the vine makes the border, and the spray may or may not be introduced, according to fancy.

Box for Correspondence Cards and Envelopes.

See illustration on page 260.

This box is made of pasteboard, covered with dark green leather, and lined with white paper. The right upper corner is turned down on the front, the leather on which is embroidered as shown in the illustration in satin and stem stitch, and in point Russe with sash-silk in several colors.

Box for Postage Stamps.

See illustration on page 260.

This box is made of pasteboard, covered with gray leather, and lined with white paper. It is divided into two compartments. The leather on the front is embroidered in satin and knotted stitch and in point Russe. The cover is of glass, bound with gray leather.

Screen with Portfolio.—Brilliant Embroidery.

See illustration on page 260.

The frame-work of this screen is made of carved walnut. The transverse bars are connected by a partition made of heavy pasteboard and covered with red plush. The covers of the portfolio are lined with red plush, and covered on the outside with plush brocaded in bright colors, and ornamented with brilliant embroidery. The covers and the partition are connected at the sides and bottom by soufflets of plush, and are finished at the edges with heavy cord. For the brilliant embroidery on the covers, each of the ground figures on the plush is outlined with silk, which is twisted around bullion, either gold, silver, or steel; black silk is used for the leaves, and silk in the color of the figure itself for each of the remaining figures. Plush clasps furnished with button-holes are attached to small knobs on the upper bar, and buttoned to the covers of the portfolio to

keep them closed. The screen may be covered with any other suitable material instead of embroidered plush.

TEXTILE FABRICS AS GROUNDS FOR EMBROIDERY.

By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Linens.—There are many varieties of unglazed, half-bleached linens, from that thirty-six and forty inches wide, used for chair-backs, to that ninety inches wide, used for large table-covers, curtains, etc. There are also endless varieties of fancy linens, both of hand and power-loom weaving, for summer dresses, for bed furniture, chair-backs, table-cloths, etc. **Flax** is the unbleached brown linen often used for chair-back covers. **Twill**, a thick linen suitable for coverings for furniture. **Kirriemuir twill**, a fine twilled linen good for tennis aprons, dresses, curtains, etc. **Sail-cloth**, a stout linen of yellow color, only suitable for panels of screens. **Oat-cake linen**, so called from its resemblance to Scotch oat-cake, is used for screen panels or wash-stand backs; it is very coarse and rough. **Oatmeal linen** is finer, and of a grayer tone; it is used for screens and for smaller articles. **Smock linen** is a strong, even, green stuff, which makes an excellent ground for screens, and is also used for lawn-tennis aprons. **Crash**.—Properly speaking, this name is only applied to the coarse Russian homespun linen which has been such a favorite from the beauty of its tone of color. It is, however, erroneously applied to all linens used for embroidery, whether woven by hand-loom or machinery; and this confusion of names often leads to mistakes. Crash is almost always very coarse, is never more than eighteen inches wide, and can not be mistaken for a machine-made fabric. It is woven by the Russian peasants in their own homes, in lengths varying from five to ten yards, and therefore, though sent over in large bales, it is very difficult to find two pieces among a hundred that in every way match. **Bolton** or **workhouse sheeting** is a coarse twilled cotton fabric seventy-two inches wide, of a beautifully soft creamy tint, which improves in washing. It is inexpensive, and an excellent ground for embroidery, either for curtains, counterpanes, chair-coverings, or for ladies' dresses, tennis aprons, or children's aprons. It resembles the twilled cotton on which so much of the old crewel embroidery was worked in the seventeenth century, and is one of the most satisfactory materials when of really good quality. All descriptions of linen except the oat-cake and sail-cloth can be worked in the hand. **Satin**s and **silk**s can only be embroidered in a frame. Furniture satins of stout make, with cotton backs, may be used without backing, but ordinary dress satins require to have a thin cotton or linen lining to bear the strain of the work and framing. For fans, a very fine, closely woven satin is necessary, as it will not fold evenly unless the satin is thin, and yet it must be rich enough to sustain the embroidery without pulling or looking poor. A special kind of satin is made for the manufacture of fans, and none other is available. **Silk sheeting** of good quality, **satin de Chine**, and other silk-faced materials of like class may either be embroidered in the hand or framed; for large pieces of work a frame is essential. These materials are suitable for almost any purpose. The finer qualities are very beautiful for dresses, as they take rich and graceful folds, and carry embroidery well. **Tussore** and **corale silks** are charming for summer dresses, light chair-back covers, short curtains for windows, or to draw before bookshelves in small cabinets where a touch of color is wanted. Within the last year successful experiments have been made in dyeing these Indian silks in England. The exact shades so much admired in old Oriental embroideries have been reproduced, with the additional advantage of being perfectly fast in color. Nothing is so charming as these for lining curtains, screens, etc., and they are rather less expensive than other lining silks. The fabrics known as **plain tapes**tries are a mixture of silk and cotton, manufactured in imitation of the hand-worked backgrounds so frequent in ancient embroideries, especially Venetian. Almost all the varieties of *opus pulvinarium*, or cushion

ion stitch, have been reproduced in these woven fabrics. *Brocaine* is a silk-faced material, woven to imitate couched embroidery. The silk is thrown to the surface, and is tied down with cotton threads from the back. As grounds for embroidery it has an excellent effect. *Velveteen*, if of good quality, makes an excellent ground for screen panels, chair-covers, portières, curtains, borders, etc. It can be worked in the hand if the embroidery be not too heavy or large in style. *Utrecht velvet* is only suitable for coarse crewel or tapestry wool embroidery. It is fit for curtain dadoes, or wide borderings of bold design. *Velvet cloth* is a rich plain cloth, finished without any gloss. It is two yards wide, and is good for curtains or altar cloths, or for table-covers. *Felt* is sometimes used for the same purposes, and for rugs, but does not wear nearly so well, and is difficult to work. *Diagonal cloth* has a diagonal twill, and is better worked in the frame than by hand. It is used for table-covers, curtains, etc. *Serge* is usually made thirty-six inches wide. It has long been in favor for curtains, small table-covers, and dresses. It can now be obtained at some places fifty-four inches wide and in many shades. *Soft* or *super serge*, also fifty-four inches in width, is an excellent material, much superior in appearance to the ordinary rough serge or to diagonal cloth, and takes embroidery well. *Cricketing flannel* is used for coverlets for cribs, children's dresses, and many other purposes. It is of a beautiful creamy color, and is a good ground for fine crewel or silk embroidery. It need not be worked in a frame. *Genoa* or *Lyons velvet* makes a beautiful ground for embroidery, but it can only be worked in a frame, and requires to be "backed" with a thin cotton or linen lining, if it is to sustain any mass of embroidery. For small articles, such as sachets or casket-covers, when the work is fine and small, backing is unnecessary. Screen panels of velvet, worked wholly in crewels, or with crewels brightened with silk, are very effective. Three-piled velvet is the best for working upon, but is too expensive to be used for any but small things. *Silk velvet plush* (a new material) can only be used in framework, and must be backed. It is useful in appliquéd-work, from the many beautiful tones of color it takes. As a ground for silk or gold embroidery it is also very good. *Cloth of gold* or *silver* is made of threads of silk woven with metal, which is thrown to the surface. In its best form it is extremely expensive, varying from twenty to thirty dollars a yard in London; cloth of silver is generally fifteen dollars a yard. Inferior kinds are made in which silk largely predominates, and shows plainly on the surface. They are frequently woven in patterns, such as diaper or diagonal lines, with a tie of red silk, in imitation of the diaper patterns of couched embroidery. They are chiefly used in ecclesiastical or heraldic embroidery, their great expense preventing their general use.

[Begin in HARPER'S BAZAR NO. 12, Vol. XIV.]

WOMEN ARE STRANGE.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

"Les femmes sont si étranges."—PAILLERON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOVERS.

COLONEL DARRELL closed the door, and walked to the very centre of the Turkey rug, standing thus morally and physically between the lovers, a type of the obstruction which they had to expect. He was really very angry; his late altercation with Alderman Archstone had not tended to any degree of amiability of disposition, and now here was the prime mover of all the trouble and mischief before him.

"May I ask, Mr. Grange, or Mr. Hearthstone—Archstone, I should say—by what right you force yourself into my apartments?" asked the Colonel—"taking advantage of my absence to distress a poor weak invalid?"

"Papa, I—"

"Clara, it is better you should remain completely silent," said the Colonel, "and leave me to deal with this gentleman."

"I am of your opinion, Colonel Darrell," said Mr. Harvey Grange, in a low tone of voice, "and I would respectfully request an interview with you in another apartment."

"I decline to grant it," replied the Colonel. "You will please explain your conduct before me and her," he added, pointing to his daughter.

"There is only one explanation for it all," said the actor, gravely—"my love for Miss Darrell."

"Ernest!" exclaimed Clara Darrell.

"My dear, I insist on your silence," said her father, very firmly; "it is impossible to get on if you will interfere in this ridiculous manner. Your love for my daughter," he said, turning to the young man, "is of the past, sir, and there's an end of it. Even your own conduct has put an end to it, Mr.—Mr.—Confound it! by what name am I to call you?"

"My name is Archstone in private life—Ernest Archstone. On the stage I prefer to be called Harvey Grange, at present."

"At present!" repeated Colonel Darrell. "Oh! then you have no idea of abandoning your absurd calling?"

"I have not."

"And yet you have the effrontery to come here and expect the daughter of a Darrell, of a Colonel in her Majesty's army, to tolerate your addresses, to put up with your bad tempers and suspicions, to persuade her father, possibly, to give his consent to the union?"

"Your daughter is one of my own profession, and an honor and an ornament to it, sir," answered young Archstone. "I could have made no better choice in life."

"Probably not for yourself. For my daughter is worth a hundred of you," cried the Colonel.

"I acknowledge it, sir," said Mr. Archstone, very frank and humble now, having encountered and comprehended Clara Darrell's appealing glance toward him—"I acknowledge everything. I own I have been in the wrong, very unfairly and unwarrantably jealous, and that I have wounded the pride, perhaps irreparably, of one whose feelings I should have been the first to consider, and she has not forgiven me."

"And a good job too," said the Colonel, bluntly.

"But I have faith in her mercy, in her father's love for her, to end all these misunderstandings for once and all. Can I say more than that I am truly and deeply sorry, and beg her to forgive me? Clara, I ask it on my knees again."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, sir; you'll not make yourself an idiot here, sir," said the Colonel, arresting the young man's impulse of prostration. "Sit down and talk sensibly. This is play-acting, every bit of it, and I don't like it."

Mr. Archstone sat down, thus adjured, and the Colonel, maintaining his position in front of the fire, said, "Will you allow me to speak now, and speak a little to the purpose?"

"Proceed, Colonel," answered the tragedian; "I will not interrupt you if I can help it."

"I have not much to say, and it's all very plain and straightforward sailing," began the Colonel. "I repeat what I have just said down stairs to your father, that—"

"My father! you have seen him, then? Ah! he has been imploring you, for my sake, to soften the obduracy of your heart," cried Ernest Archstone.

"Nothing of the kind, sir," answered the Colonel. "Your father is one of the rudest persons I have ever met in my life."

"Then he has had the gout," murmured Archstone. "Poor old gentleman, how he suffers! Ah, sir, you haven't seen him at his best."

"I have seen him at his worst, and that's enough for me."

"There are times when he is the most gentle, forbearing, and amiable of men," continued the actor, "when—"

"I don't want to hear anything about your father's good qualities, young man," said the Colonel, testily. "Pray allow me to proceed."

"You introduced his name yourself, sir," answered Mr. Archstone, reproachfully. "I have done."

"Then I will merely state that we are all of one mind," he remarked: "your parent objects to the match; I object; my daughter objects; a day or two ago you objected yourself. Clara and I have arranged our lives together; she will share and make happy the home of her father, and give up, once and forever, the stage and you. All this being settled irrevocably, what is there more to discuss?"

"I do not believe in the 'forevers' and the 'irrevocably' off the stage," said the actor, calmly; "it is 'play-acting,' if you like, to talk in that way."

"Confound it, sir! what next will you say?" exclaimed the Colonel.

"I will say this next, and with all respect to you," said Mr. Archstone, leaning forward, and regarding Clara Darrell very earnestly, "that my dismissal must come from your daughter's lips, not yours."

"You're as bad as—as—as your insolent old father," exclaimed the Colonel.

"Spare my father, Colonel Darrell—it is only the duty of a generous man to the son," he said, with something very like true dignity.

"Yes, that's all very well, but your father is—"

"I will not hear anything more against my father," said Mr. Archstone, rising—"not another word, if you please."

Colonel Darrell reddened, and stared haughtily at the young man for a moment—then he walked once round the room with his hands behind his back before he returned to his position on the hearth-rug.

"I don't blame you, young man, for speaking up for your father," he said, in a different voice, and rattling off his words with an extraordinary rapidity. "I apologize; I was in the wrong. Don't mind me; I'm a rough old soldier at times, nothing more. Not but what your father is—Hadn't we better say good-morning?" he added, after a pause.

"We have settled nothing, sir," replied Ernest. "Surely something will be done to relieve me from a cruel suspense?"

"Clara, will you tell him that all is at an end between you two?" said the Colonel. "Tell him this, calmly and firmly."

"It is much better—Ernest—that all should be at an end—between us—I think," she said, in very meek accents, and with many long stops.

"That is a nice way to tell him," muttered the Colonel.

"Oh, you will trust me again—once more!" Ernest exclaimed: "you will—I am sure you will."

"You have had my daughter's answer, sir," said the Colonel, who was extremely anxious to bring the interview to a conclusion.

"She thinks so," he repeated, "that is all. But she knows that I shall be a desperate man without her, and that a word from her—"

"Go now, Ernest—I will write to you."

"A thousand thanks, dear Clara; but to hear now from your own dear lips—"

"I am very weak, Ernest; leave me—please do."

She held out her hand, and he stooped and kissed it; then he bowed to the Colonel, and went out of the room with quick strides.

Colonel Darrell did not say anything for several minutes after the departure of Ernest Archstone; he stood with his hands behind his back, and his eyes bent downward to his feet, silent, thoughtful, and yet watchful—a man perplexed, and yet a man on his guard. Once or twice he glanced furtively at his daughter, who sat with

one hand shading, as it were, the glare of the fire from her face, but in reality concealing some weak and womanly tears from his notice.

He spoke at last in a low, dissatisfied tone.

"If that man acts as well on the stage as he does off, Clara, I do not wonder at his success," he said.

"You do him an injustice, dad, if you think that his was not real sorrow for our separation," she answered, with a sigh.

"I am not sure. I don't quite like his manner. Now I think it over coolly," he said, "it seems hardly genuine. I miss, somehow or other, a true ring about it."

"Oh! you are prejudiced against him," she murmured; "you have not known him so long as I have."

"Ahem! No—thank goodness!"

"And you dislike the stage so much! You are so bitter against us all!"

"Shall I tell you why?" he asked.

"If you will. If you don't mind."

"I will be very brief, and it is a warning as well as a story, Clara," he said, drawing a chair to her side, sitting down, and taking her hand in his.

CHAPTER X.

THE COLONEL'S CONFESSION.

"I AM not surprised at your talent for the stage," began the Colonel. "Your mother was an actress."

"My mother!" exclaimed Clara Darrell. "My own mother!—and you have not told me this before!"

"You were only fifteen when I left England," he continued, "and you were too young to know the story which your aunts and I were only too anxious to keep from you, and which we did keep from you rigorously, religiously."

"For what reason? Was my mother—"

"Bad! Yes, God forgive me, very bad," said the Colonel, solemnly; "and she nearly broke my heart."

"But you forgave her before she died, I hope, and—and she was very, very sorry? Oh! wasn't she?" said the girl, now terribly shaken by the revelation.

"I have not forgiven her, and she has never asked my forgiveness," replied the Colonel. "I do not think she is dead."

"Not dead!" cried Clara. "My mother living? Where?"

"God knows where," was the answer. "I don't."

"And with whom is she? Can you tell me that?" she inquired, in a husky whisper.

"I can not tell you anything more, Clara," said the Colonel. "I have not cared to ask about her. Her life has no interest for me, and lies apart from mine."

"Dreadful!" whispered Clara Darrell to herself.

"You do not wonder, Clara, why I hate the stage and all belonging to it?"

"No," she murmured. "I understand, I think."

"It was the ruin of my happiness. I believed," he added, after a pause, "that your mother would settle down, give up the artificial life she was pursuing, be content with a quiet home and faithful husband—in fact, devote her life to me and you. See the bitter end of all my hopes, Clara, and the shadows which you cast on me again!"

"No, no—not I," she cried. "You mustn't say that."

"You love this man better than me," he said. "His life fascinates you, and is a part of your own. You can not give him up; your tastes, pursuits, ambitions, are in common. He is everything to you, and I am nothing."

"My love for him does not weaken my affection for the father," she replied.

"Ah, then you do love him?" said the Colonel, quickly.

"Yes," she confessed. "It was not possible to forget him—all at once."

"And yet you are ready to devote your life to me? You have said that," he reminded her.

"If you wish it, yes," she said, extending her hand to him again.

"Gladdening my life at the last," he continued. "Taking the place of her who deserted me, forgetting by degrees your poor romance, and letting the stage world sink away. You are prepared for all this?"

"If you wish it," she repeated once more, "yes."

The fair head was bowed very low; the picture which he drew for her was cold and gray in tone, and the world which she was asked to quit had been a very happy one, brightened as it had been by a remarkable success. But if he wished it—

Yes!

"You make it my wish rather than your own," he muttered. "You do not come freely to the life I offer you, Clara. You hardly trust me; you know so little of me."

Was it a reproach in her turn which escaped the trembling lips of the daughter?

"You do not give me time," she murmured.

"Time for what?"

"Time to think what is best."

The Colonel did not answer this; he sat with his forehead deeply furrowed, and an expression of grave doubt upon his face. Did he know what was really best for her? Was he not requiring from her all the sacrifice, all the self-abnegation, all the loss, and offering her nothing but a quiet home with him? And he was right, too, in his accusation. After all, she knew so little of him; he was no part and parcel of her world. He had spent his life away from her.

Suddenly he rose to his feet, and laid his hand upon hers for a moment with a kindly pressure.

"Take your time, child," he said.

He went out of the room, out of the hotel, and walked the full length of the Embankment with the thoughtful, puzzled look which had come to him with his daughter's final words. He thought

he knew what was best for her. He hoped she would see what was best for herself when he returned; but he was hardly confident in his own wisdom. He was vacillating now—he who had always prided himself upon his strength of mind and inflexibility of will. He had been very firm and hard, God knows, once upon a time, but the result was failure, and a wife stealing away from home and child and him. He should not like it said again that he had been too firm, and knew nothing of women's hearts and thoughts, and that in his own conceit he had married his daughter's life. Let him take time himself, and think the matter out to a fair conclusion—if he could!

CHAPTER XI.

NOT ALONE IN THE WORLD.

much of his unhappiness—past and present—to others' unhappiness too?

"Miss Darrell is too unwell to see anybody," he said, without replying to all Miss Westminster's questions; "and you will excuse me."

"Oh, I'll excuse you, Colonel, for you can't keep me away long," she said, "and you have a daughter no more likely to forget me altogether than the public will forget her. Why, look over there just under the blue sheepherd in a yellow wig—and that's *me*, you know—'Last week of Miss Galveston.' Look at the size of that poster, and be grateful for a clever child. Good-day, and my love to Clara."

She tripped away without shaking hands with him again, but with a pleasant smile and a little defiant nod, as if not very much afraid of him for all his woful and unsympathetic countenance. He raised his hat and proceeded on his way, glad that the interview was over, and the instant afterward disposed to be sorry, as he might have asked a few questions in his turn of that inquisitive lady, and learned the real truth of Clara Darrell's life.

He walked back more rapidly to the hotel now. The stage life was close to him yet; the stage faces were thick about him still, and Clara was not safe within a stone's-throw of them all. She was surrounded by them, not away from them, and yet he had promised not to take her back to a home of which she was really afraid. He entered the hotel, and went up stairs. He passed into his room, and then stood close to the door, transfixed with astonishment.

Two tall, thin-visaged ladies, not unlike himself in feature, sat one on each side of the fire, very prim and self-possessed. They had set aside their bonnets, smoothed their bands of thin gray hair, and were waiting for his return with much placidity—two sisters thoroughly at home already.

He looked wildly round him, but there was no sign of Clara Darrell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY FIRE.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

HERE all day long, in storm or sun,
My bright companion flickers still;
Its purr and crackle never done,
Its warmth un vexed by change or chill:
Gay comrade of my solitude,
That can not weary or intrude.

Sometimes it flashes red and high,
To meet and scoff the hissing snow;
Sometimes, with gentler ministry,
Its saffron flames burn soft and low;
Or quivering tongues of sapphire light
Leap upward in their fierce delight.

Like prisoned spirits of the air
Set free by magic sign and spell,
Their tints the artist's fond despair,
Such hues as speech is vain to tell,
The sparkling, wavering, wayward fires
Adorn my summer's funeral pyres.

For here are boughs from many a tree
That underneath the brightening sun
Put forth their lovely mystery
Of leaf and flower e'er spring was done,
And when the autumn winds blew rude,
The grass with gold and crimson strewed.

And here the maple's shapely head,
The beeches' bole of velvet gray,
The fragrant birch whose branches spread
With airy dance and graceful sway,
The walnut, odorous, straight, and tall,
In ashes expiate their fall.

No more for them the zephyrs sing
In wistful music all night long;
No more their restless crests shall swing
Before the storm's triumphant song;
No verdant plume or crown of gold
Those prostrate trunks shall e'er uphold.

With ruthless hand the ringing steel
Fell fast on every sturdy side;
The wild birds saw them swerve and reel,
And screamed the death-cry of their pride.
Shall ever might of man restore
Their stately strength to hill or shore?

Fallen are the mighty from their ranks;
The squirrel's home, the oriole's nest,
Low on the forest's mossy banks,
Shorn of their kingly splendors, rest.
For this, long years of sun and rain,
Of growth and glory—all in vain.

Yet could they feel the pang of fate,
To them these chill and moaning airs
Might whisper: "Whether soon or late,
Nature some death for all prepares.
The use of beauty, and its glow,
Few but her favorite children know."

"To wave beneath the starry sky,
To rest the earth with shade and dew,
Then, when the glare of noon goes by,
To live again in service true,
A shivering mortal's life to cheer—
What more could Nature give ye here?"

And I beside this friendly blaze
Look back to mourn my fallen trees,
Yet praise them in these wintry days
More than when bloom delights the bees—
My consolation and my cheer
Through the long dead-watch of the year.

Could I such peace and comfort be,
So genial and so bright a friend—
Such innocent hilarity
Be mine to life's remotest end—
Ah me! how little should I care
To turn to ashes and to air!

(Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.) THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

AN OLD DEBT.

NOTHING original remains to be said about the physiognomy of houses. The vials of scorn and ridicule have been emptied upon the newly rich—whether of the crimson and gold period of taste that lapsed a decade ago, or the sage green and peacock period which is now showing signs of approaching evanishment—for that they have given their mansions over to the will and pleasure of upholsterers, accepting their "suits" and paying their bills with equal docility. No individuality; no features; no characterization; none of that cultured discernment and high-toned harmoniousness which render life truly rhythmical and worth living. Mere "furnishing," not the accreting to the individual of all that tends to adorn and elevate. Volumes of rhapsody have been lavished upon the ancient and stately great houses of England, with their cabinets and their china closets, their tapestried walls, and their grim carved, plumed bedsteads and wardrobes of the olden time. Yet those old mansions were all in their day furnished by the upholsterers of that period, the big furniture very likely "sent in" like coals; and there may be something to say for the newly rich of this, who act on the not unreasonable conviction that nobody is so likely to understand furnishing a house as a man the business of whose life is house-furnishing. Such at least was the joint opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore, whose handsome and comfortable residence in Kaiser Crescent, a portion of the South Kensington district which was quite new ten years ago, was not "eloquent," or "full of character," or suggestive of anything except a very sound and complete notion of comfort, carried into execution with thoroughness that left nothing to be desired. The peacock and the sunflower had not yet "whipped the universe" of decorative art, and the Townley Gore upholsterer was no poet. Nor were the Townley Gores among the newly rich; they were only newly richer, an increase of fortune having come to them a short time before the period at which we make their acquaintance. The vulgarity, the pretentiousness, and the uneasiness of a state of life to which they had not been born or brought up did not attach to the Townley Gores, to render them either odious or absurd, or both. The impression which their house in Kaiser Crescent made upon such visitors to it as could not be satisfied without defining its physiognomy was that its owners must be enviable people, whose ways were those of pleasantness.

The hall was hardly "spacious," but it was perfectly convenient, richly carpeted, carefully warmed and lighted; and the dining-room, library, smoking and billiard rooms, which formed the ground-floor, were models of comfort and propriety in their respective fashions. A very profound scholar or an enthusiastic bibliophile would probably not have cared much about the library; but Mr. Townley Gore was neither, and the handsome shelves which lined the room on three sides of it were filled with books more readable than rare. Every appliance for reading with as much ease and writing with as little labor as possible was to be found in the library. A like judicious attention to the purposes of the apartment had presided over the dining-room. The upholsterer had not soared into regions of high art. There was no ebony, no velvet, no allegorical decoration in the room which witnessed the transaction of the most important business of Mr. Townley Gore's life; but the floor was covered with a rich Turkey carpet; the windows were draped with crimson cloth; the chairs were stuffed like so many truffled turkeys, and rolled on noiseless casters; the sideboards displayed good store of massive plate; handsome screens inclosed and sheltered the wide hearth-place and the well-hung doors. The pictures—oil-paintings—were not perhaps of remarkable merit, or of indisputable authenticity, but they answered their decorative purpose fairly, and Mr. Townley Gore was not a connoisseur—of painting.

The comfort, order, and pleasantness which distinguished the portion of the house that is generally most associated with the male members of families were equally observable in the other parts of it. There is a legend—it used to be kept in reserve for the edification of young housemaids—which relates how a certain lady of extraordinary household virtues and inexorability was wont to ascend to the attic every day, and walk down the stairs to the nethermost region of her dwelling, a white handkerchief in her hand, which she passed along the stair rail, and by the test of the spotlessness of that cambric piece of conviction was judgment meted out to her Janes and Jemimas. This awful practice might almost have been in action in the Townley Gore mansion without producing penal results: it was the most dustless, the most deftly swept and garnished, of dwellings. There are houses where the casual visitor never comes on traces of the children, but whose nurseries are populous for all that, and their little people neither unloved nor unhappy. Strangers do not hear their prattle and laughter, but the music of them is in the air, and the smile in the eyes of the hostess is touched with the sweetness and solicitude of motherhood.

Why it was that it never occurred to anybody, even to persons who knew nothing about the Townley Gores, and were at their house for the first time, to imagine that there could be a child or children there, it would be difficult to say. It was not because order reigned among chairs and footstools, all the books were in their places, no toys lay about in the boudoir, and the hollows under the great tables in the dining-room were

unconscious of transformation into the den of the two-legged wolf or the cave of the bear in a blue sash and a coral necklace. It was a fact, however it might be accounted for, and one which would have pleased Mrs. Townley Gore if she had realized it; for she disliked children, and if she ever felt a moment of pious gratitude to Providence, it was when she reflected upon her own freedom from what she regarded as the thrall-dom of others. If there had been time when Mr. Townley Gore did not think as she did on this point, that time was long past; he did not "mind" now at all. He was a *bon-vivant* in the sense which is more or less obsolete at the present time, much devoted to the sedulous study of his own comfort of both body and mind, averse to facing any circumstances and contemplating or admitting any subject which might interfere with that great good, and though not harsh, penurious, or cruel of disposition, almost as indifferent to the woes, wants, wrongs, and sufferings of his fellow-men as if those experiences were undergone by the inhabitants of another planet than this firm earth which had afforded him a secure footing in a paradise of delights, with only a few snakes in it, for half a century.

A prosperous gentleman in the fullest sense of the term was Mr. Townley Gore as he entered his handsome dining-room on a fine morning in June, exactly at nine o'clock. His philosophy of life consisted of getting as much out of his allotted time in this unfortunately transitory phase of existence as possible, and necessarily implied the observance of the conditions of health. He was not invariably constant to this principle; he departed from it a good deal in the articles of food and drink, but he adhered to it in those of early hours and regular exercise. Breakfast at nine was a never-broken rule, and Mr. Townley Gore was always punctual. The meal was, like all the meals at his house, served with every accessory of luxury and comfort; most things that are acknowledged to be good to eat at breakfast were to be found on Mr. Townley Gore's table, and in the centre of it a bowl of rich red roses stood, whence a delicious odor diffused itself throughout the room. The windows were open; the sweet June air came freshly in. Invisible birds were singing somewhere, though Kaiser Crescent was only a stony-hearted street, and its gardens very back-gardenish indeed. The scene was a pleasant one that met the eyes of the master of the house as he turned over the little heap of morning letters that awaited him as usual, and glanced at the morning papers laid symmetrically ready to his hand.

Mr. Townley Gore was an uncommonly well preserved man of fifty, who before he learned what gout meant might have passed for forty; but he had been "pulled up," as he called it, of late, meaning that he had been forced to restrain his appetites in the interest of his health, and he began to look his age. He was tall, large, and good-looking, with still plentiful dark hair, and handsome slightly grizzled whiskers; he had a pleasant smile, a well-modulated voice, and such good manners that it was only fair to suppose the proverbial benevolence was somewhere behind them, and within call on occasion. He was always perfectly well dressed, without any of the servile following of fashion which is pardonable only on the part of very young men; and he would have no more affected the ways and pleasures of youth than he would have worn its clothes. That Mr. Townley Gore was an eminently sensible man every one who knew him, and had ever taken the trouble to think about his qualities of mind, would have agreed; and the exception was not wanting in his case to prove the rule.

The exception was to be found in a direction not uncommonly taken by such exceptions—that of his marriage. Mr. Townley Gore, a man of good "blood," good education, and good fortune, had married, when he was forty, a girl not quite twenty, of no "blood" in particular, very little education, and possessed of one of those unfortunate fortunes which are just enough to give the possessors a taste for spending money, while their small amount is a standing protest against the gratifying of that taste. The step was not a wise one, but it was not so inconsistent as those persons who particularly esteemed Mr. Townley Gore as a "sensible" man would have held it to be if they could have looked across the ten years that lay between then and now, and compared Mrs. Townley Gore at not quite thirty with Miss Lorton at not quite twenty. Not all his sense had ever subdued his inclinations, except in small things and on the calculative principle, and he was too much in love with Miss Lorton to hesitate about marrying her, either because her father (fortunately dead) had been a wholesale stationer, or because she was just half his own age. On the whole, the marriage had turned out surprisingly well, considering that the motives which led to it were as little lofty as human motives could well be; and this was chiefly owing to a fact which Mr. Townley Gore had not taken into any account, had not, indeed, suspected—the fact that his wife, though little educated, was very clever. The pair were well suited at this period of their lives; and the vacant chair at the well-spread breakfast table had been occupied on the morning in question by the lady of the house, no one could have denied that a fair and pleasant picture was fitly completed by her presence.

But the lady of the house did not appear, and Mr. Townley Gore, while making a very excellent breakfast, read his newspapers with an untroubled mind and a cheerful countenance, in harmony with the fine weather, the sweet air, the sunshine, the roses, and the birds, and looked over all his letters except two or three of uninviting exterior, which might wait. They did wait until he had finished his meal, and then he opened the blue and business-like covers. Two were tradesmen's bills; but Mr. Townley Gore was never disturbed by the receipt of documents of that kind. He glanced at the third.

"Simpson & Rees—who the deuce are Simpson & Rees?" he asked himself, absurdly and half aloud. Then, with a changed expression, partly puzzled, partly intent, he read the third letter through, twice over, and letting his right hand with the paper held in it drop on his knee, he remained for some time absorbed in thought.

Mr. Townley Gore was so methodical in his ways that any departure from his usual custom excited surprise in the household. That instead of taking his invariable morning ride in the Park, he should on this particularly beautiful day send away his horse, have a hansom called, and tell the driver to take him to Lincoln's Inn Fields, was so unaccountable that it led to a suspicion that something was "up." He had asked whether his wife had risen, but was told that she was still asleep. On his way to Lincoln's Inn he read the solicitors' letter again, and as he restored it to his breast pocket, he muttered,

"It is an old debt, but a just one."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STEPHANIE.—We know nothing about the recipe in question.

STOP.—The request to correspond should come from the gentleman.

C. A. N.—The receipt of your black-edged visiting-card in return for calls will indicate why you do not visit in person. Call upon your new acquaintances as soon as you are out of mourning.

AN INTERESTED READER.—There is no such society. The Exchange for Women's Work, No. 4 East Twentieth Street, sells ladies' hand-work on commission.

Mrs. C. C. R.—White nanook is most used for infants' first short dresses, and the patterns are the yoke slips and box-pleated dresses. You can order from this office, for 25 cents, a set of patterns for the first short dresses. Trim these with Hamburg edging, tucked ruffles, tucks in the skirts, and with lace. The figured cambrics with dark grounds and borders of the same quiet colors look well made by the designs illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. XIV. The Scotch ginghams are preferred to almost all other materials for washing dresses. They are made with a shooting-jacket, pleated and belted, and with the over-skirt draped highest on one side. Sashes are not worn now by infants with their first short dresses, unless they are permanently draped on the dress.

C.—We do not reply to such inquiries by mail. Terry reps is heavily woven wool reps for upholstery. Raw silk in India designs would be a nice choice for your cottage, and is handsomest when bordered with plush, either red, maroon, or peacock blue.

J. C. K.—All letters should be addressed to Harper & Brothers, New York. "Transferring" is pouncing the designs on the material, full directions for which are given in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. XIII.

CONSTANT READER.—Of course you should invite your new acquaintances, both ladies and gentlemen, to call upon you, if you desire to know them hereafter. It is extremely ill-bred for a gentleman to call uninvited upon a lady.

WILLIE C.—We do not publish monograms at the request of individuals.

M. E. M., AND OTHERS.—You will find your questions concerning social usages answered in *Social Etiquette and Home Culture*, just published by Harper & Brothers: price 15 cents.

MILLY D.—To knit three stitches together, insert the needle through the first two of them from above, as in purling, and slip them to the right-hand needle; this will bring the middle stitch uppermost; cast off the first stitch over the middle stitch, return the middle stitch to the left-hand needle, and knit off it and the third stitch together. The difference between a stitch knit plain and one knit crossed, is that for the former the needle is inserted from below the front vein, while for the latter it is inserted from above the back vein. To knit two stitches together crossed, work them off as though they were one stitch. To knit three together crossed, pursue the same general method as in knitting three stitches together.

F. M. S.—An article giving directions for painting on silk and satin was published in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. XIII.

Z. L. P.—*Bazar* No. 7, Vol. VII., contains an article on palmistry.

JANE, AND MANY OTHERS.—Answers to your inquiries about spring dresses for church, visiting, and for general wear are embodied in the New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 11 and 12, Vol. XIV. You will find there many details that can not be repeated in this crowded column, and you will best know how to apply them to your own wants. The first dress illustrated on the first page of *Bazar* No. 12 is one of the most stylish of the spring importations for combination dresses. It is copied in wools or in satin Surahs. The basque and draperies are of plain Surah, with gay striped Surah in the pleatings and facings of retroussés; the poke bonnet is trimmed with the striped Surah. The tan and drab woollens made in this way are very pretty with darker brown Surah pleatings, or else striped wool with gold, red, black, and pale blue on the drab ground. For tan and blue bunting and flannel suits, the prettiest design is Fig. 6 on the same page, known as the Midshipman's Suit. The tucked basque and bordering for the over-skirt are neat and appropriate.

EMERETTE.—Read reply above to "Jane, and Many Others." The black Surah dresses described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. XIV. are what you want, with a small shoulder cape of the same trimmed with lace, like those described in the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. XIV.

Mrs. P. D. C.—Have one of the shirred black wool or else Surah or satin de Lyon mantles described in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. XIV. Get satin Surah, either plain or striped, to combine with your black silk dress.

LOIS.—We can not give designs to meet individual wants. Four designs for rugs were published in the Supplement to *Bazar* No. 51, Vol. XIII., and a simple and pretty burlap rug, which can be worked in three shades of brown, was given in No. 13, Vol. XII. If what you need is simply a rug border, the designs for table-cover borders in No. 14, either of which would be suitable, will perhaps answer your purpose. If the outer one is used, it should be stripped of the detached figures, and only the extreme outer border, with the arabesques resting on the upper edge, should be employed. In adapting your colors to the symbols, the darkest shade of brown should be used for the darkest symbol, a lighter shade for the next lighter symbol, and old gold for the lightest and white symbols, of which latter there are a few at the centre of some of the figures. The several figures of which the borders are composed also offer materials for a centre figure.



THE ANSWER.

Her brown eyes beam with the topaz tint
That hides a flame in its golden heart;
Of rose and lily her fair cheeks hint,
And with shy desire her soft lips part.
Outside in the garden the bluebirds pour
Their cavatinas and roundelay,
And a whistling lad at the lady's door
Is marvelling much at her laggard ways.

His master's letter took long to read,
And long he waits for its brief reply,
With which he is booted to ride with speed,
Eager across the miles to fly.
Little she heeds that he tarries there,
And deaf is her ear to the robin's call,
Though clear its trill in the vivid air—
"Write sweetly, love, if you write at all."

Ay, that is the plea that her dear one meant,
Though only it throbbed between the lines;
But she found it there with a glad content,
Easily tracing its occult signs;
And slowly she covers her creamy sheet
With angular characters fine; and then,
The fragments lie at her dainty feet;
She pauses, and ponders, and tries again.

Part of the trouble is how to begin.
This looks too formal, and that too fond.
She wishes her answer itself could spin
From her pen point light as a fairy wand.
And after beginning, her busy brain
Is vexed with the trouble of how to end;
Nor seem too chilly, nor yet too fain,
In the style of address that befits a friend.

"Only a friend!" He is nothing more.
She whispers the phrase with a sudden joy.
Why could not she think of the fact before?
The graceful third person she can employ.
So ready, so natural, quite the thing!
How stupid to worry and waste her strength!
Outside in the garden the bluebirds sing,
And the lady's letter is done at length.

The whistling courier hies away,
Her precious missive in safest place;
And pretty Dorothy's happy day
Reflects its light in her peaceful face.
She paints a tea-cup; she tends her flowers;
She works a screen in her choicest art;
And all the while through the flitting hours
Sunshine and music are in her heart.

For soon as the twilight's gloom shall fold
Valley and hill in its gentle grasp,
She's sure that a firm white hand will hold
Her slender one in a clinging clasp.
And if, as she promised, she wear a rose
Twined in the braids of her glossy hair,
Whatever he asks her, the maiden knows
She can say but yes to so dear a prayer.

'Twas a simple letter, but black on white,
It pleased her well with its manly tones,
And she's tenderly tucked it out of sight,
Amid treasures and tokens all her own.
But one of these days, so the robins think,
And saucily trill in their rollicking glee,
She will write him her letters with magical ink,
And *tout à vous* will their motto be.



"WEAL AND WOE."—FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES GREGORY, EXHIBITED IN THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1880.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CARLYLE. By MRS. MARCUS SPRING.

IN 1846, after we were settled in our London lodgings, we sent a letter of introduction for Margaret Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Spring and son, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carlyle. They called, and we were out; but soon a note came inviting us to tea. While Margaret and I were taking off our wraps, they opened the parlor door, and asked Mr. Spring in. Seeing one gentleman when they expected two, they supposed it was the son. When we entered, and they saw that neither could be the mother, they said, laughing, "We thought we were to see elderly people, and a son: we are glad that you are young."

I asked Mr. Carlyle if the portrait over the mantel was his mother. He said, "Yes, it is my auld Scotch mither." Then he told of a visit they had recently made to Scotland, and of his seeing the widow of Robert Burns. He said, "She was na

a very canny body." He told of the introduction of the railroad into Scotland, and how one Jamie Johnson, while basking a cart, fell under it, and its load of earth falling upon him, he was killed.

"But," said Carlyle, "the railroad company generously paid to his widow the eighteen pence due for a whole day's work, though he had not finished his day. They got their railroad, though poor Jamie Johnson lost his life." Margaret Fuller related some droll stories about people, and Mr. Carlyle laughed heartily. His laugh was simply delicious. He said that on their way back from Scotland they attended one of Father Mathew's temperance meetings. He spoke enthusiastically of this man's power over his audience, and of how he drew the helpless, unresisting drunkards forward by his magnetic fervor to sign the pledge. He told of one poor old woman who had been persuaded from her seat into the aisle by some powerful word. Then she retreated, again was drawn forward, and again and again drew back,

wavering between salvation on one side and damnation on the other. At last the effective word was spoken, and the poor creature sprang forward, and saved her soul. After we left them, Margaret said, "I went to see a lion, and I have seen a lamb."

One evening Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle and Mazzini came to tea at our rooms. Mrs. Carlyle and I were talking on one side of the parlor, the others on the other, when I heard some growling from Mr. Carlyle about the ignorance and brutishness of the slaves, and he declared that since they were contented as slaves, they were not fit for freedom. I rose to cross the room, when Margaret laughed, and said, "I have been wondering how long Rebecca would bear it." I reminded him of the severe penalties which yet could not prevent the slaves from learning to read, and how, in spite of guards, fetters, frozen feet, and blood-hounds and great hardships, they constantly escaped into free States. There was no Fugitive Slave Law then

to be thrown into my face. We told him stories of intelligence, patience, and courage in these fugitives; to all of which he listened, often saying, heartily, "I am glad to hear it." His mood was quite changed when he rose to hand us our cups of tea.

When our little boy said, "Good-night," and kissed all the others, he stood hesitating a moment, not knowing exactly what to do with this strange man; and Carlyle, looking at him from under his eyebrows, smiled the sweetest of smiles, and opening his arms, took the little fellow to his heart. Mrs. Carlyle, sitting by me, and looking at this picture, said, "How I wish we had such a child in our house!" The evening, which at one time looked rather stormy, ended most cordially and happily.

On the tenth anniversary of our wedding day we decided to dine at the "Bell," at Edmonton—if there was such a place as the "Bell"—especially as we were to take tea with William and Mary

Howitt in that neighborhood. On our way we called at Carlyle's. They were delighted with the plan, and said the English people plodded on, leaving it to Americans to come and put new life and interest into things. The Howitts, Dr. Southwood Smith, William James Fox, M.P., and others, were charmed with our account of our dinner in the "Gilpin Room," at the "Bell." From the window Mrs. Gilpin must have taken an almost miraculous leap to have reached the balcony.

"Whence she spied
Her loving husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride."

Our stay in London was brief, but before leaving we dined at the Carlyles'. Five hours at table, Carlyle full of talk. George Lewes was there to draw him out, and to cheer him on, and to talk splendidly himself. That was a happy, enchanted time. Carlyle railed about poets and poetry, made fun of Petrarch, Laura, Boccaccio, and others. He said, "There was Robert Burns, the greatest man that ever lived; he sat and sang, bothered his head over his poor excise accounts, drank whiskey, and broke his heart at last. Something was said about Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. Carlyle said she had sent him two volumes of poems; he said he wrote Miss Barrett that "if she had anything to say she had better put it into plain prose so a body could understand it, and not trouble herself to make rhymes. But," he laughingly said, "the woman felt so badly about it that I had to write again." Doubtless he put in that second letter some of his great Scotch heart.

While taking coffee in the parlor after dinner, Mr. Carlyle sat on a low seat by the fire, and talked pictures more wonderful than anything in his *French Revolution*. And when we came away that night, Margaret said, "Now I have seen the Lion."

Some one talking to Carlyle of Margaret Fuller's intellect and attainments, he said, "Yes, yes, that is well, but does she take care of her stockings?" I could have answered that she did. She was like the lady in the old play who, planning how she should keep the affection of her husband when she found one, said, "I would every day be as clean as a bride."

After eight years we were again in London, and we received kind messages and invitations from the Carlyles. We were glad to see his lovely eyes, to have his warm shake of the hand, and to hear again his pleasant voice with its hearty "I am glad to see you." I can hardly believe that the tall large Scotchman could have dwindled into the prototype of the pictures we see of him now. He charged Mrs. Carlyle not to let me leave London until I had taught her how to make a "Johnny-cake." I therefore had one on my table the day she and Mazzini came to dine. Mrs. Carlyle came in the morning and staid until night, and much interesting talk we had. She was a lovely, graceful woman, and made the house in Cheyne Row bright with her sweet presence. She loved to talk about Carlyle, and told numberless stories about him in a most charming manner. The light went out of Carlyle's life when his wife died.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 41, Vol. XIII.]

MY LOVE.

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIZZIE LORTON OF GREYTRIGG," "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAN DUNDAS," "FROM DREAMS TO WAKING," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

THE CRIMSON BARS OF EVENING.

To a married woman living in India a train of admirers comes as naturally as a train of servants. Why should she not be adored? It does the dear boys good to come about her bungalow like so many tame rabbits; and it keeps them straight to have a friend like herself, maternal and admonitory if she be their junior and exceptionally pretty, their frank playfellow and elder sister if older than they, and only comely or maybe commonplace. And if it does them good, it does her no harm, and it makes her husband a little more on the alert—a little more careful to keep what he has got than English husbands are in general. Without question, a train of adorers is a very pleasant addition to the social appanage of a young wife in India; and to do her justice, she seldom stints herself in the numbers or strength of her following.

But what comes so naturally to her and the dear boys who crowd round her in the compound, and run in and out her bungalow like so many tame rabbits on the hunt for parsley, is a state of things quite foreign to the life at home. It takes a certain education before a young Englishman of ordinarily healthy morality and ordinarily honorable training can bring himself to make love to a married woman, whether her husband be his friend or no. And it soon became evident to Ethel White that no happy hunting grounds were open to her here, and that she must be content to feel herself distanced by Stella, and shut out all round. This handsome young fellow, this Valentine Cowley, did not attempt to take up the glove thrown down by her expressive eyes. Neither during that drive, nor after it, did he advance one step toward that mental condition which the Doves were wont to localize under the name of "Spoonie Green." He had eyes only for Stella, and the attention which he paid to her, Ethel White, was of the coldest and most perfunctory kind. How different from the devotion which she was accustomed to receive in that much-abused land of punkas and rupees! There she was supreme; here she was nobody; distanced by a little country girl without style or furniture, and who had already a lien on another!

Really this sojourn at St. Ann's threatened to be horribly slow! Ethel wished now that she had remained with her husband's stiff old aunt, instead of breaking loose after a week's short stay and

one fit of hysterics. She could not have been duller there than it was evident she would be here; and she would have pleased her husband and won golden opinions from his very stupid family; which was always something gained. Now, subordinate to Stella Branscombe with this handsome Mr. Cowley, knowing that there had been an affair between her and Cyril Ponsonby, on whom she had expended a large amount of useless powder and shot, and her cousin Sandro somewhat odd in his manner to this Mrs. Latrobe—who yet was nice enough in her own way—it was really too horrid; and no wonder she did not like it.

Her secret dissatisfaction, however, showed itself only in increased friendliness to the women, and more and more delightfulness of gracious queenhood to the men—in taking her place among them all, as if born into it, and coming now frankly into her inheritance—and in practically assuming the headship of everything, making every one subservient to her will, while full only of sweet submission to the vote of the majority. It was only her wretched health, her stupid weakness, which was in the way at times. She was so sorry, but she could not help it, could she? And how she envied the great strong robustness of both Mrs. Latrobe and Miss Branscombe! If only she could be so strong!

Her manner all through was perfect. Indeed, she was famous for her manner throughout the Presidency. She had never yet met the man—saw Cyril Ponsonby—whom she did not make her slave; and even Cyril was in some sense her slave, though not exactly after the pattern that she had designed. And she had never met the woman whom she had failed to secure as her active friend or as an innocuous neutral. She was irresistible, and she knew it; the finest flower of the finest lily root of womanhood grown in this nineteenth-century civilization. Besides all this grace and dignity combined, she was extremely strict in her views of morality and social ethics; unimpeachable on the score of orthodoxy and ritual; and her naive admiration for her husband was only equalled by the philosophy with which she bore their separations—which were frequent. She spoke, too, very much against women who laced tight, flirted in public, were suspected of rouge, and did not live happily with their husbands. Hence, she was eminently safe both as a maternal friend for young men and a sisterly companion for girls.

The first day of the cousins' arrival passed without other incident than this coalescence of forces in the drive; this odd clinging together like so many swarming bees when at the castle. Neither Augusta nor Stella "showed" in the later evening, and Valentine mooned among the rocks alone, and wondered what his best plan really was—whether he should make Stella a plain, straightforward offer as things stood, or work away a little longer at the sapping and mining which he fondly hoped would prove successful in the end. When Ethel and Sandro went out for that evening stroll on the sands, which comes in as part of the sea-side duties, they saw the young fellow standing against the sunset sky, looking very lonely, very handsome, very much as if he would be the better for a nice little talk with a pretty woman who understood the art of judicious stirring up. But he did not accept the chance. With one quick look to make sure that Stella was nowhere pinned to the diaphanous woman's graceful skirts, he lifted his hat and let the cousins pass on, while he continued to stare at the sands and the sky in ultimate fluctuations of imbecile despair and irrational anger. He was very much disappointed and very much disgusted; and he did not care a straw for the challenge flung down by the big eyes of this diaphanous-looking woman. He cared only for Stella Branscombe—only for her! And, wanting her, neither youth nor health, neither the present nor the future, counted.

"What a rude young man that Valentine Cowley is!" said Ethel, pettishly, breaking into the midst of her cousin Sandro's artistic raptures about the sunset.

"Val Cowley? Oh, he is well enough!" said Sandro, kindly.

"Cousin Sandro, you are a great goose," said Ethel, with charming insolence. "You never did understand anything, excepting your paint-box, and you never will. You are just a child."

"I am sorry, dear," he began, penitently.

"What is the use of being sorry?" she interrupted, crossly. "That does not make you any wiser. What is the good, for instance, of all this rubbish about the sunset, when I am cold and tired? All that you say is only great nonsense. This vile English climate of yours is horrid; and as for your stupid skies and things, they are nothing compared to ours. I have seen far finer sunsets than this; and it makes my eyes ache to look at it. Let us go in. I want to go to bed."

"I am sorry you are tired, dear," said Sandro, again very kindly. "I am afraid I have made you do too much."

"I am so delicate!" said Ethel, with a sigh. "I am so sensitive to climate and fatigue and everything of that kind. I am not like these great English milkmaids of yours—this Augusta Latrobe and Stella Branscombe. They look to me like grenadiers in petticoats—great, strong, coarse things. I am a mimosa, and they are great, square, tough-skinned oaks."

"Oh!" said Sandro, a little disconcerted. "But I am very sorry you are tired, Ethel. Perhaps I have made you do too much. I must take more care of you another time."

"Oh, you can not take care of any one!" said Ethel, rudely. "You are nothing but a stupid moony old artist. So good-night, and try to get a little more sense, if you can. It would not be to your disadvantage."

Saying which, she raised her big eyes to Sandro with a look that was substantially a caress, while she openly yawned in his face.

For all that, she had an irresistible manner,

and was famous for her power of fascinating men and conciliating women—the women whom she dispossessed.

"How very glad I was to see Mr. Kemp again!" said Stella the next morning. "Were you glad too, Augusta?" she asked, earnestly.

"Was I?" returned Augusta, with a heightened color and a forced laugh. "That is rather what lawyers call a leading question, *Stella mia*. Yes and no. For some things I am very glad, for others I do not know what to say."

"But what is most—your pleasure or your doubt?" the girl asked again.

"Come, come!" remonstrated Augusta, still laughing in the same forced way as before. "Who made you my inquisitor, young lady? Why should I confess to you?"

"Because I love you and am your friend," said Stella. "And don't laugh, Augusta; I am so much in earnest!"

"Well, I will be in earnest too, though it is not my way to reveal myself," said Augusta, suddenly becoming serious. "I am more glad than sorry. I shall be much more glad if—"

She stopped, looking out of the window in a hesitating, half-bashful way.

"If I find what, Augusta?"

"If I find that he has forgiven me a terrible wrong which I was forced to do him some time since, and that he likes me as much as he used to do," said Augusta, making a little movement with her hands as if she had flung down something on the table.

"Then you do really love him. I never felt sure whether it was fancy or real love," cried Stella, going up to her and kissing her with that odd impulse of sympathy which one woman feels for the love affairs of another.

"I like him as much as I did—as much, perhaps, as I could like any one," said that disappointing Augusta, with a return to her old cautious and more natural attitude.

"Well enough to marry him?" asked Stella.

"I shall wait till he asks me before I answer that question," answered Augusta, coldly; and the girl shrank back, feeling snubbed and rebuked.

"If ever I marry again," Augusta went on to say, quietly, "it will be to a man able to support me well and to assure my boy's future. Else, be assured, little girl, I never shall."

"What an extraordinary woman you are!" said Stella, almost as if soliloquizing. "You are unlike any one I ever saw before."

"How and why?" asked the widow.

"Such a strange mixture of reserve and frankness—of high principle and such dreadful worldliness!" answered Stella.

"Because I have common-sense and act upon it. What kind of mother should I have been if I had doomed my child to poverty and disinheritance that I might make myself a fool's paradise with a poor man? It was both wiser and better philosophy to bear patiently all the troubles which beset me at home when I could not do better for him by leaving them. If I could improve, or keep his position even with what it is now, I would marry—any one I cared for—if he asked me; but only on consideration that Tony's future was not compromised."

Augusta spoke as calmly as if she had been speaking of parallelograms and rhomboids rather than the living impulses of love, the emotional forces of a life.

"Still it is strange to hear you discuss it all so coolly," said Stella, far from being satisfied, and as far from being convinced.

She knew what it was to sacrifice life for duty in her own life; but this kind of frigid calculation, this even balancing of accounts and relative values, was another matter altogether.

"If you did not want to hear the true truth you should not have questioned me," said Augusta.

"I did want to hear the true truth," returned Stella.

The widow shook her head half seriously, half playfully.

"I tell you what it is, *Stella mia*," she answered, "you are like all the rest; you want to hear only what pleases you and what suits your own ideas; not things as they are, but things as you think they should be."

"If one loves any one, one wants them to be perfect," said Stella; her grammar false, her sentiment true.

"And this confession of mine, that I would not have married a poor man, even if I had loved him, and that I would marry a rich one with only a moderate amount of affection, seems to you very imperfect, does it?" said Augusta.

"It seems too cold and calculating," repeated Stella.

"That is just what it is," Augusta returned, with a smile. "And I defend it on the ground that to be cold and calculating—that is, cool-headed and far-seeing—is to be wise, when the contrary is foolish."

"It is not having much romance in one's life," said Stella.

"Certainly not; but then you know how I rule myself on not being romantic," said Augusta, with exasperating tranquillity. "And, *Stella mia*, the best thing that you could do would be to follow my advice in this, and marry where the conditions were suitable, without bothering yourself too much about love. That would come, as I said before."

"Never!" answered Stella. "And oh, Augusta darling, do not begin on that subject again!" she pleaded, just as the door opened and the servant admitted Valentine Cowley.

And when he had said good-morning, asked after the health of each, inquired about Tony, and disposed himself in a chair, Stella got up from hers and quietly left the room.

"I do believe that Miss Branscombe positively hates me!" said Val, stung to wrathful exaggeration as Stella disappeared through the doorway and left him to the widow.

"No, she is too gentle to hate any one, even if

she had reason," said Augusta, quietly. "And she has no reason, that I know of, even to dislike, still less to hate, you."

"She does, reason or not; and I am sure I do not know what I have ever done to make her dislike me so much," said Val, still hotly.

"Don't you think you follow her up a little too openly?" she then said, with commendable demureness. "I think she gets a little frightened, and as if she did not know what was coming next. She is not a girl who cares for the admiration of men, and I think if I were you, I would be more reserved, and not show my hand quite so openly."

"I can not help it," said Valentine. "I do admire her, Mrs. Latrobe, more than I have ever admired any girl in my life. She is Supreme—my very ideal of a woman. Were I an artist, I would paint Stella Branscombe as Dante's Beatrice."

"You mean to say that you are desperately in love with her," said Augusta, quietly.

"Perhaps I am," he answered, with a deep blush, making a feint to be uncertain.

"You know you are," said Augusta. "We all know it—Stella too, if she would but own it."

"Then, if she does, she treats me cruelly," he said, in much agitation.

"Why? Would you have her give you false hopes?" asked the widow.

"Why should they be false?" pleaded Val.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Who can control these things?" she said. "If Stella saw with my eyes, matters would be very different."

"Then you are still my friend!" he cried, in a voice of triumph.

He could not have used a more jocund tone had she promised him an earldom and given him a fortune.

"Undoubtedly," she said, in her quiet way. "I have always told you so. I despise Mr. Branscombe, and I would give worlds to see Stella freed from him. She is unhappy as it is at home; she would be more unhappy still if she knew all."

"Ah, I see!" said Val, holding up his head. "I am only a *pis aller* even to you! You would have her take me to escape from her father, not because she loves me, not because I love her and am worthy of her love."

"My dear Mr. Cowley," said the widow, smiling, "I am one of those cold-blooded creatures who think that love is only one of the ingredients in marriage. We want so much else! I would not counsel what even I should call a good marriage where there was decided dislike; but provided there is harmony of taste, mutual respect, and no pronounced aversion, I think a well-arranged marriage, without any great amount of love, has as much chance of turning out happily as one with. You know as well as I that Stella was engaged to Cyril Ponsonby; and you can see as well as I that she has not quite got over it even yet. I should be very glad if you could make her forget him, as there seems no chance of that affair coming on again; but—"

"But you would prefer Mr. Ponsonby?" interrupted Val, with sarcastic fury.

"Of course I should," she answered. "Failing him—"

"You would back me?" was his second interruption, as sarcastic and as furious as the former.

"Certainly. You are a very nice fellow; you love her; you have enough now, and will have a splendid position when your father dies. I think it would be a charming marriage," said Augusta, with maddening coolness.

"You flatter me," said Val, the *risus sardonicus* contorting his face.

"Oh! I have always been your advocate since the marriage with Cyril Ponsonby came to an end," said Augusta, simply.

And here the conversation broke off abruptly, for Sandro Kemp and Ethel White came to make

side of the woman whom he had loved, and who had paid back that love with such undeserved contempt—such cruel wrong.

He looked at her as she walked by his side, with her easy step, at once so light and firm; her upright carriage, supple and yet so strong; her calm face, which seemed to him the face of a goddess—or was it only the face of a woman who knew her game, and played it with judgment? The fixed smile which he knew so well, and which concealed so much, was on her lips, and her eyes had drawn over the soul, which else would have shone through them, that mask of calm candor, of unconscious indifference, that was substantially hardness, which with her implied an effort and betrayed a struggle. Both these he shared. For he was doing his best to keep back that love which outraged pride should have destroyed forever, which should have died when his self-respect had been assailed. And he could not, he could not.

"Tell me," he said, abruptly, when the silence between them had become too eloquent, too oppressive, "why did you write me that letter?"

"It was my mother's doing," answered Augusta, looking straight before her.

"It nearly broke my heart," said Sandro, his voice faltering. "It made me doubt both Providence and humanity."

"I am sorry," said Augusta, very softly.

"And your mother made you? it was not your own will? it did not come from your heart?"

He spoke in a low and agitated voice, to which the gentle murmur of the receding tide came as a symphony, lending it cadence and melody.

"How should it have come from my own heart?" she answered. "What reason had I to write such a cruel note to you?"

"It was cruel. You know that it was cruel?" He took her hand and held it in his own. "You know how I must have suffered," he said again.

"I knew that it was indefensible," she answered.

"I wish I could read you," said Sandro, feverishly. "You have always been the one woman in the world to me—the one perfect woman; but you have always been my Sphinx too—lovely and inscrutable."

"Have I?" she said.

Then she turned to him, and her eyes put off their mask for one instant. It was only for an instant, but it was enough. He caught his breath, and felt as if he staggered as he walked. What was false, and what was true? and which of all those varying motives, those crossing feelings, was to be accepted?

"You know that I am now rich," he said, speaking in the same sudden way as before.

"Yes," she answered, frankly.

"Was it only my poverty in days gone by that stood between us?"

She looked at her little son.

"Yes," she answered. "It was for his sake."

"And now when I am rich?"

The crimson bars were burning slowly into purple, the golden glories of the burnished west were fading, and the translucent beauty of the opal was passing into the one universal space of blue. One by one the stars came out as the day sank deeper into the sleep of night. From vapory cloud the moon was now becoming clear and silvery. The soft peace and rest of night was falling on the earth, when the hot turmoil and hard struggle of the day was done.

"And now when I am rich?" he asked again.

"You have all the power you wanted," she answered, softly.

"Power to win your love?"

"That was never wanting," she said. "I had to be prudent, but—"

A vivid blush and two happy tears completed her sentence.

"My queen! my beloved! At last I have reached my goal, and see heaven open before me," said Sandro. "Now that I have won you, I forget all the rest. And perhaps," he added, with all his old generous magnanimity—"perhaps I love you better for the pain you gave me, because it shows how great and good you are, and how you can, when need be, sacrifice yourself to your duty."

"It wanted only that said," said Augusta, with indescribable tenderness of voice and face. "Now you hold me forever."

Just then the party before them came back on their steps.

"Cousin Sandro," said Ethel, languidly, "would you give me my pliant and footstool? And would you mind holding the umbrella over me? I am so tired, and the wind is so cold."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WEAVING WEB.

"I AM SO SORRY, Augusta!"

"About what, Stella *penserosa*?" laughed the widow.

For herself she did not look able to be very sorrowful about anything this morning. Never had her face been so sincerely bright; never had been so frankly laid aside that mask of suave amiability, that appearance of unemotional suavity which it was so often her best policy to assume. Her laugh had the joyous cadence of a child's, laughing because she was glad, and glad she scarcely knew why; her happy eyes, softened by love, shone clear and bright as the stars of last night's sky; her fair face looked younger, rounder, fresher than ever; that pretty dimple in her cheek was deeper; and her skin was as transparent as a rose leaf. She had put back her age ten years at the least since those fiery crimson bars had burned themselves out in the evening sky, to be lost in the tender peace of the silver moonlight—since the moment when Sandro Kemp had made the dark things clear, and had knitted up the ravelled sleeve of doubt and despair into a garment of certainty and divine content.

All the burden of her days was laid aside, and she stood now free and unoppressed. For the first time in her life she was both safe and su-

premely happy. The man whom she loved loved her; he was rich, and she was to marry him. She was to escape from the grinding thrall of her mother's house, yet keep her boy's future secure. The stars were on her side; fate had borrowed the golden wheel of fortune, and all her flowers had borne their fruits. She was happy; oh, how happy! And here was Stella looking into her face with a pucker of trouble on her own!

It seemed almost sacrilege to Augusta that any one should be dissatisfied to-day. Surely life was good, and the earth divine for all!

"What is troubling you, dear?" she asked, after a short pause, during which Stella had looked at her with a certain—scarce reproach so much as surprise—on her sensitive face for this unsympathetic brightness on her friend's.

"I have had a letter from papa," said Stella.

"Yes? And then? He does not want you at home just yet, does he?" asked the widow.

"No; but he tells me I am to ask Hortensia Lyon to come and stay with me," said Stella.

"And that afflicts your little ladyship?"

"I do not like it," said Stella, gravely.

She wished that Augusta would be more serious this morning, when she herself was so much disturbed.

"You do not like Hortensia, you mean?" said the widow.

"Not very much," answered Stella.

"Then why have her always and always at Rose Hill?" asked Augusta.

"Papa likes her," answered Stella.

"Oh!" said Augusta, dryly. After a short pause she added, frankly, with a pleasant laugh to take off the sting, "What a goose you are, Stella *mia*!"

"Why?" asked Stella, smiling for sympathy, but again a little surprised, this time by the vagueness as well as the abruptness of the accusation.

"Because you never see a danger until you are in the midst of it," answered the widow. "You got surrounded by the tide the other day for want of looking about you. Val Cowley helped you off then. You had better let him help you now out of a worse mess."

"Mr. Cowley!—how I wish you would not speak of him!" said Stella, petulantly. "I hate his very name!"

"Do I not tell you that you are a goose?" returned Augusta, tranquilly. "You would do far better to like it the best of all names in the world, and to let him help you."

"Help me from what? What is the worse mess you hint at?" asked Stella, with a little shiver of dread, as at the passing of ghostly footsteps—something intangible yet full of terror.

"If you do not see, I will not enlighten you—at least not to-day," said the widow, significantly but lightly. "Only let me say again, you are to blame, my dear, for not escaping from the incoming tide while you can. Meantime you have to write to Hortensia Lyon, and beg her as a favor to come and interrupt our happiness. Ah! you see even you, my straightforward Stella, have to be a little fox at times, and work in ambush like others. Even you have to say one thing and mean another—as we all must on occasions."

"First a goose and next a fox; what next?" said Stella, forcing a laugh.

"And a duck always!" returned that silly Augusta, looking at her with strange tenderness—silly and tender both, because she was so happy!

So the letter was written as Mr. Branscombe had desired, and Hortensia was besought to come to St. Ann's for a little change of air, which would do her so much good, and give her affectionate friend so much pleasure. And when this was done, and the letter posted beyond recall, Augusta had to spend some of her surplus strength and serenity in persuading her poor down-hearted friend that it was the very best thing in the world which could have happened, and that they would be all the merrier, according to the old proverb, by the introduction among them of that "one more," albeit the most notorious wet blanket and Puritanical kill-joy to be found in Highwood.

"We will put her and Mrs. White together," said Augusta, laughing like a hare-brained school-girl. "How they will hate each other! They will be like two Kilkenny cats, or a couple of Sir John Lubbock's stranger ants. There will be nothing left of either in a short time."

But Stella was moody and a little cross, and between Val Cowley and Hortensia saw nothing to laugh at in the matter.

"Hortensia will never consent to go with Mrs. White," she answered, willfully, making the worst of things. "She will fasten herself on to me from morning to night. I know her so well! And of course, as I am her special friend and have to ask her, I shall be forced to look after her. And then I shall see nothing of you, Augusta!"

She forgot that, if this view of Hortensia's advent and its result were true, she would be protected from Val Cowley's unwelcome attentions, even if cut off from her present close communion with Augusta. She was too much disturbed to remember anything by way of mitigation.

"Oh yes, you will see as much of me as you do now—as much of me as you like," answered the widow, cheerily. "Courage! It may not turn out so badly after all. You will always have me as your background, of course; and if Mrs. White is of no good, your poor despised Val Cowley will come in useful as a *paratonnerre*," she added, with good-humored maliciousness.

Nothing could be more delightful than Augusta's manner, and nothing could be less natural. It was the truth, but not the whole truth—nothing feigned, but something concealed.

Stella's color came suddenly into her face, and as suddenly the egotistical trouble which had clouded it left it free, expansive, loving, as it was by the royal gift of nature. She fixed her eyes with an eager kind of light on her friend.

"Only these?" she asked, smiling, and with meaning. "Mrs. White, Mr. Cowley, yourself—no one else that I may count on for champion ship?"

"And Tony, who is devoted to you. You are the boy's first love, Stella. Little scamp, he has begun early," said Tony's mother, quite pleasantly, not looking at her friend, and not rising to her fly.

"And no one else?" asked Stella again.

"You mean Mr. Kemp? Of course, Mr. Kemp. He has always been your faithful friend and *preux chevalier*, and is as devoted to you in his way as Tony is in his. Of course, Mr. Kemp," said Augusta, with studied indifference, still declining to be "drawn."

But what she declined Stella divined. Going behind the sofa where the fair widow sat, very prosaically mending the knees of her boy's stockings, Stella bent back her head and kissed her on the forehead.

"My darling! dear, dearest Augusta!" she said, softly. "No more tears now by the river-side. All dried now, Augusta, since last evening. I am so glad, so glad!"

"Silly child! What do you mean?" laughed the widow, putting up her soft white hand to caress the face bending so lovingly over hers.

"Everything. Tell me the truth. It is, is it not, Augusta?" asked Stella, in the enigmatic language of confidential women handling a love secret daintily.

It was a language, however, that was as well understood by the hearer as the speaker—an enigma to which each had the key. The soft clear eyes of the pretty widow grew dark and humid, and her fresh mouth slightly quivered as she smiled.

"Yes," she said, "it is. Oh, Stella, how happy I am! Ah, my child, how I wish that you had as much true happiness as I have to-day! Waited for so long, and now come at last. So, perhaps, it will be with you!"

"Your happiness is mine, darling," said Stella, tenderly, but her soft eyes filled with tears which somewhat belied her braver words.

"It will come!" said the widow, lovingly; and then the boy, rushing, shouting, and skipping into the room, cut short the delicately touched confidences of the friends by the prodigality with which he gave his own.

The promise of the glorious sunset and the message of the tranquil night were well kept in the exquisite beauty of the day. It was a day when to live was blessedness; what then was it to live, to love, and to be loved? And after Augusta had fulfilled her prosaic but, all things considered, necessary domestic duty of weaving mats over the holes, and running shafts up the Jacob's ladders of Tony's stockings, she and her two "children" went out on the sands as usual. As usual, too, they were joined by the cousins and Val Cowley; and the party-colored web of their various lives went on weaving itself in the old way.

No great change in the external aspect of things was made this morning. They all kept in a compact body because Ethel needed now Cousin Sandro's arm and now Val Cowley's hand; because the one had to carry this, and the other had to give her that; because dear Mrs. Latrobe—whom might she call Augusta?—was so full of information on every question she could not do without her as her charming encyclopaedia, and dear Miss Branscombe, whom really she must call Stella—might she?—looked so sweet in that gray felt hat, with that soft black scarf wound so prettily round her, she must positively be put into Cousin Sandro's sketch-book; because she posed as a queen, and lisped her songs of enchantment like a siren, and so brought both men and women under the sway of her sceptre and the spell of her power. Thus she made it impossible for the little party to fall asunder, or to follow their own devices; and she kept them briskly to their main duty of attending on her. So the morning passed in all outward appearance of serenity, if secretly the sense of frustration, capture, disappointment, and boredom rather spoiled the spirit of the thing; and in the afternoon the famous hotel break came round at three o'clock, as usual, and the six souls, at this moment blended in one group, re-assembled at the door for their daily drive. They had arranged to go again to that fine old castle which had been the object of their expedition on that memorable day of the arrival of Sandro Kemp with his cousin Ethel White, and of Val Cowley with only love as his comrade; and to some at least among them these gray old stones would wear a different aspect and tell a different story from that which they had worn and told, counting by time, not so very long ago. Counting by time, not so very long ago, but by events—how infinite the space between now and then!

How beautiful it was! Fresh yet genial, the air blowing from the distant mountains, set like a blue barrier between earth and sky, was as if full of hope and life and faith and love; while the grand old castle, standing there as a witness of the hoary past, all now crumbled to ruin and decay, was also as a witness of the lush and living present, in the thick luxuriant growths, which spoke of spring-time and its vitality; in the subtle scents, which added grace to strength; in the tender flowers, which gave beauty to endurance, and concealed the scars of time by the touch of love. Here, somehow, the little group, usually kept so close and compact, did get separated. While Valentine Cowley was holding the large white umbrella over Ethel, as she leaned with plaintive grace on his strong young arm, her other hand laid on Stella's shoulder for double support to her weakness, and sisterly companionship to her soul—Sandro and Augusta found themselves opportunely lost somewhere about the outer lines. They were by the side of the old dry moat, where no one spied after them, and where little Tony, at once their bond and their shield, knew no more of what was passing between them

han did the birds in the bushes or the lambs in the fields. It was like these two lovers not to speak of their future, not to make plans for remote days, and not to anticipate dates or events. They knew that they were sure; but they knew also that Augusta would have to pass over burning ploughshares before she should come to her final peace in love. Sufficient then for the day was its joy as its sorrow, emphatically sufficient.

They walked together, scarcely speaking; but sometimes his long, long look into the eyes which, no longer veiled, glassy, cold, were now so frankly tender, so eloquent of a love at once honest, pure, faithful, and not ashamed, was like speech to both; and sometimes her soft questioning face was like a loving caress to him, which his smile returned. How happy they were! how trustful! It was love without any of Love's folly, void of his fears, free of his doubts; it was love which gave life, and was ready for death. It was the love of a man and a woman who understood the value of the stakes for which they had played, and which they had now won—a man and woman who had known the sorrow of the struggle before they had come to the glad triumph of the victory. But it was quiet, undemonstrative, assured, serene. It was love that was felt, not love that was made; it was love that was a fact and a vow, and in no wise a mere hope or a dream. And thus it was that in the undisturbed security of this quiet wandering through the deserted courts and alleys of the old ruined castle the future was not touched on, and the rich totality of the present was accepted almost as if it were the all that was to be.

At last this pleasant ramble was interrupted by the trio whereof Ethel was the central figure. Incautiously Sandro and Augusta passed the open space whence those in the inner court looked out across the breach to the landscape beyond. The quick eyes of the "queen" caught the passing figures, and henceforth their isolation was at an end. Cousin Sandro must be brought back to his duty of attendance, and Augusta Latrobe must be made to understand hers of subordination.

"Cousin! Cousin Sandro!" Ethel called, in her clear, sweet, flute-like voice. "Cousin Sandro!"

He looked at Augusta with a smile deprecating and regretful. She looked back at him with a smile that matched his own, cheerful, but regretful too. There was nothing for it, however, but to turn up through the opening, and go back to their former posts—their little spell of eloquent silence and loving liberty at an end.

"Cousin Sandro," said Ethel, very prettily, "I do wish that you would make a sketch of this view. It is so lovely. Make a nice little sketch, cousin, and put us all in." Ethel was one of those women who never let a man forget his profession. If an artist, she would perpetually beg him to make a sketch of this, a picture of that, and give it to her; if a musician, no matter of what rank, nor of what delicate organization, she would beg for a "little music" on an ill-tuned piano—for a "nice little song" out on the lake or the moor; if a philosopher, she would have asked, in a coaxing way, "Tell me what is Hegelianism or Spinozism;" if a mathematician, she would demand the explanation of logarithms, or how "to do" algebra. Wherefore now to Cousin Sandro she said, "Make a nice little sketch, cousin, and put us all in," as she would have asked Tony to pull her a daisy.

"I will make a sketch if you like, but I do not know about putting you all in," said Sandro, gently. "I have not time to make you perfect, and I would not like to spoil you."

"Well, do something," said Ethel, with pretty authority, tapping his arm with her fan, and her cousin smiled and obeyed.

This

changed the key-note of his fanciful melody as he stopped before this plot of neglected rose-trees.

"What an emblem of life!" he said, in a melancholy voice. "What a visible sign of the wasting power of neglect and loneliness!"

Stella looked with studied indifference at the straggling, spindled bushes.

"Yes, they want pruning dreadfully. But they are a very poor kind," she said, in a dull, matter-of-fact way that had far more power of wounding in it than if she had argued the question on its merits, and had laughed at the sentimental application.

Her manner was so wounding, so matter-of-fact, so chilling, that Valentine found it impossible to go on, and stopped short in his display. How could he continue these brilliant fire-works of fancy in the face of a leaden indifference which acted on his mind as some kind of paralyzing agent acts on the nerves? At times he felt as if he hated this girl whose love he was making these ever-baffled, ever-unsuccessful efforts to win; and this was one of them. Then his sudden ill-humor passed, and he forgave her because he loved her.

He halted for the second time before one large straggling bush, where the young pink buds were beginning to show themselves from among the leaflets of tender green through the tangle of weeds and coarser growth which threatened to choke the whole tree.

"Corisande gave Lothair a rose," he said, significantly. "Will you be my Corisande, and make me your Lothair? Will you give me a rose, Miss Branscombe?"

"I never act charades," said Stella, coldly.

"Would it be a charade to give me a flower?" asked Val, hastily.

"Something like it," returned Stella.

"Charades are acted words. What word would that make?" said Val, making an effort over himself not to be offended. "Miss Branscombe gives Valentine Cowley a rose; what can one make out of that? Something that would express the lady's bestowal of her favor on her knight. Can you think of anything, Miss Branscombe?"

"No," said Stella, curtly; "and if I knew of any word, it would not fit, for certainly I shall not give you a flower; nor, if I did, would it be like a lady bestowing her favor on her knight; quite the contrary."

Now all this was rude and ungentle enough; but Stella was getting frightened at her position, and felt that she must break through the toils weaving themselves around her, at once and unmistakably if at all. If only she could prevent that declaration which was so near, and which would be such a mistake when made!

Just then Tony came singing and dancing round the corner. With what a sense of relief the half-frightened, half-revolted girl called to him to come and see the beautiful green beetle on the grass at her feet, like a glittering jewel fallen from the sky to the earth! In her eagerness to escape from her present companion she fairly ran to catch the flying little Puck whose madcap humor was not to be depended on. And Val understood why. He bit the inside of his cheek savagely, and turned away, humming a fragment of Offenbach to express an indifference of equal weight and measure with her own. But he failed, as of course; and Stella had the girl's naughty pleasure of knowing that she had not only saved herself from an unpleasant confession, but that she had annoyed the man who had wanted to make it. For the cruellest and most heartless creature in the world is the woman who is pursued against her will by a man whom she does not like.

Val spent all that remained of the afternoon in the most devoted attention to Ethel White. But Ethel, who understood the whole science of love-making from A to Z, was not deceived by this sudden fervor, and laughed softly to herself as she looked at Stella from between her narrowed eyes.

Three days after this the train brought to St. Ann's not only Hortensia, who was expected, but Mr. Branscombe and Randolph Mackenzie, whom no one had dreamed of.

In spite of Mrs. Lyon's dislike to the proposal, perhaps a little because of that dislike and its somewhat imprudent expression, Mr. Lyon allowed

his little maid to accept Stella's invitation. And when old Finery Fred said that he himself would take the dear child, even then Hortensia's father did not disapprove, though her mother did. He accepted the offer as frankly as it was made, but he supplemented it by slipping a bank-note into Randolph's hand, saying:

"I should like you to go too, Ran, my boy. You will take care of your cousin, and it will be a nice outing for you."

"If any one is wanted to take care of the child, I ought to go, William," said Mrs. Lyon, tartly.

"Oh, she will do well enough with Stella to amuse her and Mrs. Latrobe to look after her. You are best at home with me, Cara," returned her husband.

"But why is Mr. Branscombe going?" asked Cara, uneasily. "I do not like it, William; I do not like it at all," she repeated, with the reduplication so much indulged in by weak people.

hurts me to think you capable of imagining such a monstrosity!" he added, getting up and walking about the room, fuming with rage against his wife, Finery Fred Branscombe, his little maid, and life in general, but not against himself nor his decision.

"And when it is too late, you will have to confess that I was right," said Mrs. Lyon, roused to that point of irritation which has no fear of consequence. "But you are like all men, William; you never see an inch beyond your own nose, and you are far too conceited to allow that other people see better than yourselves."

"I have more faith than you, both in the child's common-sense and propriety of feeling and in the natural goodness of the human heart," said Mr. Lyon, loftily; "and let us hear no more about it, Cara. It is my will that she goes to St. Ann's. The change will do her good, and Ran will look after her."

she is a good soul, and deserves a little cosseting when she gets down. And she shall have it."

She on her part thought:

"William is a dear old fellow, but he treats me like a child, and thinks he can make me forget how he wrongs me as a mother by giving me a little treat or a new bonnet—as if I were mere baby, or really the fool he thinks me!"

So the waxen surface here was more of a surface than either suspected the other knew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STATUE OF MINERVA.

THIS interesting picture presents two views of the beautiful statue of Minerva recently excavated at Athens. It was at first thought that Phidias's famous masterpiece, the Minerva of the Parthenon, long thought to be irretrievably lost, had been brought to light, after many centuries, and great were the rejoicings at the discovery of such a treasure. Subsequent investigations, however, seem to indicate that the statue thus discovered is one of the numerous copies of the celebrated chryselephantine Minerva of the Parthenon, that were executed in the course of several centuries, and which, while aiming at general accuracy, varied in details according to the taste of the sculptor or purchaser.

The statue was found more than two feet below the surface, under a tiled arch, resembling a carefully arranged hiding-place, apparently indicating that it was a thing of value. The place where it was discovered was not, however, in the neighborhood of the Parthenon, but on the square of the Varvakeron, near the street of Socrates. The substructure showed traces of painted ornaments, but they belonged to a house of the Roman epoch, and not to a Greek edifice. The statue is of fine Parian marble. The goddess is represented standing, with her left hand resting on a buckler placed on the ground, and in her right a winged figure of Victory. On her head is an antique casque, close and low, surmounted by a sphinx, with two griffins facing each other on the sides. Between the sphinx and the part of the casque corresponding to what we call the visor, there is no trace of the eight horses' heads which, according to certain writers, adorned the Parthenon Minerva, nor is the legend of Pandora's creation found on the pedestal, which is quite plain. The face, happily, is well preserved; the forehead is low, the cheeks and chin are somewhat hard, and give an expression of power and austerity. The large, deep-set eyes show traces of having been painted; the eyeball is colored red, the pupil is blue, and the eyelids are marked by slender red filaments. Short, thick locks of hair, painted yellow, escape from the casque and fall on the neck. The aegis, covered with serpents, shields the whole breast; below it hangs the head of Medusa, in the form of a lunar disk, the face and hair of the Gorgon being roughly outlined.

The costume is composed of a tunic reaching to the feet, over which is a second tunic, confined at the waist by a girdle of serpents, and terminating in four shawl ends. The sandals have thick soles, without ornaments. The left arm, which falls gracefully toward the buckler, is en-

circled by a bracelet in the form of a serpent. There is no trace of the spear which was found in the chryselephantine statue. The symbolic serpent is coiled behind the buckler, from which the head is thrust forward. The right hand rests on a small column, with the open palm turned upward, supporting the Victory. The latter is placed, not so as to face Minerva, but presenting a three-quarter view to the spectator. Its wings are in repose, and its hands hold, instead of a crown, the ends of a garland of flowers, thus proving that Victory was not flying toward Minerva and bringing her a crown, but that Minerva was presenting Victory to the people—a point which is regarded as solving important archaeological problems. Although the statue is not probably the lost work of Phidias, it is a valuable addition to the scanty relics of the golden age of Greece, whose discovery will doubtless afford fresh impetus for further researches.

STATUE OF MINERVA.



"Why should he not go to his daughter, wiseacre?" laughed her husband, a little contemptuous in his playfulness.

"William, you are blind and deaf, and worse than mad," said Mrs. Lyon, angrily. "You do not see that the child likes that old fog a great deal better than she ought; and you encourage what will some day be her ruin and your own shame. Now I have said it," she added, folding her hands with a kind of desperate resignation to sin and its punishment.

"No, Cara, it is you who are mad," answered her husband, still more angrily. "Like all silly women, you run your foolish head against posts of your own making, and see dangers which do not exist out of your own heated fancy. You are always in full cry after love, love, love, everywhere! An old fellow like that—older than I am—his wife not dead yet quite a year, and the child young enough to be his granddaughter!—it

"I wish I had died when she was born; and then you might have had her all to yourself, and done what you liked with her forever," said Mrs. Lyon, bursting into tears.

But when she began to sob, her husband's heart softened toward her, as indeed it always did when she broke down, if he never changed his resolution for the sake of her tears, and after having given her a friendly kind of kiss, told her not to be a fool, and to trust more to him than she did, he proposed that they should have a little outing on their own account while their little maid was away, and that they should go to Manchester for a week. And when he had done this, he had satisfied his masculine conscience, and henceforth held himself free to consider the whole thing at an end, and all his short-comings atoned for.

"She is a good soul," he said to himself, "but as weak as water, and as soft as butter. Still,



Fig. 1.—PLAIN AND BAYADERE WOOL SUIT.

Fig. 2.—SICILIENNE MANTLE.

FIGS. 1 AND 2.—SPRING SUITS AND WRAPPINGS.

Spring Suits and Wrappings, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—PLAIN AND BAYADERE WOOL SUIT. This dress, which is of plain tan-colored wool, consists of a skirt, an over-skirt fastened on the skirt, and a jacket waist. The skirt measures forty-three inches in front, forty-four inches and a half in the back, and two yards and an eighth around the waist. It is trimmed with a brown-satin pleat, two inches deep, surmounted by a flounce three inches deep of the bayadere material, gathered across the front, and pleated sides and back. The over-skirt is piped with brown satin, and draped at the right side of the front with tan-colored silk cord and tassels. The jacket waist is double-breasted, with a wide revers collar faced with brown satin, and a vest and basque of the bayadere-striped material. The edges are piped with brown satin. The fronts of the jacket button over the vest, giving the appearance of a long Louis XIV. waistcoat.

Fig. 2.—SICILIENNE MANTLE. This mantle is of black Sicilienne, lined with red Surah. The neck and front are bordered with shells made of lace two inches and a half wide. The bottom of the mantle is trimmed with four rows of box-pleated lace four inches wide, on the uppermost one of which jet and passementerie ornaments are fastened at regular intervals. The upper part of the sleeve is covered with shirred Sicilienne, and trimmed with lace and bows of satin ribbon. Bows of like ribbon are on the back of the mantle.

HOW TO PREPARE A BARBECUE.

By MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

AMONG many letters of inquiry on various topics, we have had several requesting explanation of and receipt for preparing a barbecue. Any animal split in two down the back and laid on a gridiron is "barbecued," according to the dictionary sense of that word; but, as the term is usually understood, it is roasting the animal whole for social gatherings or some great public occasions. It is an excellent and easy way for hunters camping out to cook their small game or fish. In ancient and more barbarous times the animals were literally roasted whole, but a more decent and palatable mode is after the following fashion:

First dress and clean the animal; wash thoroughly, and drain, and wipe dry; and if desired, fill the interior with any stuffing that may be fancied—vegetables, with force-meat balls, small birds, etc.; for it will take hours to cook the whole.

Meanwhile dig a hole in the ground in size to suit the body to be cooked. Drive four stakes or posts just far enough outside the hole to be in no danger of burning.

On these posts build a rack of poles to support the carcass; these should

be selected of dried wood of a kind that will not impart any flavor to the meat. This being done, build a large fire of hard wood in the hole. When the wood has burned down to clear coals, without any smoke, lay the animal to be roasted on the rack over the coals. Have ready a bent stick, with a large well-cleansed sponge fastened to one end, and the other end of the stick made fast to one corner of the rack. Arrange this stick so that it will hang directly over the sheep, calf, or ox to be roasted. Have ready a mixture of ground mustard, vinegar, salt, and pepper; add to it sufficient water to fill the sponge as often as it drips dry, so that it can drip constantly over the meat until done. Have another fire burning near at hand, so as to replenish the coals under the carcass as often as needed.

Before putting the body over the coals, fasten it to three strong poles extending far enough beyond the carcass, one as a stay or support down the back to prevent the meat, when nearly done, breaking apart, and the others as handles by which three or four men can turn over the roast, so that all parts may be roasted evenly, and occasionally sprinkled with flour, and basted, if desired, with butter or clarified drippings.

The rack should not be raised so high from the coals as to make it inaccessible to this last operation, nor placed so close to the pit as to scorch.

This mode of cooking is all very well in the excitement of some great public occasion, but is lack-

ing in the delicacy of flavor imparted that best suits an epicure's palate. But for hunters it is an excellent way to cook small game or fish. Clean them nicely, but leave them as nearly whole as may be, and season them well. After the wood in the pit, which need not be large, is burned to a coal, wrap the game in several thicknesses of clean coarse paper. Have the last wrapper wet. Rake the coals one side; scrape the ashes back, leaving only a small portion on the hot earth; lay the game or fish, thus carefully wrapped up, on this bed; cover first with the hot ashes, then with the coals. A fish will be deliciously cooked in this manner, and all the juices preserved. Undo the wrappers, and when the last paper is loosened, the skin will all peel off, leaving the fish almost like a jelly.

With birds, ducks, turkeys, etc., which take longer to cook, it may be necessary to keep the pit hot by burning more small wood on top of the closely covered game. But when done, the result will be the same. The game will be most delicately cooked, almost jellied with its own juice, in which it has been *sodden*; and with the skin, which will peel off easily, any taste of paper that may be possible will disappear.

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BUCK AND BEET PICKLE.—Three heads of firm hard cabbage, one peck of green tomatoes, half a peck of ripe tomatoes, one dozen onions, half a dozen each of green and red peppers, two pounds of sugar, all to be chopped fine, and salted overnight. In the morning squeeze the water from it. Put the vegetables in the kettle with vinegar enough to cover them. Simmer the whole for three hours together. Just before removing from the fire, add a tea-cupful of grated horseradish. The other seasonings are a table-spoonful of ground mustard, the same of whole white mustard seed, the same of black mustard seed, one-half ounce of mace, one-half ounce of cloves, a table-spoonful of black pepper, and three table-spoonfuls of celery seed.

FRUIT-CAKE PUDDING.—Take one pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, and one nutmeg, one pound of clean Smyrna raisins, a tea-spoonful of bicarbonate of soda, dissolved in a cup of sour milk or buttermilk, and added the last thing. Be sure to save out a little of the flour, wherewith to sprinkle the fruit well before putting into the batter. Send to table hot, served with wine sauce.

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[APRIL 23, 1881.]

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A GENTLEMAN bought a plaster cast of the Venus of Milo, and having paid for it, desired that it might be forwarded to his address. The following day, having to leave home early, he said to his servant, "John, in the course of the day statue that I have bought will be delivered here. Place it in the drawing-room." On his return in the evening, he inquired whether the statue had arrived.

"Yes, sir," replied John; "they brought a great figure in plaster, but I would not take it in."

"And why?"

"Good gracious, sir, it had two broken arms! and I knew you would have said I had broken them."

A story is told about the late Mr. Hope, the wealthy banker of Amsterdam, and one of his purchases. He had bought a picture as a Rembrandt, and given ten thousand dollars for it. Finding that it did not quite fit the frame, he sent for a carpenter to ease it a little. Whilst watching the operation, he remarked how wonderfully the picture was preserved, considering that it was nearly two hundred years old. "That is impossible," said the carpenter; "this wood is mahogany, and mahogany had not been introduced at that time." Mr. Hope burned the picture.

ENGLISH TOURIST. "Well, Paddy, these O'Hoochans seem a very old family."

PADDY. "Yiss, sorr, it is thimself that be just that same. Now a hunder yairs is counted a great toime wid some families but not wid them, for by the same token the O'Hoochans were as ould a thousand yairs ago as they are this blissid day, so they were."

An amusing incident took place in the French Chamber of Deputies recently. M. Clemenceau, rising to correct the official report of the discussion on his interpellation, said that he had no desire to find fault with the stenographers of the House, but he regretted that the imperfect state of their art had prevented their registering more than fifty interruptions, twenty-three of which were made by the President of the Council. Alluding to the interruptions of one member, who imitated the cries of various animals, M. Clemenceau hoped that progress in stenography would soon enable its writers to reproduce all inarticulate sounds and noises.

A theatre - manager was asked why he employed such bad actors; and he replied, "Would you have me let the poor wretches starve?"

A book agent, who had retired from active labor upon the hard-earned accumulations of a life of industrious cheek, says that the great secret of his success was that when he went to a house where the female head presented herself, he always opened by saying, "I beg your pardon, miss, but it was your mother I wanted to see." That always used to get 'em. They not only subscribed for my books themselves, but told me where I could find more customers."

Too many glasses may make a tumbler of a man.

A sea - captain was brought before a justice in Marseilles, and mercilessly opposed by the lawyer on the other side. When at length he was suffered to speak, he said: "Your honor, I ask a delay of one week in the proceedings, so that I may find a big enough liar to answer that man." His request was granted.



THE DEPARTURE OF WINTER.

One of Gavarni's drawings represents a picture-dealer and a poor artist haggling over a work of art. The dealer offering five francs for it, the artist meekly replies that the canvas itself had cost him more than that sum. "That is quite possible," says the dealer; "but then you had not spoiled the canvas by painting upon it."

Why is a man like tea?—Because you never draw out his full strength until you get him into hot water.

Dr. Johnson once, speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said, "If he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other."

Does it follow that the person who retires with the sun must have a warm bed-fellow?

A stuttering coxcomb asked a barber's boy, "Did you ever shave a m-m-m-monkey?"

"No, sir," replied the apprentice; "but if you will please to sit down, I'll t-t-t-try."

A member of a State Legislature a good ways from New York offered to stake his reputation against a farthing on the propriety of a certain measure. Some one on the other side observed that it was the most absurd bet he had ever heard of.

Three gentlemen stopping at a tavern bore the names of More, Strange, and Wright. Said the last, "There is but one rascal in this company, and that is Strange!"

"Yes," answered Strange, "there is one More."

"Ay," said More, "that's Wright."

An ignorant candidate for medical honors having been thrown almost into a fever from his inability of answering the questions, was asked by one of the censors how he would sweat a patient for the rheumatism. "I would send him here to be examined," he replied.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS—The prices of stocks.

A butcher's boy carrying a tray on his shoulders accidentally struck it against a lady's head, and nearly knocked her hat off.

"The deuce take the tray," cried the lady, in a passion.

"Madam," said the lad, gravely, "the deuce can not take the tray."

When Thomas Moore was getting his portrait painted by Newton, Sydney Smith, who accompanied the poet, said to the artist, "Couldn't you contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the Church Establishment?"



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ASPIRANT. "What? First, second, or third?" FRIEND. "Neither. A surprise. It won't be admitted."

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AN AFTERNOON AT MODJESKA'S.
By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE actress to whose theatre London is now flocking is as charming off the stage as she is on it. You may meet at her rooms some of the most entertaining people in town. She is gifted with a winning manner, a tinge foreign in its gracefulness, and her accent in speaking English is also rendered picturesque by the faint Polish coloring which still invests it. She occupies the ground-floor of a handsome building on the corner of Sloane Square, at the other end of which is the Court Theatre, where she performs. Though prevented by the exigencies of her profession from giving dinners, she occasionally invites her friends to lunch with her at two o'clock. A fashionable London luncheon is distinguishable from a dinner chiefly by the hour at which it takes place. You begin with oysters on the half shell, proceed through soup, fish, and entrees to a joint, and thence make your way via salad to entremets and coffee; and your progress throughout is enlivened by sherry, hock, Champagne, claret, and liqueurs. A few weeks ago an interesting party met to enjoy an entertainment of this kind. The hostess, in a simply made, gracefully draped costume of seal brown velvet, with large jabot of Indian muslin and lace, welcomed us in her prettily decorated drawing-room, which owes so much of its success to the rich Oriental draperies, brocades and embroideries, fur rugs and choice pictures, which she has added to it. Her handsome face bears no traces of the tragic vicissitudes which, in an English adaptation of the *Dame aux Camélias*, she nightly undergoes. Her husband—who, in recognition of the limitations of Anglo-Saxon organs of pronunciation, is addressed by his friends as M. Bozenta (the whole name is written Bozenta di Chlapowski, but sounds very differently from that when spoken)—M. Bozenta, then, was also present: a gentleman whose bearing combines polish with cordiality, and who has made himself both popular and respected in society here. The quota of guests being full, we filed two and two into the dining-room. The chief personage present was Mr. Edwin Booth, who has been giving to English actors and audiences a valuable and much-needed lesson in acting—that being an art which, owing to the epidemic of heretical ideas as to “realism,” is in some danger of being lost in the old country. Mr. Booth has not been in very robust health of late, thanks to the exceptionally intolerable behavior of a climate never too genial, and there was a shadow of weariness upon his fine features which we were sorry to observe. His engagement at the Princess's Theatre has been, owing to various causes, an exceptionally arduous one. But better times are in store for him. After the present run of *King Lear* is over, and a brief tour in the provinces disposed of, Mr. Booth will take a month's rest, and then he will begin a season at the Lyceum in conjunction with Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. The two actors will alternate the chief parts in

such plays as admit of that arrangement, appearing three times a week, Miss Terry supporting. Great interest is aroused by this combination, and the price of stalls has been raised from ten and sixpence to a guinea, while everybody is anxious to inquire how soon the “booking” will begin. On the left of Mr. Booth sat Clement Scott, the well-known dramatic critic, and editor of that popular theatrical magazine, the *Theatre*. Mr. Scott is a man under forty years of age, of medium height, with reddish-brown hair and mustache, and a countenance full of acuteness and good-humor. In conversation he is lively and humorous, with a jolly laugh, and a way of finishing his remarks with an “eh?” and a comical movement of the eyebrows that comes as near to being a wink as strict propriety allows. He is fertile in anecdotes, and maintained himself and those around him in a continual overflow of spirits. Further down the table sat Forbes Rob-

ertson, one of the most promising of the younger London actors. He has been supporting Modjeska during the last few months, and his renderings of Maurice de Saxe and of Armand have been distinguished by great intelligence and effectiveness. He is more American than English in appearance, being tall and somewhat slightly built, with prominent features, large eyes, thin cheeks, and a particularly pleasant smile and address. On the opposite side of the table was the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, the son of Lord Powerscourt, and novelist and dramatist of some note. The first impression of his appearance does not, indeed, suggest an especially remarkable man. He is short and of indeterminate figure, with a combed-down look, meek and unobtrusive, eyebrows faint and sloping downward steeply, a short prominent aquiline nose, the lower part of the face thinly covered with a brown beard. But when he begins to talk, his face gathers animation; he has a rapid,

almost nervous, gesticulation, and a copious, somewhat shrill, laugh; he is bright, quick, and ready of speech, like the Irishman that he is; and the mirth at his end of the table was continuous and hearty. Next to him sat Mrs. Bromley, the widow of Val. Bromley, the artist, whose death a year or two since from small-pox was lamented both by the social and the artistic world. Val. Bromley was an artist of great promise, and personally an eminently handsome man, of a clear-cut, masculine type. His widow is as handsome as her husband was, in very different style—a youthful, graceful, engaging woman, with features of a sort that would be effective on the stage (Mrs. Bromley, we believe, at one time thought of adopting the dramatic profession). She is the sister of Forbes Robertson, and owns her full share of the talent common to every member of that family. Her companion on the left is Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who has just communicated to her his opinion that, whatever may be said as to the charms of science, politics, and the polite arts, there is nothing, after all, to be compared with a well-served *suprême de volaille aux truffes*. Meanwhile Mrs. Edwin Booth, at the other end of the table, is conversing earnestly with M. Bozenta in a voice which seldom rises above an emphatic whisper. She resembles, indeed, a creature composed of equal parts of air and volition, rather than an ordinary being of flesh and blood, for the pulmonary complaint to which she has long been subject has been affected unfavorably by the English winter; so that, as she herself says, she exists by sheer strength of will, and almost in defiance of rational probabilities. Miss Booth, delicate, pretty, and slenderly vivacious, with dark hair and full brown eyes, like her father's, sits between Forbes Robertson and Clement Scott; and we ourselves are in possession of the space between M. Bozenta and Mr. Wingfield.

There was a good deal said, among those in Madame Modjeska's neighborhood, about the new play that W. G. Wills, the dramatist, has been writing for her, and in which she will appear early next month. Clement Scott objected to the title, *Juanna*, as being unlikely to attract the public, who would mispronounce it in the first place (we have, indeed, already seen it written *Juani-ta* in one paper), and find it unpromising in the second. “Wills is dear, dreamy old chap,” remarked Mr. Scott, “and neither knows nor cares about dodges to hit the popular eye. It is one of his *fads* to call his things by the name of the heroine or hero: well enough for a book, but won't do for a drama.” Some one else observed that one of the main incidents in the play was the walling up alive of Juanna in the dungeon of the convent; whereupon Mr. Booth suggested “Walled In” as an alternative title; another proposed “Buried Alive,” which was rejected, as having already been copyrighted; while “Stoned to Death” was condemned as farcical and ambiguous. With regard to the play itself, those who had read it agreed in according high praise to its literary merit and to the charm and brilliancy of its dialogue; but some doubt was expressed as



Fig. 1.—SERGE DRESS.
For pattern and description
see Supplement, No. VI,
Figs. 36-45.

Fig. 2.—CHEVIOT MANTLE.
For pattern and description
see Supplement, No. III,
Figs. 20 and 21.

Fig. 3.—ROUND WAIST, ALBANIAN OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING SKIRT.
FRONT.—[For Back, see Page 277.]—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3071;
WAIST, OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII Figs. 46-55.

to whether it would "act" as well as it "read," and it was deemed probable that some excisions and alterations would be made before it came finally before the public. The character of Juanna herself, played by Modjeska, has the disadvantage of being dramatically inferior to that of the monk, taken by Forbes Robertson; but the power which Modjeska has shown in the delirious scene in *Adrienne Lecourre* favors the anticipation that she will be able by the force of her presentation to atone for any short-coming of the dramatist, an important passage in *Juanna* being concerned with the madness of the heroine. There is no doubt, on the other hand, that Forbes Robertson will give a more than adequate rendering of the monk. While this discussion was going on, Mr. Lewis Wingfield was being rallied on the subject of a letter sent by him to the *Daily News*, in reply to a criticism of the costumes in *Masks and Faces*—a stage version by Charles Reade and Tom Taylor of the famous story of Peg Woffington—and he was defending himself vigorously. In fact, few people know more about the mysteries of eighteenth-century costume than does Mr. Wingfield; but, as he remarked, it is not so easy to make actors and actresses conform themselves to the facts, even when apprised of them. They prefer to "look well," and only incidentally to "look right." Clement Scott then had a gibe at Henry Irving, whom he professes to disapprove of as an actor—a position with which Mrs. Bromley vehemently disagreed. Mr. Booth gravely declined to take part in the controversy, the more since he had had little or no chance of seeing Irving other than in a social way. It was remarked by some one else that Irving was never so delightful as over an after-dinner cigar, when the great intelligence and originality of the man are not obscured by his eccentricities of pronunciation and gesture.

But space fails us to give an adequate report of a great deal of amusing and interesting talk. Coffee was brought into the dining-room by unanimous request, in order that the ladies need not leave the gentlemen too soon, and with it cigarettes; and Modjeska condescended to inhale a whiff or two of the fragrant "Laferme." Gradually the company found their way back to the drawing-room, where smoking was continued. At last Clement Scott went off to write an article on Trichinosis for the *Daily Telegraph*, we entreating him by the memory of a pleasant afternoon to put it favorably for our country, which he swore by all the gods to do. Our carriages were announced all too soon, and it was with more than customary reluctance that we dispersed, to meet again several times in the course of the afternoon while paying the tax levied by society—afternoon calls.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 76 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued April 12, contains an article of interest to every boy in the land, entitled "How shall I Make a Living?" "Indian Corn," an Indian legend, by BENSON J. LOSSING; "Easter-Eggs," their meaning, and how to make them, illustrated; "A Passing Cloud," a poem, illustrated by JESSIE McDERMOTT; Chapter Eighteen of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby and Mr. Stubbs make good their escape from the circus, and find a day of freedom in the woods, illustrated by ROGERS; "An Enchanted Ship; or, the Dutch Captain's Device," one of DAVID KERR's stories for boys; "Indian Children," an article showing that little savages must work as well as civilized children, illustrated by CARY; "So Very Strange," a story of letters by CHARLES BARNARD; "My Pig," by Jimmy Brown, as funny a story as Jimmy has yet written; "My Mother's Début," a story for girls; Chapter Eleven of "Phil's Fairies," illustrated; a page of Pinafore Rhymes, with six charming illustrations; "London Bridge is Falling Down," illustrated; Charades, Poems, Comics, Puzzles, and other attractions.

FURNITURE AND FURNISHING.
THE fable of Jupiter and the frogs holds

a perennial moral. Whatever dynasty changeable mortality dethrones, it is certain to invoke a new tyrant. Not very long ago all we householders were sacrificing to King Log in the matter of our surroundings. We made our habitations as uninteresting as they could be made by flaring carpets, "suits" of furniture like to one another than any peas that grow, deadly-lively engravings of the good old vapid school in efflorescent frames, and ornaments as scrupulously paired as if it were their mission to survive some imminent domestic deluge, and propagate their wretched kind. The ratio of beauty to expense was as one to one hundred in this melancholy order of household art, which prevailed, with minor differences, from the brown-stone mansion of Fifth Avenue to the clapboard parallelogram of Oshkosh. It was the reign of the pretensions, the formal, the tawdry.

Suddenly the voice of the prophet EAST-LAKE was heard crying in the wilderness, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of the tasteful is at hand!" With the eagerness of the old Greek, we turned ourselves to hear and to tell of this new thing. Revolution succeeds because the air is charged with it before the first whisper of revolt is heard. We began to talk about "harrowing" and "gra-

dations," about tiles, plaques, embroideries, bric-à-brac, and the "sincere" in joinery and decoration, as if we knew what we meant. Where we could afford it, we crowded our rooms with new and really beautiful things. Where leanness of the purse forbade, we made what shift we might with needle, paint-brush, and cheap carpentry to imitate a fine original. And if our earlier state was grim and tasteless, our later development is too often jumbled and grotesque. We could at least turn round in the parlor of the past without danger to bric-à-brac, and we could descry honest spaces of wall surface, however ugly. Primarily one's rooms are to unfold one's domestic life in, and a museum is not much fitter for that purpose than a mausoleum.

Yet the laws that should govern household art are simple and few, and that gift of arrangement which some women are said to have at their fingers' ends is an intuitive or cultivated perception of them. Thus it is impossible to receive aesthetic pleasure save from an alternation of stimulation and rest. We easily recognize this principle in music, painting, architecture, and in the endless pictures of nature, where that which we find beautiful is enhanced and almost created by the level passages, the dull hues, the simple lines, the stretches of dingy commonplaceness, always offered to us.

Now in our rooms we need precisely the same elements to produce a harmonious whole. The floor, the walls, the ceilings, are to be our background, our element of rest, our level passages. They must not be ugly; they need not even be meagre. But whatever enrichment they own must be subordinate, retiring, interior, as it were. Then the ornaments we possess will assume their own value, that of excitement, and will appeal to us with a beauty we had not discovered in them. These are the accented notes, the high lights, the foliation of the arch.

A common mistake is to make the draperies too florid. One of the finest rooms in one of the finest houses of this city, where floors, walls, and ceiling are perfectly composed, is spoiled by a superb *portière* of currant-colored satin. This magnificent and malevolent hanging steals the glow from an Escosura, dulls the lush verdure of a Corot meadow, draws an envious veil over the luminous splendor of a characteristic Gifford, fades the exquisite vases, and turns even the bronzes green with discontent. And what is a bit of flamboyant upholstery, that it should dare thus to put down its betters?

So, if the chandeliers are too showy, or the sofa cushions too ornate, or the furniture covering too rich, or the gilding too generous, they destroy the reposeful effect of the room, and bring the ornaments to naught. And if every one of these subordinate objects is tasteful and rich, if it prove too obtrusive for the place it is destined to fill, and the company it is intended to keep, it passes at once under the ban. It is not enough that the furnishings of a room should be pretty in themselves: they must be pretty altogether, or the room is comparatively a failure.

This is a hard doctrine for those of us who have an inheritance of objectionable movables from an unenlightened past. It is only by degrees, and with infinite pains-taking in accumulation, that we can evolve harmony from our chaotic abundance. But a judicious suppression is possible to most of us. We can subdue the bizarre; we can weed out the superfluous; we can place the yoke, so to speak, on the necks of our untamed chairs and sofas; we can attain that effect of restfulness which is the first essential. And we shall be surprised to find with how few and simple adornments we may also secure the sense of stimulation which is its counterpart.

EASTER GAYETIES.

THIS "floral mother of the Christian spring" is generally ushered in by a cold storm in our fitful Northern climate. Quite as likely, too, is Good-Friday, the saddest fast-day of the pale Lenten season, to be bright and beautiful. But no matter for these caprices of the clouds, the almanac must be observed, and one must be clad in sackcloth on Good-Friday, and wear a new bonnet at Easter. Indeed, no one will have good luck who does not wear some new garment on Easter-Sunday, if it be only a ribbon or a pair of gloves.

And as the sun dances on Easter-Sunday, so all the world must dance.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice crept in and out;
And, oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fair a sight."

Dancing being interdicted in Lent, it breaks out at Easter, as the pent-up mountain stream dashes down through its prison of ice when the sun begins to break the frozen chains.

The one or two Germans which are allowed at "Mi-Carême" but intensify this desire on the part of Beauty to indulge in the exciting privilege of the dance; so at Easter come a cataract of cards for "Small and Early," the F.C.D.C.'s final three,

and the hunt balls, which are the prettiest of all the modern balls, as the gallant huntsmen go in pink. We might pause to inquire why scarlet is called pink in the hunting field (England's proudest color, scarlet!), but the fact remains that it is so called. The huntsmen wear scarlet frock-coats in the field, but in the ball-room wear scarlet dress-coats with white satin facings, and black dress-pantaloons, for the evening dress. The effect is beautiful, and it is much intensified when not only the Westchester or Queen's County Hunt is present, but is also joined by the Meadow Brook Hunt and the Rockaway Hunt, both of which vary the scarlet and white with blue or black facings. This dress supplies that element of color in which our balls are so deficient. The balls at the Castle Inn at New Rochelle, of the hunt proper, are amongst the Easter gayeties most longed for. For the hunt goes on, although the heavens be overcast, the atmosphere depressing, winds howling, and skies descending, for it is a part of an English adoption that we can now bear to be rained on. Beauty no longer lives in purple and fine linen, but in water-proof sateen and India rubber boots, and she goes shooting English snipe, with her dog and gun, as an Easter pastime, occasionally, when she is not on horseback or taking a constitutional up the Hudson. Her Easter toilettes are composed of every variety of costume, suited to all sorts of weather, and her boots range from the three-decker calf-skin to that delicate shallop, a satin slipper.

One of the Easter gayeties is going shopping, for which pastime the shops are arrayed in all their glory. There is no amusement more full of excitement than this, as the gay foulards, muslins, and chintzes tell of the future sport by sea and shore. Every fold on the counters of the great dry-goods princes breathes of conquest, every momie-cloth inwards a live possibility, every sea-side bunting waves in anticipation of a victory, every bonnet suggests a *tête-à-tête*, and every round hat recalls Rosalind and Orlando and the forest of Ardenne. Every jeweller's shop, with its hanging crystal watches, says that Time, old Father Time, like a miser, is counting his unemployed coins. What can Beauty better do than a shopping?

A visit to the confectioner's to inspect and to buy the Easter-eggs which are hatched in every material from crystal to satin and paper, and are made to hold toilette articles, handkerchiefs, jewelry, and bonbons, is also an Easter gayety. This custom of exchanging the pasch-egg is traced far back into antiquity. It is an Oriental tradition that the world was hatched at Easter from an egg given by the Creator. The Japanese, the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Phoenicians, the North American Indians, all had this tradition. That mysterious embryo which becomes life suggests to all minds, however ignorant, the idea of hope—of resurrection.

When came in the practice of coloring the eggs we know not. The peasantry of Scotland, where Easter has been long suppressed as a papist superstition, still play with colored eggs, and the Welsh color their eggs red as a type of the resurrection—"the blood of the Lamb." The Germans make nests in their gardens of mosses and leaves, in which attentive mothers hide the desired colored egg, with the initial of some happy child, who goes to find the mysterious and significant gift, as from the fairies.

A game of ball used to take place on Easter morning in England, even the reverend clergy throwing the colored eggs to and fro, and in our later days ladies play ball in vacant lots in the upper part of the city as soon after Easter as the weather will allow, calling it "Easter-ball." In England this game was conducted on Easter-Monday by the mayor with the "mall, sword, and cap of maintenance" in the public market-place. We can scarcely ask Mayor Grace to add to our Easter holidays.

A ball game at Easter-tide being permitted to women in olden times, we are told that the Allan-Dale and young Lochinvars often took that opportunity to run away with the Maid Marions and the fair Lucy's of the period, as papa was engaged with his game in the market-place and could not attend to the maids at "Pepper Gate"; but this fashion does not prevail in New York.

Badminton, a sort of house tennis in place of lawn tennis, is one of the gayeties of Easter, as indeed our cold spring and wet season make lawn tennis an impossibility for some weeks; yet to play a game in a house is less exciting than to toss the ball under the shade of green trees, but it has the same liveliness that embellishes roller-skating, and it is good exercise.

The "plays" which have been practiced during Lent, the librettos which have been learned, are usually performed at Easter. The "Masque of Comus" was the great precedent for a play at Easter-tide. Long will it be before we shall have another "Masque of Comus," but the amateur plays and small operas are not bad, and the musical festivals are delightful. Would that we had the Tyrolean customs here! There bands of peasants wander from house to house with guitars and zithers, singing beautiful Easter hymns. The picturesque dress is adorned with flowers, and troops of happy children dance to the music. They carry with them burning torches through the still evening air, and leave a bunch of flowers on every door-step.

In one Dutch town the sons of St. Nicholas celebrate their *Pas*, another form of the word Paschal, and if their wives no longer bring in the "pinkster blum," they still have the oleykoeks and hot cross-buns.

The Easter lily never fails of its sweet and stately ministration. It is in all the churches, and happy is the maid who finds one blowing by her side in the morning, lifting up its white cup full of fragrance to greet her—Aurora and Flora for Venus.

From Easter to Pentecost is the fortunate sea-

son for marriage, and therefore many weddings are amongst the Easter gayeties. It was considered in Wales, the land of superstition, to insure long life and happiness to a child to baptize it at Easter.

It is the great festival of the Christian year.

"Christ is risen! Christ is risen indeed!"

Strange chain of religious belief, that it owes its name to the pagan worship of Ostara, or Eostre, the Goddess of Spring! Nothing can exceed the splendor of the music in the churches. The Emperor Constantine caused Easter vigils to be instituted, and nowadays many devout Catholics stay in the churches on Easter—even until midnight, bringing away their half-burned tapers. Constantine, proud, ostentatious emperor, caused high pillars of wax to be erected all over his imperial city, which burned all night, until the sun rose and danced. In these days that our night is bright as day with the electric light, we do not need the emperor's pillars of wax.

Thus the edict of the Council of Nice, which gives us a fixed day, the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon which falls on or next after the 21st of March, for our Easter, predetermines for us a return to those gayeties which the sombre fasts of Lent have stopped for a season. Many members of the three great Churches, the Roman, the English, and the Greek, keep Lent with much austerity, fasting, and prayer. Many members of other Churches and communions, who do not allow the calendar of the Christian year in their almanacs, also observe it as a period of quiet life and of rest. Fashion steps in here and helps the early fathers to this wise and doubtless healthful custom.

But all the world rejoices at Easter. Even if a thick snow covers the ground, the prophetic soul detects the violet underneath it. The poor rejoice that the long cold winter, with its earaches and frost-bites, is at an end; the rich rejoice that now it has come time to be gay again; both church and state rejoice that the merry bells can ring, and the fasting give way to feasting.

Many fanciful devices in the dinner table arrangements are in order for Easter. A goose sitting on a nest of Easter-eggs (in ice-cream) is a favorite device. The ice is put in the real shells, for the age is realistic. As for the goose, perhaps she is seated with the guests: who can tell?

Amongst our Easter gayeties some young ladies are trying to rehabilitate archery; this has now a place and a legal habitation and a name at the Central Park. The ground is appropriately near to the statue of the model soldier of the Seventh Regiment. A Cupid with drawn bow should be the "field mark and device." Never does a woman look prettier than when practicing archery. The dress, the association, the ballad of Robin Hood, the attitude, and "the deft hand and cunning eye"—all are becoming to woman. She can never be so beautiful as when, drawing the arrow up to her dimpled chin, she sends it with one charming and most graceful elongation of her left arm deep into the heart of the target.

Fanciful designs and inscriptions can be put on the Easter-egg, and should belong to all the joyful games and gayeties which come with the season. Even the early Christians, no doubt the most sad and gloomy set of believers who ever founded a faith, did not pray in the attitude of humility on Easter-day, but stood with uplifted faces and outstretched hands on this glorious festival. The converted Jews, who kept the Passover on the 14th of Nisan (as nearly corresponding with our Easter), decked the sacrificial cake with flowers. The pagan element, rich in color, music, flowers, and joy, which was the one thing which the early Church might afford to keep as its clear moonlight ray of heavenly truth, and afterward its sun-burst of great victory, chased away the smoky light of perfumed torches from the places of sacrifice. This element of beauty and joy belongs to us all. For in the "glory of the lilies," in the splendid swelling triumph of the Easter hymns, in the gay colors of the garments, in the fragrant bud of the hyacinth, which shows its red behind a dusky sheath, like the fire in the opal, we read one and the same legend, that "Death is swallowed up in victory."

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE LATEST IMPORTATIONS.

FASHIONABLE modistes just returned from Paris are exhibiting fresh novelties in various articles of the toilette. The new feature in mantles is the use of materials never before employed for wraps, while in dresses the original combinations of familiar fabrics strike the observer at a glance. In the choicest collections of dresses the short costume still predominates, and its general outlines remain the same. The skirt is narrow and bouffant, but is shown in simpler styles than many already quoted. One or two deep pleatings almost form the skirts of a Parisian dress for general wear, and above this is a draped round apron over-skirt fastened permanently, or else a "baby sash" of *ombré* satin Surah. There are shirred basques, but this feature is not so prominent as at the earlier openings, and the same is true of the shirred and puffed sleeves. Indeed, the best French modistes, while they introduce novelties, are at the same time conservative, and are not willing to relinquish a good style for the sake of uncertain new things. For this reason basques with vests are seen on young ladies' costumes, and the princesse polonaise is sent out by Worth. Nor does Worth lay aside brocades or failles or polka-dotted stuffs because stripes are the latest caprice, but he chooses these in new shades of cinnamon, *chaudron*, or of brick red, and in dark green, which he trims with black, while the dots

and brocades are on soft twilled silks that are the very newest of old things.

TWO FRENCH COSTUMES.

A simple toilette by Worth of polka-dotted Surah in dark cinnamon shades has a princess polonaise and kilt-pleated skirt, with one of the new Mother Hubbard capes. This little cape reaches to the elbows, and is Shirred in rows around the neck; it is then open on each arm from the shoulders down, and there are clusters of loops of satin ribbon in the opening. A single seam down the middle of the back shapes the cape, and its edges are merely faced with satin, or else the fabric is doubled. The polonaise is of the simplest shape, with two large box pleats behind, and the slight draping that makes it bouffant is done under these pleats. The deep flounce of narrow pleats is cut bias, and sewed so high on the foundation skirt that its heading is concealed by the polonaise. All such skirts—and there are many this season—are finished near the edge by one or two narrow side-pleatings that are not seen except when the deep pleating is lifted; they are not meant for show, but merely to support the principal flounce, and to finish properly the foot of the dress. Very small buttons are on such dresses; these may be flat moulds covered with satin, or else bullet-shaped and of crocheted silk. Another dress by the same modiste is far more elaborate, and is composed of brocaded Levantine combined with shaded Sicilienne. Copper red and gray hues prevail in this dress, and the skirt in front is formed of alternate folds of the two materials that give the effect of lengthwise stripes. Ten alternate folds for each side meet in the middle seam of the front, and slope away slightly, following the shape of the foundation skirt, and making the tenth and last fold on each side quite straight; back of this the two fabrics are combined in soft drapery, while at the foot are two other pleatings formed of the folds. This is completed by a basque of the figured goods, with retroussés of the shaded Sicilienne.

WATERED SILKS.

A revival of moirés is announced, and these are shown in the combination dresses, while light shades of watered silks are imported for full-dress toilettes. The tendency in these is toward stripes; those with wide watered stripes and satin stripes alternating are shown, but the patterns known as moirés antiques are not seen. As a trimming, or in combination with the fine cashmeres that French dressmakers use so much this spring, the watered silk is very effective. A tasteful dress of clear gray cashmere is combined with gray watered silk, and has for its only touches of color the merest glimpses of red Surah used as facings. The new surplice front is seen on this basque, made with fullness gathered from the pointed throat, passing into the armholes, and there soft folds of cashmere are continued low on the bust, where they disappear under a wide pointed girdle or peasant waist of the gray moiré silk. This peasant waist, laced in the middle, is confined to the front, while the back is of an ordinary basque of the cashmere, trimmed along the edge with a wide moiré sash that is tied in a bow with ends. The red Surah is seen as a lining of the frill that is gathered down the surplice neck, on the edges of the peasant front, and on the moiré cuffs. The skirt is an intricate combination of the two fabrics, with one side forming a double panel of moiré, on which are two rows of yellow ivory buttons inlaid with gold in Japanese design, no two of which are alike; on the opposite side are two points of the cashmere, with soft poufs behind, and the flounces are of gathered cashmere, with a border of moiré two inches deep that is faced with red Surah.

YOUTHFUL DRESSES OF CASHMERE, ETC.

Among other refined dresses of cashmere designed for young ladies is one of darkest myrtle green combined with green and white summer silk in small blocks, or rather large checks. The basque of green cashmere has a vest of white basket-woven stuff, and its novel feature is its black trimming of a new passementerie of silk tapes, cords, and jet drops, made to pass down the front each side of the vest. The checked silk is used for wide flounces, and the cashmere is combined with silk in scarf aprons and bouffant drapery behind. Other costumes are entirely of cashmere, with the deep kilt-pleating already alluded to, and the wrinkled apron over-skirt made very full, and with its lower edge sewed to the silk foundation skirt, and concealing the head of the kilt-pleating, or else of two deep pleatings that are very narrowly folded. This is very pretty in porcelain blue cashmere shading into gray, and trimmed with leaf points of grayish-white passementerie. The basque has the front gauged and pleated in vest shape, a slight pointed piece like a girdle defines the waist, and is put on by a row of small buttons on each side up the first dart. The collar and cuffs are turned over, and trimmed with the deep leaf points. Pretty seal brown cashmeres are similarly made, and finished with a small Mother Hubbard mantle, Shirred around the neck, and long and narrow in front. To brighten these dark dresses, a bayadere sash of gay stripes—gold with red, green, and blue, fringed at the ends—may be added to the back drapery. For travelling dresses for young ladies' summer tours are tucked polonaises of coachmen's drab French bunting, and also drab flannels imported from England, with tucked jackets and soutache braiding. Ten or twelve tucks, each a half-inch wide, are down the front and back forms of these polonaises, the sleeves are also tucked lengthwise on their front forms, and the polonaise is so draped that its edges and sides are left straight enough to be tucked in clusters, and draped in peplum points. When polonaises are used, the skirts, instead of being kilted, are puffed around, usually in two very deep yet scant puffs, formed by three or four rows of Shirring, and the

foot is tucked, and falls outward for a flounce. These puffed skirts are not confined to simple wool fabrics, but are seen on handsome satins, grenadines, and Surahs, and make one of the stylish features of the season that is most easily carried out. Sometimes the puffing stops with the side gore, but in dresses elaborately draped in the back the entire skirt is puffed. For instance, a dress of pale drab satin has full puffs all around, with a deep flounce of embroidered, cream-tinted batiste at the foot, and entire breadths of the satin arranged in sash draperies behind.

The white lace trimmings are in great profusion on dresses of batiste, nuns' veiling, and other summer fabrics. Heavy qualities of Languedoc lace and of point d'esprit are used alike on sprigged muslins and on the sheerest wool dresses.

ABOUT BUSTLES.

Very small bustles, such as modistes always bring back from Paris, are again imported; but these are not used if the draping of the dress makes the back sufficiently bouffant without; at least all appearance of "wearing a bustle" is avoided, because the fullness is not excessive, as in the days of the Grecian bend, and is more graceful when produced by soft outside draperies.

Among new materials are brocaded China crapes for over-dresses. These come in lemon-color, *ciel* blue, lavender, and pale green tints. New woollens closely woven and heavier than French bunting are like the old-time mousseline de laine worn a generation ago.

CHENILLE JERSEYS.

Chenille Jerseys are shown made of chenille cord fastened in loops on elastic cords. These come in drab colors, and have a ruche at the neck and wrists formed by massing the chenille in fuller loops.

NOVELTIES IN MANTLES.

Black chenille is also introduced in mantles, sometimes forming the entire garment, sometimes being merely used for the side pieces falling over the arms, while the front and back are of black satin Surah. Small round capes are entirely of chenille, and there are larger chenille mantles in visite shape. Another novelty is the use of black brocaded grenadine for mantles over a lining of brick red satin. This makes a very elegant wrap, especially when the figure of the grenadine is wrought with jet beads. The trimmings are full pleatings of Spanish lace with chains of jet beads pendent among the pleats. When the velvet or plush figured grenadines are employed, steel trimmings are sometimes mixed with the Spanish lace pleatings. Young ladies make for themselves pretty shoulder capes of net covered with three or four rows of scantly gathered lace, with high standing lace frills about the throat. These are not confined to black lace, but are also made up in white lace for the house, and will be used with summer toilettes in the daytime.

The most tasteful wraps for dust cloaks in town and for travelling are of drab pongee made like the very long Mother Hubbard cloaks with deep Shirring at the neck, at the waist line, and on the full bishop sleeves. Some of these have striped Surah in *fade* tints for trimming, but they are most often very slightly faced with red or with olive green satin Surah.

COLORED MULL DRESSES.

Soft mull dresses in some delicate tint, such as lavender, lemon-color, pale rose, cream, or blue, are made up with many yards of gathered Bretton lace for trimmings. These usually have a basque lined all through with thin white or else with the colored mull, and are completed by an elaborately trimmed skirt. Two draped scarfs make the pretty drapery for the front, while nearer the foot are large squares of the mull edged with lace, and between these are open spaces, in which is set a rosette of the mull and lace. Sometimes the entire basque is Shirred lengthwise, and so are the front and sides of the skirt. The sleeves are Shirred in clusters around the arms, if the wearer has a long thin arm, but in lengthwise rows to the elbow for a plump arm; they are finished at the elbow by a flat lace cuff turned upward on a smooth lining of the colored mull. Long-looped bows of satin ribbon and *ombré* sashes are used with these dresses. For ladies in mourning are chalk white lawns, trimmed with gathered ruffles that are edged with footing, and ornamented with black gros grain ribbon bows. The waists and polonaises made with narrow tucks are also liked for mourning. The material is tucked in half-inch tucks before the basque is cut out, and the sleeves are also tucked. Other dresses have the yoke made of alternate strips of footing and of doubled lawn, like an inch-wide box pleat. The remainder of the waist is gathered to this, and belted. A double ruffle of the lawn edged with footing trims the neck and edges of the yoke. Gathered ruffles with four or five tucks are also pretty on these lawn dresses, and are used with white gros grain ribbon bows. A pretty basque for lawn dresses is cut to spring out an inch or two below the waist, and is then edged by a single side-pleating of the material, six inches deep, edged with lace. A new feature for the full round short skirts of white lawn dresses is to give them the effect of bayadere stripes by insertions let in across the back breadths. The insertion, an inch and a half wide, is placed three inches apart in rows across the entire breadths, all the way from the belt to the foot. Sometimes lace and sometimes embroidered insertion is used. The front may then have a prettily draped apron, and a sash is knotted on one side.

NEW FANS.

Cretonne fans will be used for semi-dress in very large sizes, with only a few wide sticks of ebony for their support, like the fans imported for decoration. Very gay cretonnes are used, and there is a little picture in the centre of birds, animals, or a Watteau scene.

New "spread" fans are provided with a reticule for the handkerchief. These are made of satin laid over a cheap Japanese paper fan with a bamboo stick; the Shirred pocket is sewed on one side, and there are branches of flowers painted by hand, or else a wreath or border. A long loop of satin ribbon is added to pass over the arm or to be attached to the waist. A cord of passementerie is around the edges.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. LORD & TAYLOR; JAMES MCCREERY & CO.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.; and STERN BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

VERDI has a farm in North Italy, and is very fond of agriculture.

Judge A. W. TOURGEE says American conservatism believes in the new, but will not adopt it till the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour.

It is rumored that an American heiress is engaged to marry Mr. PARNELL, but neither her local habitation nor her name is given.

The fashion prevalent in England of wearing nothing but a string of diamonds in the hair is vastly convenient for the average woman.

Mrs. GARFIELD is mentioned as being the first President's wife able to converse with the foreign diplomats in the court languages of Europe.

The art of advertising is not understood by us as well as by M. JULES JALUZOT, of Paris, whose shop was lately burned, who, on occasion of some commemorative mass being celebrated in his neighborhood, bought up all the violets in Paris, and gave them away in small bouquets.

The little tailor's shop in Greenville, Tennessee, with its sign, "A. JOHNSON," where President JOHNSON once sewed for his living, is preserved with great pride by the family.

Two grandnieces of DANIEL WEBSTER are in office in the city of Washington, D. C.

The property of PETER LATHOM, once a beggar of Maudsley, near Preston, England, which cost a few hundred dollars, but which, owing to the discovery of coal on the land, proves to be worth over two millions, has been left by him to the thirteen townships through which he had begged, for philanthropic uses.

A Philadelphian decides that a woman can dress fashionably on five hundred dollars a year, if she will only wear mourning, and keep out of society.

There are six ladies who have dispensed the hospitalities of the White House still living—Mrs. POLK, Mrs. TYLER, Mrs. JOHNSON (HARriet LANE), Mrs. LINCOLN, Mrs. GRANT, and Mrs. HAYES.

An adopted daughter of the novelist G. P. R. JAMES is lecturing in San Francisco, after a sojourn in Australia.

The Vassar girls consume two hundred pounds of meat for dinner daily, and one hundred and twenty-five pounds for breakfast, not to mention the six barrels of onions which are disposed of during the year.

ILONA EIBENSCHÜTZ, the eight-year-old pianist, received a laurel wreath decked with ribbons in Stuttgart, which being sent to her teacher in Vienna for safe-keeping, was weighed in its gilt box by the custom-house officer, and duly exacted at the same rate as for "laurel (bay), condiment for culinary use."

The only living representative of Sir WALTER SCOTT's family is a great-granddaughter, in her twenty-ninth year, residing at Abbotsford.

There was very sincere frosting on the wedding cake of the Baroness BURDETT-COURT, it being an inch thick.

Among the antiquities recently sold at Ballycollig, Cork, belonging to the estate of the late Sir THOMAS TORIN, was the celebrated Marani Caterpillar; a necklace of ancient and genuine coins of the time of PHILIP of Macedon and ALEXANDER the Great; and a walking-stick, three feet nine inches high, with gold head, traced with mythological subjects, which King JAMES gave to Lord De COURCY at Kinsale, after the Battle of the Boyne.

The pistol from which the first shot in the Revolution was fired, by Major PITCAIRN, at the battle of Lexington, is in the State Library at Albany, New York.

A new photograph of GOETHE, from a hitherto unknown drawing from life, by the renowned historical and portrait painter GERHARD VON KÜGELGEN, will soon be in the hands of his admirers.

In the course of the spring the Abbé LISZT proposes visiting Räding, where he was born, and Oedenburg, where he made his début about sixty-one years ago.

The secretary of a cremation society in Pittsburgh, it is said, wanted ANNIE CARY to sing for the benefit of its "furnace fund," and offered her free cremation by way of reward.

Precocious talent seems to be the order of the day. An opera entitled *The Twelve Jolly Bachelors*, to be produced in the autumn by a manager of New York city, is the work of EDWARD IRVING DARLING, eighteen years old, only son of the late General DARLING, of Louisiana, and Mrs. FLORA ADAMS DARLING, who spends her winters in Washington.

A course of parlor lectures on English literature is to be delivered soon in Philadelphia by ANNA DICKINSON's sister SUSAN.

The estate, in Guilford, Connecticut, belonging to the Rev. W. H. MURRAY, of Adirondack fame, is shortly to be sold for tax claims.

The pin-money of the beautiful Duchess FERNAN-NUNEZ is only six million dollars a year, but she gives away one hundred and fifty thousand of it, and takes twenty-seven newspapers.

Mr. EDWARD S. LACEY, of the First Michigan District, a banker by profession, with dark complexion, regular features, and hazel eyes, rich, affable, unmarried, and under forty, will be the handsomest man in the next Congress.

A pale blue satin petticoat, with a thick garland of pansies of every color heading the flounce, over this a bodice and long-trained skirt of dark pansy-colored velvet, the whole garnished with exquisite lace fastened with thick clusters of pansies at the shoulder, the waist, and on the train, completed the perfect toilette worn by Madame MODJESKA in the first act of *Hear! s-Ease*, lately revived at the Court Theatre.

EUGÉNIE is having a fan made for the Princess BEATRICE, in Paris, that ought to take the wind out of everybody else's fan. It is painted

by ALBERT, from designs by LEOIS; the sticks are of mother-of-pearl, and the letters of the word "BEATRICE" are traced out in tiny pink convolvulus, while a crown of splendid brilliants decorates the handle.

M. GUSTAVE DORÉ, whose father was a government engineer of highways and bridges, has just lost his mother, to whom he was devoted, and who lived with him at his fine residence in Paris, he being unmarried.

It is supposed that the "high-necked" edict of Mrs. HAYES is to prevail in the Presidential circle at Washington, as the sleeves of the dress in which Mrs. GARFIELD appeared at her first reception were down to her knuckles, and the waist buttoned to her chin, so to speak.

The wife of Senator MAHONE was a beauty in her day, and is still a woman of weight and accomplishments.

Miss LENARI, the fiancée of HERBERT REEVES, son of the well-known tenor SIMS REEVES, was a victim of the Opera-house fire at Nice.

KOSSUTH, who is seventy-nine, lives in a fine villa near Turin, with a lovely garden, cultivated by himself. Natural science is one of his favorite studies.

The late Czar, who was one of the handsomest men in his dominions, was devoted to whist, and after a hard day's bear-hunting would spend an hour or two with the cards, and many a Russian general has risen from the green cloth, it is said, with a handsome fortune.

Mr. HAWEIS says from his pulpit that it is not necessary to abandon festivities in Lent, but the Paris fashions are arranged with strict regard for the penitential season. Nothing but Carmelite brown with *café au lait* trimmings, episcopal violets and prelate's purple, pilgrim gray, with knotted cincture and "Monsignore" hat, is allowed; one may add an illuminated "Book of Hours," an alms-bag, or crystal rosary to the cincture, but no *bonbonnières* at reception or theatre, no flowers on the corsage.

IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF prefers Paris for his home, though he is a persistent traveller, and has made studies for his books all over Europe. He is tall and erect, with white beard and hair, and an expression of kindness.

Queen CAROLINE AMELIA of Denmark, lately dead, put aside a third of her income annually for the poor.

EDMOND DE LAFAYETTE is the only grandson of General LAFAYETTE, in the direct male line, now living.

Miss FRANCES POWER COBBE has been lecturing on vivisection.

It having been suggested to the Prince of Wales that if he would look in upon the studio of a certain struggling artist, the news of such a favor might turn the scales for the painter, he good-naturedly drove to the *atelier* at once.

SIGNORE SALVINI has entered the lists of authorship.

The American newspaper publisher who offers chromos to subscribers has a rival in Paris who advertises to give an acre of land in Algeria to all who subscribe to his daily for a year.

The Greek students of Robert College, Constantinople, have lately given a representation of a modern Greek tragedy.

The chair vacated at Harvard College by DR. PEABODY has been offered to Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Boston.

Misery is the appropriate title of a book written by LOUISE MICHEL.

The Princess PIERRE BONAPARTE is about to become a nun.

VON BÜLOW, the pianist, and director of the Duke of Meiningen's orchestra, is training his musicians to learn their scores by heart, and to play without notes.

In her part of Rosina, in *The Barber of Seville*, Madame GERSTER is thought to look as if she had stepped out of one of the pictures on a Spanish fan.

Madame BAZAINE is acknowledged to be accomplished, energetic, and handsome, but young enough for her husband's granddaughter.

PAUL BOYTON, the swimmer, is a brother of MICHAEL BOYTON, the Land-Leaguer.

In one of the scenes of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN's new piece the curtain rises and reveals a sentimental lady of well-developed proportions playing a nocturne on a violoncello by the side of a lake.

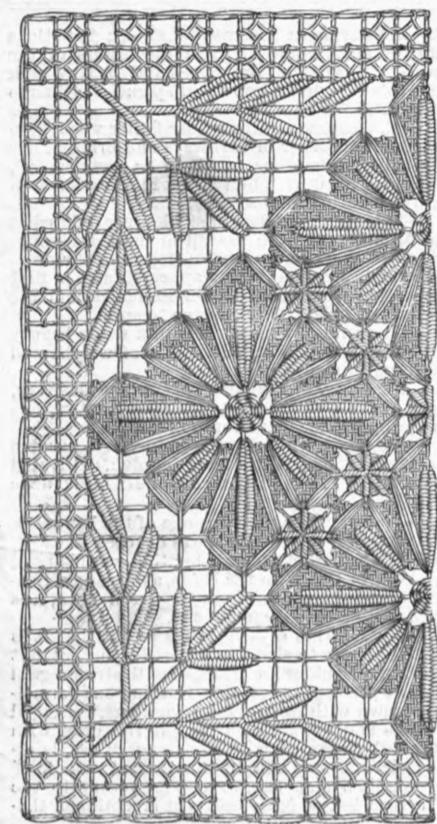


Fig. 2.—HALF OF SQUARE FOR TIDY, FIG. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE.—REDUCED SIZE.

for the corner squares from Fig. 78, Supplement, and the embroidery is executed in stem, satin, and knotted stitch with red filoselle silk. For the remaining squares the foundation is worked with medium coarse cotton in straight netting, and darned according to Figs. 2 and 3 in point de toile and point d'esprit with coarser cotton. The raised leaflets are worked in point de reprise, and the connecting stems are wound in overcast stitch. Finally the wheels are worked, and the large design figures are stretched with four-fold thread in the manner shown in the illustration.



Fig. 1.—SILK NECK-TIE.

When the single squares are all completed, they are joined as shown in Fig. 1 by overhanding together the edges, and then the tidy is edged with a border in netted guipure to match the squares, which is worked according to Fig. 4. The outer edge of the border is worked in button-hole stitch, after which the surplus foundation netting is cut away.

Monograms.—Cross Stitch Embroidery.—Figs. 1-3.

THESE monograms are worked on linen in cross stitch with embroidery cotton in contrasting colors, or in two shades of a single color.

Work-Basket with Tidy.

THE top of this work-basket, which is of black varnished cane, is covered with a tidy, the embroidery for which is worked on white batiste with colored silks and gold thread, and then applied on a red velvet foundation. Fig. 79, Supplement, gives the design for the centre. After the design has been transferred to white batiste, all the design figures are edged with fine gold cord, which is button-hole stitched on with colored silk: in fastening the gold cord, it is laid at intervals in loops or picots, which, when the edge of the opposite design figure is near enough, are either linked with a picot or fastened by a button-hole stitch on that edge. The corner figure in the border is edged with red silk, the figure above it with gray, and the arabesques on both sides with light brown silk; the gold cord around the outer edge is fastened with dark brown silk. The surface of the design figures is embroidered in herring-bone stitch with blue and réséda silks, and in chain and knotted stitch with réséda and several

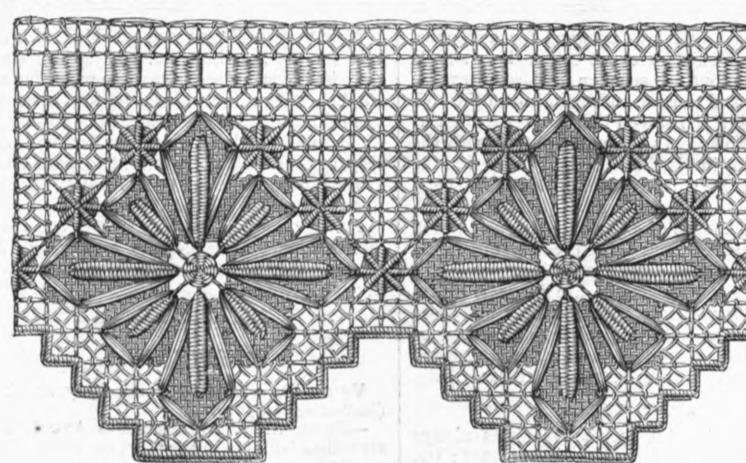
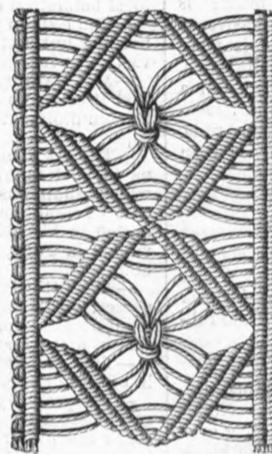


Fig. 4.—EDGING FOR TIDY, FIG. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE.—REDUCED SIZE.

Tidy.—Netted Guipure and Embroidery.—Figs. 1-4.

This tidy is composed of nine squares, four of which are in netted guipure, while the remaining five consist of cheese-cloth ornamented with embroidery. For each embroidered square a piece of cheese-cloth eleven inches and a quarter square is cut, turned down one inch on all sides, and hemstitched. The design for the central square is transferred to the material from Fig. 77, that



KNOT-WORK INSERTION.

shades of red silk. For the centre of the design the gold cord is fastened in button-hole stitch with réséda silk, and the leaves are filled in with similar silk in herring-bone and knotted stitch. The berries are worked with dark red and olive silks. The batiste is cut away around the edges of the design figures, and the embroidery is then applied on the velvet foundation; the latter is lined with thin silk, and edged with red and gold cord. Two loop tassels are attached at each corner.

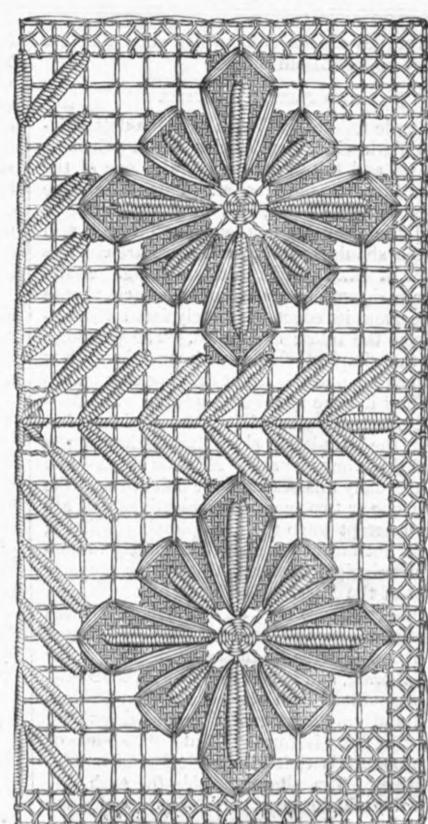
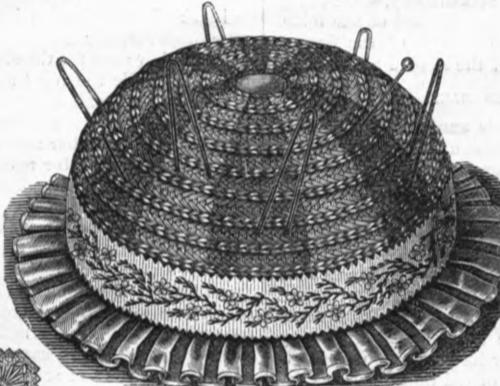


Fig. 3.—HALF OF SQUARE FOR TIDY, FIG. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE.—REDUCED SIZE.

Knot-work Insertion.

To make this insertion, take a double foundation thread of the requisite length, and fasten it on the long cushion which is used in making knot-work; cut knotting threads twelve inches long, fold them through the middle, slip them over the foundation thread, and work the 1st round as follows: Around a double foundation thread work 2 button-hole stitch loops with each end in turn. 2d round (16 ends are required for each pattern figure).—* 3 times alternately guide the 8th end diagonally over the pre-



HAIR-PIN CUSHION.—KNITTING AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 2.—SATIN NECK-TIE.

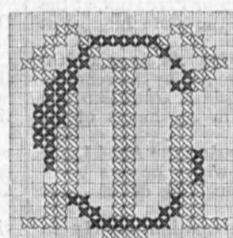


Fig. 1.—MONOGRAM.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 1.—TIDY.—NETTED GUIPURE AND EMBROIDERY.—[See Figs. 2-4.]

For designs see Suppl., No. XL, Figs. 77 and 78.

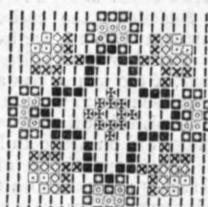


Fig. 5.—DESIGN FOR APRON, FIG. 3, PAGE 285.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

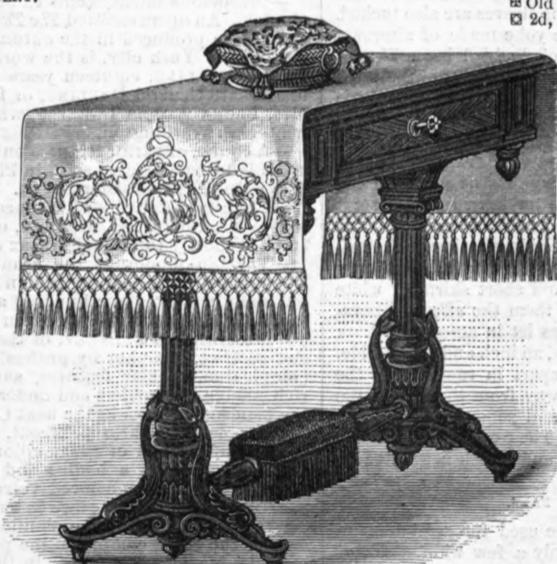
Description of Symbols:

■ Olive; □ Red; ▨ Bronze;

▨ Old Gold; ▨ 1st (darkest);

▨ 2d, ▨ 3d (lightest); Blue;

Foundation.



WORK-TABLE WITH SCARF IN ANCIENT GERMAN EMBROIDERY.

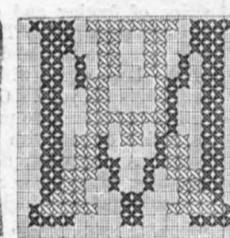


Fig. 3.—MONOGRAM.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

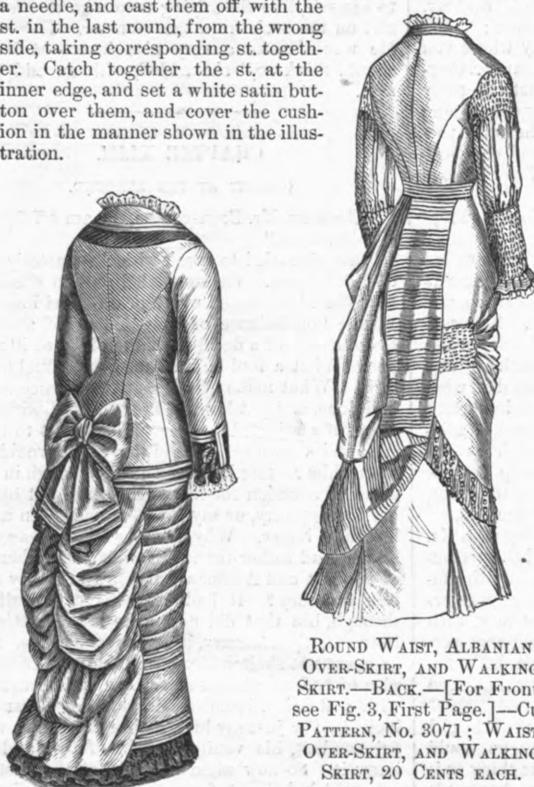
ceding 7, and with each of the latter in turn work 2 button-hole stitch loops around the former, work a similar figure in the opposite direction with the 9th-16th ends; repeat from *. 3d round.—* Work 1 double knot with the 5th-12th ends, working around the middle 4 ends with the 2 on each side, work 2 button-hole stitch loops with the 16th end around the 1st end of the following pattern figure; repeat from *. 4th round.—Observing the direction of the figures in the illustration, work as in the 2d round. 5th and 6th rounds.—Work as in the 1st round. Finally, turn the surplus ends to the wrong side, secure them with the needle, and clip them.

Hair-pin Cushion.—Knitting and Point Russe Embroidery.

THE outer covering of this round cushion, which is four inches in diameter and two inches high at the centre, is knitted with pink and blue Pompadour wool. The trimming consists of a box-pleating of narrow pink satin ribbon, and a strip of

white flannel an inch and a quarter wide, which is notched at the edges and embroidered in point Russe. The cushion is formed of hemp fibre or horse-hair; it is covered with a circular piece loosely knitted with white zephyr wool, and fastened on a pasteboard bottom, which is covered with white satin. To make the outer cover, begin with pink Pompadour wool on a foundation of 24 st. (stitch), and work back and forth as follows: 1st round.—Alternately t. o. (put the thread over the needle), sl. (slip) 1 st. (when slipping, insert the needle from above the st. as in purling), k. (knit plain) 1. 2d round.—Alternately t. o., sl. 1 st. (slipping the st. that was knitted in the preceding round), and k. the next st. and thread together. 3d-24th rounds.—Work as in the preceding round, but at the close of the 5th

and of every following odd round, in order to narrow the work toward the centre, leave the last 2 st. that were knitted in the preceding round on the needle, not using them. Repeat 11 times from the 1st through the 24th round, using blue and pink wool alternately, and taking up again in the 1st round of every repetition all the st. that had been gradually left off during the preceding 20 rounds. Hereupon take up the foundation st. on a needle, and cast them off, with the st. in the last round, from the wrong side, taking corresponding st. together. Catch together the st. at the inner edge, and set a white satin button over them, and cover the cushion in the manner shown in the illustration.



BEIGE DRESS.—BACK.
[For Front, see Fig. 12,
Double Page.]

For description see
Supplement.

ROUND WAIST, ALBANIAN
OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING
SKIRT.—BACK.—[For Front,
see Fig. 3, First Page.]—CUT
PATTERN, NO. 3071; WAIST,
OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING
SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.

For pattern and description see
Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 46-55.



Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM
4 TO 9 YEARS OLD.—CUT PAT-
TERNS, NO. 3077; PRICE
20 CENTS.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—FROCK FOR BOY FROM
1 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—CUT PAT-
TERNS, NO. 3076; PRICE 15 CTS.

For pattern and description see
Supplement, No. V., Figs. 30-35.

THE CARRYING OF WEAPONS.

"I HAD a pistol, and so I thought I would kill him," or words of the like effect, are said to have been spoken, during his examination recently, by a man charged with one—or rather two—of the most mysterious murders that have ever been committed—mysterious from the psychological stand-point, that is.

The logic of this criminal is closer than is at first sight obvious. No stronger inducement to crime apparently exists than facilities for its perpetration. Let swords and pistols hang on every tree, and the rate of deaths by violence would mount to a



SHORT MANTLE AND
TRIMMED SKIRT.—BACK.

[For Front, see Fig. 9,
Double Page.]—CUT PAT-
TERNS, NO. 3074; MANTLE,
20 CENTS; SKIRT, 25 CENTS.

For description see
Supplement.



PLAID SILK DRESS.—BACK.
[For Front, see Fig. 8,
Double Page.]

For pattern and description see
Suppl., No. VIII., Figs. 66-68.

grewsome total. When every man carried a sword, a duel was the natural result of any slight dispute. Our early literature is full of proofs how dangerous was the custom of carrying weapons, as is our proverbial or colloquial speech. "Lie

Child's Collars, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE collar Fig. 1 is of white cheese-cloth edged with strips of embroidery two inches wide, stitched down with a cambric band half an inch wide. The collar Fig. 2 is

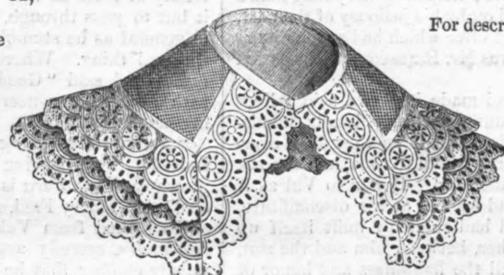
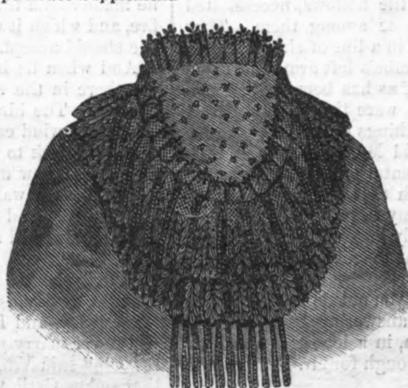


Fig. 1.—CHILD'S COLLAR.



HOOD FOR MANTLES, PELERINES, ETC.
For pattern see description on Supplement.

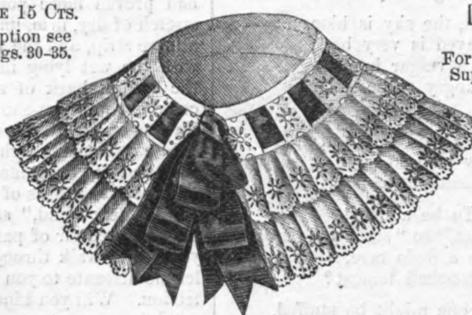


Fig. 2.—CHILD'S COLLAR.



Fig. 1.—HABIT POLONAISE, AND ROUND SKIRT WITH TRAIN BUTTONED ON
FRONT WITH TRAIN.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3075;
POLONAISE, 25 CENTS; SKIRT WITH TRAIN, 25 CENTS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 11-19.



Fig. 3.—TRAIN TO BUTTON ON ROUND SKIRT.
[See Figs. 1 and 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement,
No. II., Fig. 13.

made of white cambric, embroidered edging an inch and three-quarters wide, and bands of embroidered insertion an inch wide. Blue satin ribbon is drawn through the collar under the bands of insertion, and is finished with a bow at the front, as seen in the illustration.

Neck-Ties, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 276.

THE neck-tie Fig. 1 is of pale blue silk. The ends are trimmed with a double row of box-pleated lace, and with bead embroidery which is surrounded by a wreath of applied green leaves. Above the trimming the ends are shirred.

The ends of the old gold satin neck-tie Fig. 2 are ornamented with hand-painting, which is framed by a border of olive chenille and gold thread, and are edged with wide old gold Spanish lace.

Work-Table with Scarf in Ancient German Embroidery.

See illustration on page 276.

The scarf which covers the top of this walnut work-table is of écrù linen, twenty-one inches wide and forty-three inches long. The sides are turned down and hemmed, and the ends are ornamented with embroidery worked with red, blue, pink, brown, and white cotton in stem, chain, satin, and knotted stitch. The ends are ravelled to form fringe, which is knotted and tied with blue cotton as is shown by the illustration.



Fig. 2.—HABIT POLONAISE, AND ROUND SKIRT WITH TRAIN BUTTONED ON
BACK WITHOUT TRAIN.—[See Figs. 1 and 3.]—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3075;
POLONAISE, 25 CENTS; SKIRT WITH TRAIN, 25 CENTS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 11-19.

thou there, *Sweetheart*," says Pistol, addressing the not very mortal weapon he carries, when he lays it on the table in order to drink at his ease. His use of the term is doubtless indicative of fashions of speech among the roisterers and swash-bucklers of the day. It is useless to multiply instances of the danger that springs from the habit of carrying weapons. The cessation to do so is the most important step that a nation makes in the direction of civilization. Let the fact that a man carries a weapon, when it is ascertained, be a cause for his instant arrest, let the police have orders to seize every man they find thus armed, and let the magistrate inflict the highest penalty, and we shall soon return to a better state of things. It is monstrous to think that not only professional burglars and assassins walk about thus armed, but that mere lads are continually in possession of weapons which are a source of constant and grave danger.

A PESSIMIST'S LAMENT.

Oh, kindly let me sit and die—
The one resource for weary souls—
For all creation seems awry,
The earth is flattened at the poles!

The laws of nature are the most
Disgraceful that I ever knew;
They're always getting in the way,
There's nothing that they'll let one do.

I can not sit upon the beach,
And on my sickening sorrows muse,
But that grim moon must needs be there
To drag the ocean o'er my shoes.

I can not jump from off a cliff,
To mount a horse I hardly dare,
With gravitation gloating by,
To smash me with its "inverse square."

Will nothing wear the old earth out?
Will these sad ages ne'er be past?
I hate yon mountains' granite peaks;
They look as though they meant to last.

The grass is green, the sky is blue,
The taste displayed is very bad;
The yellow sunset's vulgar hue
Makes me too angry to be sad.

On second thoughts, I will not die;
I won't be mixed with dirt and stones;
This planet simply isn't fit
To hold my philosophic bones.

Oh, woe is me! To be a man!
The "common lot," so "stale and flat"!
Why can't one be a dodo rare,
Or e'en a tortoise-shell tomcat?

For then at least one might be stuffed,
And gazed at by the public eye,
Insuring all I fear to lose
Of genuine immortality.

Oh, Time and Space are stupid things,
And so's Existence as a whole.
I'm sure I should be happier far
Devoid of body and of soul.

But then if *Things* are so perverse,
Perhaps *Nothing*'s rotten at the core,
And I should find, of course too late,
Nonentity a horrid bore.

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M Y LOVE.

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIZZIE LOXTON OF GREYRIGG," "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "FROM DREAMS TO WAKING," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

UNDER PRESSURE.

THE arrival of the three new-comers from Highwood shifted the whole arrangement of things at St. Ann's. To Augusta and Sandro it brought the relief of comparative freedom, with the need of still more vigilant prudence if they did not want their affairs made public property betimes; to Stella it was bondage in the courts of purgatory—Hortensia between her and her father, and that father gently but inexorably thrusting her ever nearer to Val; to Val it was re-enforcement; to Ethel White it was extension of domain and one more courtier in her train.

As for Mr. Branscombe, his desire that his daughter should marry the future possessor of Grayhurst Manor was unquestionably the central point of the whole position, but one which he thought no one discerned. When he walked and talked apart with Val it was to himself as a beautiful picture, whereof the *motif* was that of a teacher instructing an alumnus, one of the illuminati inspiring an acolyte, Mentor with Telemaeus. He did not think that Ethel White said to herself, "He is trying to catch the young heir for his daughter"; that Augusta Latrobe said to Sandro, "I want Stella to marry Val Cowley, but really that old creature's manoeuvres are too indelicately open"; and that Randolph Mackenzie, as clear-sighted as the rest, had almost a quarrel with Hortensia because he said he wished Mr. Branscombe would not make so much of Val Cowley, and she answered, loftily, that Mr. Branscombe was the best judge of his own conduct, and that if he thought Mr. Cowley a fit companion for himself and Stella, he was quite right to make much of him, as he was right in everything that he did. All this was hidden from Finery Fred, to whom Val was the occasion for both present display and past demonstration—his pupil now, but himself rejuvenated. All the same, it was an open secret that he wished this younger transcript of himself to marry Stella, and that he was doing what he could to help on the affair, and force his reluctant daughter to yield to fate and his will.

Surrounded by friends as she was, Stella felt that she was like a hunted creature standing at bay—a creature, save for the faithful advocacy of Randolph Mackenzie, absolutely alone and undefended. She could not rely even on Augusta, for Augusta was on Val's side, and always advocated what she called "escape" by means of him. Hortensia had lately made herself the handsome young fellow's ardent encomiast, and Ethel White followed in the same strain. So that, hemmed in on all sides as she was, the line of careful walking was fearfully narrowed for the poor child, and she scarcely knew how to escape the pitfalls which abounded.

One day they were all on the sands, as usual. Stella and Hortensia were standing close to Mr. Branscombe; Ethel was sitting on her camp-stool, under the shade of the big white umbrella which Finery Fred held over her with his best air of devotion and chivalry; Valentine Cowley and Randolph Mackenzie were on the outer margin of the group, a little to the back of Ethel, both looking at Stella; Stella was looking at the sea; Hortensia's eyes were raised to Mr. Branscombe, whose chivalrous devotion to this painted woman from India seemed to her somewhat strange, almost, indeed, a desecration; Sandro Kemp and Augusta were at the back of all, looking at the sea, the sky, the little boy digging a hole that was to go to the middle of the earth, and at each other. By degrees they edged away from the rest, and were soon out of hearing, and then out of sight as they rounded the spur of the cliff and the barrier of the Lover's Leap rose behind them.

Soon after this, Mr. Branscombe, at her command offering his right arm to Ethel, and having on his left Hortensia, led the march of his little cohort across the fine clean sands. Stella took her place next to Hortensia, and heroically conquered her inclination to dispossess her as an intruder who had taken what did not belong to her—a cuckoo who was shouldering out the lawful inhabitant of the nest. She would have found it too late had she tried. The mischief had been done. Hortensia had been wiser than Stella, and flattery had proved more potent than love. Soon the stretch of dry, firm, unmarked sands narrowed to a mere strip, and the ribbed and furrowed tract, with the wet lying in the hollows, necessitated the falling back of some among them. They could not walk dry-shod in line of six. Hortensia was on Mr. Branscombe's left arm, and Ethel White was on his right, as has been said; Stella and the two young men were thus walking free. Was not the fitness of things evident?

"My dear child," said Mr. Branscombe, with his best-bred air of parental tenderness, "I pray you not to walk through that wet. Mr. Cowley, let me delegate to you my duty of care and protection. Will you kindly look after my child?"

"I do not want any one to look after me, papa," said Stella, hastily.

"Dear Stella, why do you not do as your father wishes without always answering back and opposing?" said Hortensia, in a low, grave, reproving voice, but distinct enough for Mr. Branscombe to hear.

As his commentary, he pressed her hand against his side, and stooping his handsome head, whispered in her ear:

"Little saint! child angel! soul of seraphic purity! mind of honey sweetness!"

Stella heard the whisper, as perhaps it was intended that she should. If it were, it had the effect desired, for she fell back at once, pale as death, her eyes dark with tears which yet must perforce remain unshed. Impulsively she held out her hand to Randolph Mackenzie, and turned her shoulder to Val Cowley. Poor Randolph! All things considered, it was rather hard on him to make him merely the shield and buckler against another, to smile on him by way of emphasizing a frown.

Soon after this, Ethel said again that she was tired. Her indolent Indian habits clung to her, and she found walking for her health, as she had been ordered to do, one of the most disagreeable facts of her life. Hence she was always sitting down under the undeniable pretext of being tired, which thus made the *pliant* and the folding foot-stool, the shawl, the big umbrella, and the bearers of these same, necessary parts of her equipage. To-day it was Randolph who carried the greater part of her things, while Mr. Branscombe was her knight in courtly attendance. Val Cowley, strange to say, was left free, intrusted with no particular function; and Stella, whose place with her father was taken by Hortensia, and whose sisterhood with Ethel had become a little slack, was as *desceuvrée* as the Admirable Crichton. Mr. Branscombe, standing in an elegant attitude near Mrs. White, with a fine mingling of protection and deference in his *pose*—like a lord in waiting doing his *devoir* to the queen—gave the big white umbrella, which was heavy, to Randolph Mackenzie to hold, while he himself, still having Hortensia on his arm, held over her the light parasol which cost him no effort. Then looking at his daughter with a smile which he passed on with a peculiar look to Valentine Cowley, he said, in dulcet tones of very positive command:

"I wish you two young people would take a brisk walk together. You have come here for your health, my dear Stella. This is not doing justice to your very admirable physician, nor to yourself, nor to me. Mr. Cowley, may I again delegate my duties? Will you kindly escort my daughter in a swift and health-giving walk across the sands?"

"With pleasure," said Val, eagerly.

"No, papa," said Stella, reluctantly.

"Oh, Stella, don't object so much!" again remonstrated Hortensia, in her low, reproving, and clearly heard tones.

"I do not want to walk," said Stella, not heeding Hortensia, standing this time fairly at bay.

"It is my wish, my dear child," said Mr. Branscombe, with a singular smile. "Mr. Cowley will accompany you."

"Shall I go too, Miss Stella?" asked Randolph, oblivious of the duty to which he had been told off, and only anxious to help his dear Star, whose pained and harassed look cut him to the heart.

"Yes," said Stella, as impulsively as she had offered him her hand, "do you come too, Randolph."

"My dear, good, obtuse young friend," said Mr. Branscombe, with playful impertinence; "and this fair lady's umbrella? No; stay where you are, Mr. Randolph; and do you, my dear Mr. Cowley, go as my child's guardian against the scaly monsters of the deep. And now, my dear Stella, no more opposition, I beg. Take the walk prescribed for you by circumstances and common sense—the walk which is the *raison d'être* of your being here at all."

"Come, Miss Branscombe, it will do you good," said Val.

And Stella, feeling herself indeed surrounded by the tide, but not with Val Cowley this time as her savior, suddenly withdrew her opposition, and yielded to the pressure put on her. She said nothing; she simply stiffened her slender neck, as her manner was when she felt obstinate and displeased, and set off without a word on what she knew would be one of the most important crises of her life. She gave one glance of mingled entreaty and despair to Randolph as she turned away; but if she could not help herself, neither could he. The Philistines were upon her, and she must go through her trial to the end.

Val had had a long talk that morning with Mr. Branscombe, which had finally settled the preliminaries of things. He was authorized by the father to propose to the daughter, and he was assured that she would consent—if not now, then hereafter. It went against him to feel that perhaps by this Mr. Branscombe meant a little parental coercion; but he was in for it now, and tired of indecision.

Scarcely knowing whether he most loved the girl he wanted to win, or most hated her who would not be won; wanting to see clearly the thing as it was, and to put an end to doubt or to begin his happiness; supported by Mr. Branscombe; encouraged by Augusta; helped by his young man's vanity, and spurred on by his jealousy of the past, he made Stella that offer which had so long hung fire, and which it was Mr. Branscombe's intention she should accept.

And when he had made it, Stella said "No," out there in the sunlight, clearly, loudly, unmistakably. The birds heard it as they flew overhead; the wind carried it to the sea, and the sea echoed it back to the land. It was to Val as if all nature knew and scoffed at his discomfiture, as if a brazen wall had suddenly built itself up between him and her, between him and the sun, between him and all the happiness and honor of life.

"No," she said, firmly, under pressure and brought to bay as she was, "I do not love you, Mr. Cowley, and I never could love you; and I will never marry you—never! never!"

"Oh," said Val, cruelly; "I see you still love that fellow Cyril, who flirted with Mrs. White till he compromised his own name and hers! Miss Branscombe, I should have thought you had had more pride than this."

Stella turned on him as an Amazon might have turned on a curled and scented Corinthian. How her eyes flashed and the rose leaf of her cheeks deepened to flaming crimson, to blood-red fire!

"Do not you dare to speak of Mr. Ponsonby like that!" she cried, with more passion than he thought she possessed. "It is no affair of yours whether I still love him or not, or what he may have done in India. I am his friend now, as I always was, and neither you nor any one else shall speak against him in my presence: that is not the way to make me your friend, Mr. Cowley."

To which said Val, with less chivalrousness than pride and temper, with less manly dignity than boyish pique:

"I do not care for the friendship of a girl who can still love a man who no longer loves her."

So there went the whole house of cards, and Stella's soul was still to be made after Mr. Valentine Cowley's plan, and her hand was yet to be won in that matrimonial market where her father had so openly placed her.

That evening Ethel White wrote a long letter to Cyril Ponsonby. She was one of those women who spend half their lives in writing long letters to young men. It was her sole occupation after she had read the gossip columns in the weekly papers and the police reports in the daily journals. The end of the letter ran thus:

"Your old flame Stella Branscombe and her father are here; so are a certain Mr. Valentine Cowley, who is her admirer, and Miss Hortensia Lyon, who is his—I mean Mr. Branscombe's. I don't know how far things have gone with these last, but they have certainly gone some distance on that way of matrimony which some one called the grave of love. Old Branscombe makes a perfect fool of the little girl, and she returns the compliment by making a perfect fool of him. Mr. Cowley is very assiduous in his attention to Miss Stella, but she fights shy of him on every occasion. It is evidently a case of the father's will and the girl's dislike. She is a sweet dear creature, and I love her like my sister; and I confess I pity her. I wish that she would marry Mr. Cowley, or a certain big, blundering, but very good-hearted Mr. Randolph Mackenzie, who worships her down to the ground. She has trouble before her else. Her father is an old horror; and as for her future mother-in-law, I should like to see her well shaken. Now write me a long letter of Station news in return for my budget, and tell me how you and that little Letty Jones are going on. I think Miss Letty touched you? Remember me always as your sincere friend and sympathizing confidante."

ETHEL WHITE.

"I wonder if I have done that little toad Stella

a good turn by telling Cyril Ponsonby all this?" said Ethel to herself, when she had finished her letter. "She is a proud, cross, cold little wretch, but I should like to see her out of her scrape, if only to spite that awful old father of hers. I wonder if Cyril likes her still? If he does, he ought to come home at once and take Miss Stella to himself, like that flying man who rescued the girl on the rock from the monster. Heigh ho! He would make a very nice lover—at least I should think so," she added, with an odd little sigh.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CAUGHT AT THE REBOUND.

"Good-bye, Mr. Branscombe. I am off by the evening train."

Valentine tried to speak with the masterly ease of indifference. He succeeded only in speaking with the ill-concealed wrath of offended love, the savage nonchalance of wounded pride, and the brusqueness of decidedly unheroic fit of ill temper. What a fool he had been, he thought, bitterly. What made him tempt Providence as he had done, and put himself in the humiliating position of a rejected lover, when he ought to have seen and known beforehand that Stella would not marry him? She had been frank enough in her declared aversion for him. He could not blame her for coquetry, or say that she had given a fellow false hopes. Why, then, had he not accepted her lead rather than her father's false flourish of support and Augusta Latrobe's perfectly useless advocacy? It had been his own fault all through, but that did not make it the better to bear. On the contrary, it made it the worse. For he could not shelter himself behind that friendly plea of bad calculators and worse actors, and say with a flourish, ignoring Providence, "Just my luck!" For just my luck had been his own willful conduct, his vanity, and his folly; and he knew it. So now when he stood at the postern gate which led out from the fool's paradise in which he had been blindly walking into the stern reality of facts as they were, he had no help for it but to pass through, railing at fool's paradise in general as he stumbled over the bad plans of the real thing. Wherefore he gathered up his forces and said "Good-bye" to Mr. Branscombe with affected unconcern, his departure confessing his discomfiture.

"A farewell?—going by this evening's train? Indeed! Your leaving us in the midst of our pleasant *vilegiatura* is as sudden as it is grievous," said Finery Fred, gravely.

He looked from Valentine, flushed, affectedly *débonnaire*, secretly angry, outwardly polite, inwardly chafing that he could not show the irritation and temper which he felt to Stella, who, now that she had finally taken her stand and shaken off this exotic incubus, was just the least bit in the world frightened at that dear papa of hers—yet frightened only on the surface of things; resolute enough at the core.

"I must go; I—I—" stammered Val, who had forgotten to make up an excuse, and who was not good at sudden reasons delivered point-blank out of the vague.

"You have received letters of business?—a telegram from the *mater*?—your father is dangerously ill?" said Mr. Branscombe, with a disagreeable smile. "I see, Mr. Cowley; the old *chapelet* of excuses to mask an inclination which we do not wish to confess."

"No inclination, sir—necessity," said Valentine.

"Stella, my child, will you not ask Mr. Cowley to remain yet a little while longer as our honored guest?" said Mr. Branscombe, with a sweet manner and a severe face.

By-the-way, Valentine Cowley paid his own hotel bills, but it sounded well to call him their guest; and Mr. Branscombe was a man whose poetic fancy was at all times grandly superior to the fettering contraction of literalness.

"Mr. Cowley knows best what he ought to do," said Stella, with a moral hardihood which surprised herself, personally quaking, as she was, with fear of her father's certain displeasure when she should be alone with him, and he should have learned all.

"Thanks for the rebuke, my child," Mr. Branscombe answered, with another of his most striking and therefore most disagreeable smiles—"a rebuke somewhat sharply administered, but supremely just. Precious balms from the hand of a child breaking a father's head, but purifying his heart and directing his conduct. Thank you, my love!"

"I did not mean that, papa," said Stella, earnestly.

"No?" He smiled again, this time with an almost pathetic magnanimity. "Then you did what you would not. By accident you made yourself the guiding angel to your father, the lost wayfarer. By accident or design, I equally thank you, my daughter."

"At all events I must go," said Val, whose ill-humor did not reach the length of liking to hear Stella virtually bullied while apparently commended, and who at this moment hated old Finery Fred almost past bearing.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Branscombe, with dignity.

"Why don't you ask him to stay, Stella, when your father tells you?" said Hortensia, in that low voice of hers which sounded so dulcet, so modest, and which was so audible.

"Because my daughter has not the sweet submission of her little friend," said Mr. Branscombe, answering for the girl. "Because she thinks her judgment superior to her father's, and prefers the green fruit of unripeness to the golden grain of experience; that is why, my dear Miss Hortensia Lyon, and I wish it were otherwise."

"I do not wish Miss Branscombe to ask me to stay, if it is against her real wish," said Val, gallantly effacing his disappointment.

"A dutiful child should have but one wish, and that her father's," said Finery Fred, with unctuousness.

"Sometimes that is impossible," said Stella.

"As now?" her father asked, with meaning.

Val turned a flushed face and a pair of darkened eyes toward the girl; Mr. Branscombe put on his *pince-nez* and looked at her seriously; Hortensia plucked at her sleeve, and in her audible way again whispered, "Do as your father wishes, Stella: it is too dreadful to see how disobedient you are."

Augusta, who as yet had not taken any part in this discussion, whereof the mystery was so unconcealed and the secret so open, who had sat a little apart watching the whole play, but aside from it all, now forced Stella to look at her by the magnetic attraction of her eyes, the power of her will, the electric vitality of her thought.

"Yield! accept Valentine Cowley as your husband, else worse will befall you," said Augusta's eyes. "You are surrounded by the tide; let him carry you from danger to safety."

It was to Stella as if she heard these words, as if they were said as distinctly by Augusta's face as they would have been by her voice. For the moment she felt as if she had been carried away in the whirl of a torrent. Would she do well to obey her beloved father's will, and follow her wise dear friend's advice? or was it better to stand by her barren fidelity to the past, and let the present go by the board? Would it be well to escape from home pain and personal humiliation by this, to her way of thinking, dishonorable and unblessed marriage with Valentine Cowley? or was it better that she should bear the domestic cross of her father's displeasure in patience and in constancy, retaining as the inalienable treasure of her life the right to love without sin to the end of her days the only man whom she ever could love?

This moral indecision lasted but for an instant. Then came back the clear, swift, strong perception of her highest duty, her noble self-respect.

"No," she said, firmly, but with a soft voice, and eyes more sad than defiant—still, for all that sadness, it was firmness in which vibrated not the faintest echo of weak self-surrender—"I can not and will not ask Mr. Cowley to stay."

All was now told, all known, all confessed. Her way of escape was shut off by her own hand, and henceforth she must bear the pain which she would not renounce when she could. She had chosen her part; and only her own conscience—and Randolph Mackenzie—said that she had done well, and that it would have been base had she done otherwise.

So poor, rejected, disappointed Val left by the evening mail, as he said, and finally and forever that prettily built castle in Spain vanished into smoke, leaving a very unpleasant residuum of ashes behind.

"You have disappointed me; you have angered me; you have grievously and wantonly offended me. I consider myself humiliated and insulted, and I shall find forgiveness a difficult virtue to exercise on behalf of a perverse and ungrateful child, such as you have proved yourself to be."

Mr. Branscombe opened his conversation with Stella in the evening, later, after Valentine had left, and when Augusta and Hortensia had gone to bed, with this exordium majestically delivered and very sincerely felt.

"Papa, what would you have had me to do?" cried Stella, her courage drowned in despair at this litany of reproaches from her father, once so blindly worshipped, and still so fondly loved, if not so wholly believed in as before.

"I would have had you wise, modest, and obedient," he answered, fixing his eyes on her with a frown. "I would have had you accept Mr. Valentine Cowley's exceedingly desirable proposals, and marry the man of your father's choice."

"Without loving him, papa?"

"Without rubbishing sentiment, without selfish consideration, without unmaidenly proclivities, and without the rootless fancy of your own silly imagination," he answered, angrily. "Had you been the Stella of old days, the Stella of my hope, you would have trusted your happiness, like your mind, your will, your heart, your head, your love, to me; you would have let me regulate your life as the best architect of your fortune, and you would have found good what I had done. Who so good a guide for his child as a loving father, with experience and a mind to comprehend life all round? I know you, and I know that exceedingly excellent young man. It was the marriage of all others most suitable, most desirable. I planned and arranged for it, and you have willfully disappointed and, I may say, deceived me."

"No, papa, I never deceived you," interpolated Stella.

"You are no longer my Stella," continued Mr. Branscombe, not heeding her. "You are to me as a changeling, and henceforth you must live as an exile from those deepest recesses of my heart where hitherto you have had your home."

"Papa, do not say that!" cried Stella, covering her face.

"You have elected, and you must take the consequences," he answered, coldly.

"But why do you want me to marry at all? Why do you want it?" then said the girl, suddenly looking up with a curiously scared expression. What did she think? What suspect? What foresee? "Only a short time ago you would not hear of it, and now—why do you want to force me? I love Cyril Ponsonby," she went on to say, in a strange, reckless way, "and I do not care in the least for Mr. Cowley. Yet you made me break with the one, and now you want me to take the other. I can not understand it at all, nor why you should be so angry with me because I have not accepted a man I do not care for, when—she stopped herself in time. It was not necessary to repeat her confession of faith within so short a time.

"I loved you too well to give you to that very

ordinary young boor Mr. Cyril Ponsonby," cried Mr. Branscombe; "and it was because I loved you that I wished you to marry Mr. Cowley, in every way your equal and fit mate. Was that such a difficult problem to you, Stella?"

"But I do not want to marry any one," said Stella.

"And I wish that you should marry some one, and soon," said her father, sternly.

She looked at him with her large eyes, dark and frightened.

"Papa," she said, slowly, "do you want to get rid of me?"

"I wish you to marry, and to marry well," he repeated, evasively.

She burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh, this is too much!" she said, in her bitter anguish of despair. "You took me from Cyril to be your comfort and companion, and now you want me to leave you! You have broken my heart twice over, papa—I who have only loved you better than myself; better, too, than Cyril."

"Cyril! Cyril!" said Mr. Branscombe, now thoroughly roused, and forgetting even to pose.

"Hear me, Stella. I command you never to repeat that name in my presence again. You degraded yourself by your love for that young man in the beginning; you degrade yourself doubly by what I suppose you would call your constancy now. Let this end. You have chosen, and I will say dared, to reject the choice which I had made for you. So be it. You will have to learn the mistake that you have so willfully made. But I will not have a daughter of mine openly profess her love for a man who has definitely cast her off as this Ponsonby has cast off you. Foolish, obstinate, undutiful you may be and are; but immodest, by heavens, no! That is more than I can bear. Do you think that precious little virgin angel, Hortensia Lyon, would act as you act? Take counsel by her sweet example, and let it lead you to the higher levels of repentance, and the refined paths of maiden modesty."

And with this Mr. Branscombe took up his chamber candlestick and went off to his own room—one of the rare times in his life when he was absolutely in earnest, if by no means beautiful or poetic.

Meanwhile Stella sat in the deserted sitting-room, stunned and terrified, feeling as if the very earth had given way, and that the solid things of life had become floating and insecure, as if all happiness had died forever, and that her father was sitting on the tomb where her still living love lay buried, and the only person at the back of her, consciousness of whose approval she was sure, was her good friend Randolph—brother Randolph, brother now more than ever.

Valentine, humiliated and sore, but too pure and honest a gentleman to seek in dissipation relief from pain, yet unable to live among the broken fragments of his shattered hopes and mutilated pride, started off to Highwood to the Pennefathers. There at least he would have "fun" and such distraction as this included. There he could not be poetical nor moody, nor aught but "jolly" and "all there," as they said. And Gip was a good girl, and thoroughly healthy-minded. And then came the question, which he did not see was prompted by his wounded pride: "Was it all sincere? Did I not fancy myself more in love than I really was? Was Stella Branscombe so supreme as I thought her? Did I not exaggerate my own feelings, spurred on by her coldness rather than by any living passion in myself? Was it not rather the desire to distance a rival memory than spontaneous love on my own part, and am I not on the whole well out of it?"

He asked himself these questions honestly and clearly, and he answered them as honestly, as he thought. Yes, he was well out of it. But if he were, he had a singularly harassed look for a man just escaped from a danger; and any one would have said that, instead of escape, he had had a fall, and a heavy one. And this indeed all the Sherrardine people did say, each in his own manner, as they received him with an effusiveness of welcome which made him feel like the Prodigal Son restored to his own and regaled with the fattest of the fattest calves in the stalls. They fairly raved at him for his queer looks, and suggested all kinds of absurd explanations of the same. Gip, and she by a rare accession of wit, an almost intuitive perception of thin ice, strangely foreign to her general nature, said nothing. But perhaps she noted more than the others; certainly she guessed nearer to the truth.

Once only did she touch the secret sore, and then with the lightest, kindest, deftest fingers in the world. As she and Val were strolling over the lawn that evening after dinner she leaned her face up to his, and said, in a voice softer than hers in general, and that slightly humbled in spite of herself:

"Val, you have come here out of tune, old man; but remember, you have come among chaps who really love you, without humbug or palaver. So you just paddle your own canoe in your own way till you are all square again. No one shall bother you, and I'll take care that no one shall chaff you, and will never ask what it is."

The genuine kindness, the substantial delivery, of this queer, rough speech overcame Val.

"Come with me into the shrubbery, out of sight of the windows, Gip," he said, his voice, too, slightly trembling, and his manner a strange mixture of headlong excitement and almost ferocious melancholy. "Whatever is amiss with me you can cure, and you only."

Whereupon they plunged into the dark depths of the shrubbery, and there words were said which left Gip radiant as a sunbeam, and Val like a thunder-cloud traversed by unwholesome lightning. They were words spoken once for all, and words which would be stuck to; and if the mother at home, in that stately place in Warwickshire, did not like them, so much the worse for her. But that would not affect the position of her future daughter-in-law. The rejected heart

had been caught at the rebound, and Georgie Pennefather held the prize.

"Something has gone wrong," she said to her sister, when she told her the news at night; "but, Patrick, I will never, never, never ask what it is. I am engaged to him now. I am far too jolly to whine about old scores."

"Right you are, George," said Pip, between laughing and crying, kissing and sobbing; "but oh, mercy me! whatever shall I do without you? Oh, George, I shall go dead when you have gone! Val will have to marry me too."

"You'll get a Val of your own, Patrick, and then you'll not mind," said Gip, soothingly; but the fracture was too patent, and the two Doves sobbed and kissed each other in earnest, Gip's long-desired engagement to that dear old chap, that nice old man, Val Cowley, having, strange to say, its drawbacks.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

REVOLUTION is impending in France—that A country which has seen so many of them. For the moment this relates only to the shape of corsets. Hitherto the fronts of dress bodies have always been cut the straight way of the stuff; now they are cut on the bias, which permits the material to stretch better over the bust, and prevents it from wrinkling. This detail, which is only apparent to dressmakers, is nevertheless of considerable importance, as it gives a slenderer effect to the waist.

It may be useful to speak of the present fashion of riding-habits. For riding on horseback, ladies wear a skirt of the same length in front and behind, and very narrow, since it only measures a yard and three-quarters around the bottom, and is entirely plain at the belt. There is not a single pleat in it, but only darts on the hips, like those used on waists, in order to mould the skirt closely to the form.

As to the waists worn with habits, they are rather long and entirely plain basques, without any trimming whatever, the back alone being arranged in small fan pleats. With this is always worn a standing collar and cuffs of fine linen, a Surah neck-tie, and a tall hat with dark blue veil.

We have not yet arrived at linen dresses. We will say, however, that in the season these will be worn with no other wrapping than small shoulder capes of the same material, closely adjusted to the figure by means of darts, and trimmed with needle-work bands or embroidered linen to match the trimming of the dress. These little capes, which take the place of mantles, will also be worn with summer woollen goods, principally by young girls and youthful married women, and exclusively by slender persons.

The favorite color of the summer will be sapphire blue—a metallic blue, not too vivid, and slightly tinged with gray. But if fashion favors one color, it is not, as formerly, to the exclusion of any; Bordeaux, *faisin*, mastic, cuir, écrù, and myrtle green, all will be in vogue. We have not wearied of the alliance of plain with figured goods, which proves an inexhaustible mine of striking effects and new combinations. Above all, wool is combined with silk, especially Surah, in plaids formed by shaded stripes about two-thirds of an inch wide, and graded from the lightest to the darkest shade of a color; and also in Algerian or bayadere stripes, the first being composed of stripes running together, of unequal width and of several colors, but so artistically combined and softened by each other as to produce a sober effect, although warm in tone. The East has found excellent pupils in our French manufacturers, who are on the way to possess themselves of its secrets, and its influence is perceptible in all branches of industry, as well in furnishing goods as in dress fabrics. Printed linens are shown in Chinese, and above all in Japanese, designs, the originality of which is fascinating to our Old World, always in search of amusement.

Plain fabrics are also trimmed with small checkered stuffs to match; for instance, a seal brown dress will be trimmed with seal brown and old gold check. It is the same with all combinations, the most stylish being those which are the least showy. In the bewildering confusion of colors, stripes, printed or brocaded flowers, and gold and bead embroideries which compose the existing toilette, there exists one means of distinction which will subsist, precisely because it is not within the reach of all purses, or even attainable by all tastes; this consists in *matching* all the articles of the entire toilette so as to form a harmonious whole; from the stockings to the bonnet and parasol, all must be in accord, and consequently it is necessary to have as many stockings, shoes, parasols, and bonnets as one has dresses. Many ladies—I pity them sincerely—change their dress five times a day, spending at least an hour and a half each time; in comparison with their destiny, one would envy the galley-slaves.

There are innumerable kinds of stockings, from the plain cotton stocking, cross-barred with different colors, to those of black silk embroidered and trimmed with gold. It is also impossible to enumerate the various styles of parasols. One sees them of every kind, from the large country sun-umbrella of printed coton or red cotton to those of silk embroidered with gold or jet beads, or with large hand-painted or embroidered bouquet of flowers flung carelessly on one side. Let us add that plain parasols are fully accepted by fashion, and carried.

Laces have gained great importance. Cream laces are less used than they were last season. The large houses that set the fashions in lingerie are returning to white lace with a bluish tinge for cravat bows and fichus. Many white laces are embroidered with fine imitation white beads, and also with gold, silver, and colored silks. Soft

Spanish lace or blonde is used for dresses and mantles; and for large scarfs, colored laces, mastic, écrù, or ivory, mixed with pink or blue silk, are manufactured for the trimming of full-dress toilettes for watering-places and country houses. Elegant mitts are made of bands of English point sewed together, and finished at the top and across the wrist with narrow black velvet ribbon.

Here is a spring toilette of the latest style: Round skirt of satin *merveilleux*, of a medium shade of sapphire blue, skirt pleated all around, the pleats being four-fifths of an inch wide, and trimmed on the bottom with a thick ruche of the same material lined with écrù satin, and arranged in such a way as to show the lining at regular intervals. The long basque, made to cling closely to the hips by means of darts, was made of brocaded silk, with sapphire blue ground and écrù flowers. A scarf of sapphire blue satin *merveilleux*, laid in three or four folds, concealed the lower part of the basque, and was fastened behind so as to form bouffant cascades, falling to the bottom of the skirt. A sash ten inches wide, of écrù satin, passed around the waist and was tied behind, the ends mixing with the drapery of the scarf. This is a typical costume, from one of the first houses of Paris, which will be repeated in a hundred different styles.

Another stylish toilette from the same house was made entirely of iron gray Surah; the skirt, basque, and scarf were all of the same stuff, except the broad sash, which was of *satín*, of the same shade, finished on the ends with black fringe. On the bottom of the skirt a very thick flounce of caroubier red satin alone relieved the sombre aspect of the dress, and took from its half-mourning character. The whole effect was extremely stylish, and, as the Parisians say, it was not such a dress as would be seen on every one.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TONAWANDA.—A large round shirred collar of mull with your lace gathered all around it will be pretty, or else a small fichu of the slender shape that is turned over at the top and has a small gore set in the back. Shirred mull cuffs turned up on the outside of the sleeves, with the lace edging the upper part, that is, toward the elbow, will also be stylish. You might yellow the lace slightly by a coffee wash. The silk handkerchiefs are nice for the street in the morning, and are also worn in the house with linen collars.

EMILY.—We do not give addresses in this column. You will find those you wish among our advertisements.

M. L. C.—The dark gray cloth is momie-cloth, and comes in squares ready-made with border and fringe woven in. It will be quite suitable for your centre table, or else you might have dark green or red double-faced Canton flannel, bordered with old gold, or olive piped with pale blue. The narrow table scarfs are for small bric-à-brac tables, and hang down at each end of the table instead of in front or behind it. Any of the fancy stores will advise you about stamping your cloth for appliquéd-work.

ASPIRÖL.—You will get useful hints about house furnishing in late numbers of the *Bazar*, especially in No. 12, of Vol. XIV. Small irregular designs are preferred for carpets; the coloring is subdued except in the borders, which may be very gay. For your "modest" house, English body Brussels carpet might be chosen for the best room, with ingrains for chambers; have a hard-wood floor for the dining-room, and a centre rug. Scrin curtains, as plain or as elaborate as you like, are suitable for all your windows.

DRESSMAKER.—All the details of the box-pleated shooting-jackets were given in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. XIV.

M. J. E.—Read about capes in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. XIV. Pleated lace in rows is the trimming most used.

SUSAN.—You will want a flowing demi-trained skirt for your Indi muslin, and that must hang full from the belt, therefore it can not be buttoned on. Make the dress with a shirred waist open square at the neck, shirred sleeves, with puffs and some of the new d'Aurillac lace for trimming. Put also a great deal of shirring across the entire front and sides, with shells and jabs of the lace, and a sash of white satin *merveilleux*, or else of the lace sewed together on the straight edges. Any of the gay striped wool and silk mixtures, or else the gay twilled silks or the Louisines, will be better than brocaded bunting for combining with your black silk. Do not buy a second black silk; get a satin Surah instead, either black, dark green, or the old-fashioned drab shade known as *ashes-of-roses*. A tan-colored bunting, Cheviot, or summer flannel will be pretty for your travelling dress in May or June. The buttonless kid gloves, and the same shapes in lisle-thread, with mitts also, will be worn in the summer.

C. S. S. R.—You should wear braces that will hold your shoulders back.

Mrs. S. H. F.—The first figure illustrated in *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. XIV., will show you how to combine cashmere and silk.

IGNORANCE.—By wearing lengthwise stripes and dresses with very little drapery and slightly trimmed, you will lessen your apparent size. For the black dresses you mention you will find good hints in *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. XIV. A mantle with square sleeves, made of camel's-hair, and trimmed with mourning fringe, will be suitable for you.

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Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—CHEVIOT SUIT.—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3073; BASQUE AND OVER-SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—SATIN DE LYON VISITE. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 69-72. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—VIGOGNE MANTLE. For pattern and description see Supplement.

Figs. 5 and 6.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 9 YEARS OLD.—FRONT AND BACK.—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3072; PRICE 25 CENTS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—BEIGE DRESS. For pattern and description see Supplement.

Fig. 8.—PLAID SILK DRESS.—FRONT. [For Back, see Page 277.]—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3074; MANTLE, 20 CENTS; SKIRT, 25 CENTS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—SHORT MANTLE AND TRIMMED SKIRT.—FRONT. [For Back, see Page 277.]—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3074; MANTLE, 20 CENTS; SKIRT, 25 CENTS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 10.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 11.—SATIN MERVEILLEUX VISITE. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 73-76.

Fig. 12.—BEIGE DRESS.—FRONT. [For Back, see Page 277.]—CUT PATTERN, NO. X., Figs. 73-76. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 13.—SURAH DRESS. For description see Supplement.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 12, Vol. XIV.]

WOMEN ARE STRANGE.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

"Les femmes sont si étranges."—PAILLERON.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAIDEN AUNTS.

CLARA DARRELL was no longer an inmate of the hotel on the Embankment, we may say at once. Always quick to act, in the interim between her father's last leave-taking and his return she had taken French leave herself, instead of that time to consider which he had kindly offered her. She was afraid that in her father's estimation she would forever remain a heartless and ungrateful child, but in a few words, hastily written in pencil, she had attempted to explain, and this note of explanation she had left in an envelope upon the table of the sitting-room. It had become necessary to make up her mind in five minutes, and she had done so. The cruel, hateful past was suddenly very close upon her, and she must succumb at once, or at all hazards escape from it. The letter ran thus:

"*MY POOR DEAR DAD,—I grieve to think what you will think of me. But I can not stop an instant longer—I dare not. From the window of our room I have seen approaching those who shadowed all my youth, and whose want of sympathy and love for me would assuredly bring about again all the old mistakes. I escape from them, for your sake as well as for my own. They are in London, not in Derbyshire, and I am desperately afraid of them. Of my own free will I will meet them no more. Good-by. Forgive and forget. Your loving daughter,*"

"CLARA DARRELL.

"*P.S.—I shall never, never marry without your free consent. I do not go away to him.*"

When Colonel Darrell had started for his walk on the Embankment, he had left his daughter to solve a great problem for herself, and she had seen him go in all good faith. There was no thought of flight from him till, looking sadly down upon the busy life without, the figures of her two aunts rose up like ghosts before her—two sour and Puritanic women with whose real devoutness there had always mingled a terrible want of consideration, of charity, of fair allowance for other mortals' weakness, even other mortals' faith, when it took a different degree of shape and tone from theirs—in a word, the Darrell pride in its most objectionable form—and the impulsive girl spread her wings and flew away from it.

There was only just time; they had come cautiously across the road from Queen Victoria Street, and, indeed, were planted at two separate lamp-posts in the middle of the road now, calmly vigilant, and taking grave precautions for their own protection from passing vehicles, by refusing to move until perfect safety could be absolutely guaranteed.

Clara Darrell had seen them; the policeman endeavoring to convince them that they were not in danger of their lives had attracted her attention first, and she sprang to her feet full of fear and animation.

"They are in London, then. My father knew it, and it has all been arranged," were her first thoughts; then she rang the bell and issued rapidly her instructions to the servant who responded to her summons.

"Two ladies will inquire for the Colonel in a few minutes; please show them into the room and ask them to wait. Their brother, Colonel Darrell, will not be very long. If—if," she said, more hesitatingly, "they should ask for me, I have gone out for a few moments."

"Yes, ma'am."

Exit the servant, and then Clara Darrell dashed off her little note, with her watchful eyes on the two spinsters clinging to the bronze posts round the lamps in the middle of the road, and still terribly uncertain if it were safe to make a second start.

And after her letter was written, and not without some bright tears falling, exit Clara Darrell into her own room, and out of her own room almost immediately, equipped for walking.

Aunts and niece passed each other on opposite sides of the way, but the aunts were very short-sighted, had carts and omnibuses on their minds, and Clara knew of their infirmities pretty well.

It was these two ladies whom Colonel Darrell found in his private sitting-room instead of his daughter, and at whom he stared and almost frowned. Indeed, his general greeting was altogether remarkable for its discourtesy.

"Why, what the devil brings you two here?" he exclaimed, after a glance round for his missing child. "I didn't write for you to come—I didn't want you—you would have seen me in plenty of time."

"Yes, Leonard," said the elder sister, calm and unmoved at the excited outburst of her brother, "but we were anxious concerning you. We knew you would be very much alone in London, and Selina thought our companionship might be of service to you."

"And we could all three go down to Derbyshire so nicely together," added the other sister.

Colonel Darrell looked from one to the other, received a kiss from each of them in the exact centre of his forehead, and said, gruffly,

"How is Selina?"

"Pretty well, so far as her afflictions will allow," answered the elder sister; "not always as

resigned as one should be to the calamities of life, but—pretty well."

"And you two?"

Both answered at once in the same dry key, and precisely in the same words:

"We are very well, thank you, Leonard—very well indeed."

"I am very glad to hear it," answered the Colonel, absently, and looking round the room again a little nervously. "What did you say you came up for? Oh yes, I remember—to go down with me to Derbyshire; but I have not made up my mind to go down yet awhile."

"There is no occasion for haste," was the reply of one sister. "Everything is just as you left it at Maversby, and Selina is at home."

"Thank you, Rebecca—yes—exactly. Have you seen Clara?" asked he, suddenly.

"Clara!" both exclaimed in one breath again.

"Is she—"

"Yes, she is. Of course she is," he said, interrupting them, after his old quick fashion of cutting short the remarks of other folks. "You didn't think I was going to leave her to the world, and such a world, without an effort to get her back again? I had no quarrel with her, no grievance, like you women. I only knew how dear she was to me, and the only one left."

"Surely we are left to you, Leonard," was Rebecca Darrell's mild reproach.

"Yes, and you haven't left me long alone, have you? I wonder what made me tell you in my letter to what hotel I was going?" he said, thoughtfully and ungraciously; "you have spoilt everything—you have changed the whole business—you have *goosed* it, by God."

And on to his feet sprang the Colonel, and round the room he went with his old strides, a hasty, choleric man, with not much respect for his sisters' feelings, and with a terrible certainty growing upon him that all his plans were crumbling rapidly to dust. As he revolved round the table, with the cold gray eyes of his sisters following him, he caught sight of the note, stopped, and made a snatch at it.

"This will explain," he said.

He tore open the envelope, drew out the paper within it, and read the lines which Clara had scrawled. The Colonel's face grew very troubled as he read. He was deeply wounded, deeply moved; for there were some wonderfully soft spots in this soldier's heart, and the sisters watched him more anxiously than their calm looks betrayed. This was a crisis; how would it end for them? This man they loved, and were prepared to make many sacrifices for, in order to keep him from the temptations of the world; but they knew of his awful pride, his ungovernable temper, his deplorable self-conceit, as well as of the many virtues which as a Darrell, and a Derbyshire Darrell, he was bound to possess. He had his faults, poor Leonard! Probably every man had his faults; it was just possible even that they were faulty in some minor points themselves. They could not remember when they had been in the wrong, or had not acted for the right, even for the true and best, but then they were hardly justified in being their own judges in the matter. In all humility, certainly not.

The Colonel drew a chair before the fire, and sat down with the letter in his hands.

"My dear Leonard," began the elder sister, "if Clara—"

"Silence, Martha, and read that," he said.

Reading that was something of a trouble on the spur of the moment, and with a gold-mounted pair of glasses to find, and open, and clean with a cambric handkerchief, and then drop on the carpet and pick up again; but the Colonel waited more patiently than might have been expected. When his sister had read it, not without emotion either, although the thin lips were compressed very tightly to conceal it, he said, "Give it to Rebecca"; and Rebecca, also troubled with glasses of the same pattern to find and clean, received the letter, and eventually mastered the contents.

"I found her," said the Colonel, "and brought her here. We were thinking of a home together, we two, when you came and spoiled it all."

"You would not have been happy. There is no stability in Clara, poor child," said Rebecca.

"Poor child," echoed Martha, "no."

"And you have driven her away. Upon my soul, I feel to-day I hate the couple of you," cried the Colonel.

Rebecca and Martha Darrell raised their hands in protest, elevated their gray eyebrows, and exchanged commiserating glances with each other, but they did not answer him. They remembered his temper of old days, and knew how much better it had always been to let the storm spend its fury out unchecked. It saved them contumely, it saved Leonard indulging in profane language, it was a quicker way of coming to the point, and the old plan was successful in this instance. He became suddenly silent again. Presently he held out a hand to each of them.

"You must not mind my raving. I have been bitterly disappointed," he said.

"I should be glad to know all about Clara now, if you do not object very much," replied Rebecca Darrell.

"How she must have hated the lot of you!" remarked the Colonel, absently. "How you must have preached at her, worried her, thrown every petty obstacle in her way!"

"She was very young," said Martha, in self-defense at this; "we were anxious to train her steps aright; we did not think she would have rebelled against the authority which you gave us to—"

"Yes, yes; that will do," said the Colonel. "I don't want to hear any more about it. I see it all; I understand."

"There was the fear of the fate of her mother—" began Martha afresh, when once more the Colonel stopped her, this time with so stern a look that an awkward silence followed.

"I will tell you about Clara," he said, after a

pause; then he added, with a little sigh, and *par parenthèse*, "I wonder where she has gone now, poor girl!"

We will follow her steps for ourselves, and leave the Colonel wondering for a while.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

It was to Mrs. MacAlister's house in Tavistock Street that Clara Darrell flew, straight as an arrow. She did not require shelter so much as advice; her own apartments—her own "home"—were still intact in Hereford Road, Bayswater, and her household goods were only awaiting her orders for removal; but she had not made up her mind where to go. She had not made up her mind to anything, in fact; she was wholly unsettled; everything seemed drifting away from her, or else she was drifting away herself from all that she had loved—from the stage, from her lover, and her father. She had been running away all her life, it seemed now; she had begun her womanhood by escaping from her aunts, and here she was flying in haste from them again. What malignant fate was it, she thought, that hunted her to and fro like this? Surely not her own fault, eccentric as some people might consider her. She only wanted love and faith and perfect confidence, and a good bit of her own way, and then she would not be so particularly strange, woman as she was.

Certainly she did not know her own mind at this juncture, and she confessed it fairly to the gray-haired old lady in Tavistock Street, shedding a few tears over her own utter incapacity.

"I don't know what to do; I can't see my way at all," she said.

Mrs. MacAlister had been very busy that morning writing letters to all friends interested in poor Splatterdash, and likely to subscribe to his benefit, and with a pair of spectacles on her nose she looked almost like one of the aunts herself, as she peered critically over the silver rims at the excited girl.

"Do you want to go back to the Gwynne?" she asked.

"No, no; not yet. I don't know that I shall care to go back at all," answered Clara Darrell.

"Perhaps it is as well," the old actress remarked, "although you can not afford to be too capricious with the public yet awhile. You are only getting famous, but are not famous yet, remember."

"I was not thinking of the stage."

"Of Harvey Grange, perhaps?" was the next inquiry.

"No; I must not see him. My father must not think—oh! I hope he will not think—that I have run away to him. That," she added, "would be too uncharitable."

"You study your father's wishes in some respects, then, Clara?"

"Of course I do," was the reply. "I would die for my dear old dad at any time, but I can not be tortured, preached at, and glared at by the women who never cared for me, and who drove me from home when I was scarcely more than a girl!"

"And a girl so stage-struck that she was glad of an excuse to accept a little part in Jenkinson's travelling company, until Jenkinson went wholly to the bad, and pawned the united wardrobes. An unprincipled old man," remarked Mrs. MacAlister, "but most excellent company. What a song he could sing, too, when he was young, until brandy and water made him all natural tremolo!"

"What has become of him?" asked Clara.

"He's in a lunatic asylum at Birmingham, and fancies himself Macready," was the ready information proffered. "He must be seventy-four at least. He played at Plymouth in 1830."

Clara Darrell forgot her troubles at this instance of Mrs. MacAlister's remarkable power of memory. An idea came to her very suddenly, and made her hold her breath. This famous old actress, great in names and dates of plays and players, with the lives of the known and unknown as familiar to her as household words—what might she not know of the mother who had been an actress, and who had had also a bad habit of running away from Leonard Darrell? Might not the whole story of that mother be behind the wrinkled forehead of this old lady, to whom the "profession" came for information as to a public library, where there were theatrical facts to prove or dates to reconcile? What story could she tell of the mother—the cruel old days when the little baby Clara was left motherless?

"You knew my mother," she exclaimed, almost sharply; "you must have known her?"

"Oh, my dear, I don't know everything!" said Mrs. MacAlister, very quickly. "I did not know your name was Darrell till your father turned up at my 'At Home' last week, you kept your secret so admirably well."

"Yes, yes," said Clara Darrell, feverishly; "but now—why, you must know."

"I don't see why," answered Mrs. MacAlister; "it is so long ago since—"

"Since what?" cried Clara, very quickly. "Since you saw my mother—since my father was left alone in the world—since the whole horrible story was talked about in town? But your memory is unfailing; you forget nothing; and you had not forgotten the name of Darrell, I am sure, when my father came into this room, and took me away."

The old lady looked very keenly and critically at our heroine, but did not answer readily. After a moment's consideration she confessed a little.

"Well, yes," she said, slowly, "I remembered the name—I remembered the man—though I did not say so."

"And you remembered the mother, who, I have been told until to-day, was dead?" added the younger woman.

"Well, yes, I remembered the mother then, Clara," replied Mrs. MacAlister. "She was not a great actress, only a weak and artificial one. But she was a great beauty, the apes said—"

"The apes?" repeated Clara Darrell, wondering.

"I always call them 'the apes' myself—the men who come to leer at beauty and grin and nod their empty heads at it, and have as much real love for the stage and us as this old inkstand," said the actress, with a strong quaver of indignation in her voice. "They're the apes, my dear. And your mother played to them, and—is forgotten. And 'tis as well she should be."

"Tell me something of the story, please," said Clara Darrell, entreatingly.

"I thought you came for my advice as to the best course to adopt, now that you have left your father," remarked Mrs. MacAlister. "It is a miserable story; why say anything about it now?"

"Because—"

Mrs. MacAlister waited very patiently for her to complete her answer.

"Because," Clara Darrell continued, "you might tell me something to make me happier, perhaps."

"What would that be, child?"

"That my mother was—was very sorry for all the past, at last," she answered, "for my father and for me. That she did not go away heartlessly, remorselessly, as my poor father thinks to this day, but in great grief and trouble, tempted sorely, a poor weak woman, but not wholly bad. Oh! not so bad as he thinks; dear old friend of mine, say that, please do!" entreated Clara Darrell.

This young lady, who had been recommended peace and rest, and freedom from excitement, was having a busy time of it; in the moral atmosphere about her there were strong electric currents which affected her, and with their force might strike her presently. She was crying now—there were tears running down her cheeks—and she was altogether deeply moved.

The elder woman listening to her was moved deeply also—nay, she was surprised at the earnestness and grief of her companion, and sat with a bewildered look upon her face.

"Would you like to see your mother at any time?" she asked, in a soft voice.

"She is really not dead, then!" exclaimed Clara. "You know, perhaps, where she is?"

"I do."

"Oh! I am so glad—if I could only see her once—just once."

"What would Colonel Darrell say?" remarked Mrs. MacAlister.

Clara turned pale. She had forgotten her father and what he would think of her—this man still treasuring up his bitter wrong and still beneath its shadow.

"I don't know," she answered, sadly.

"Not that

ley Gore might have been seen—and seen to much advantage—an hour after her husband left the house. Cool, crisp, delicate chintz hangings, Indian matting, light and simple furniture, but every article of the best and most appropriate—the merely ornamental things well selected, valuable, and not too numerous—made a pretty picture of the room. One could not have told, with a glance at it, as may frequently be done in the case of an "own" room, in which the proprietor lives off guard and off duty with respect to the outer world, what were the distinctive tastes and pursuits of the owner of this one. The evidence was negative on these points. There were books, but they stood in the shelves in their place as furniture; they had not the physiognomy of friends; there was not a trace of music or drawing. A well-appointed writing-table, rather large for the size of the room, was placed near the French window, now widely opened, and at this table sat Mrs. Townley Gore, occupied with her morning's correspondence.

A very handsome woman—there could be no dispute about that; so handsome in her thirtieth year that it was easy to believe she had been irresistibly beautiful when Mr. Townley Gore married her, when the priceless transitory glow of youth was shed upon the fine features, and its luminous sparkle was in the large dark eyes; so handsome that some people said there was not a fault in her face. There were faults in her face, though, but they did not strike the observer just at first: the lips were too thin and too red, the brow was too flat; and while there was no lack of expressiveness in the countenance, its variety did not include positive and spontaneous sweetness. The most that could be said of Mrs. Townley Gore's smile was that it was pleasing when she meant it to please; the quick light and warmth that go to the heart like a sunbeam were unknown to that harmonious combination of small well-cut features and smooth brilliant complexion. She was of middle height, and not very slender, and her movements were rather deliberate; something in them accorded with and complemented her prevailing expression, which was reserved and cautious. Socially Mrs. Townley Gore might be accounted a success. She had been accepted with great readiness in society; people did not know exactly who she was, but then they did not want to know; she did not aim at or take a sufficiently important place to be exposed to the rigid inquisition of the "who's who?" of the uppermost systems of the social structure, while her actual position was unassailable. She had a wealthy husband, a good house, hospitable tastes, agreeable manners, and no history. So far so good. On the *per contra* side, she had not an intimate friend in the world, and her dependents hated her.

Mrs. Townley Gore's occupation on this beautiful summer morning was apparently not altogether pleasant to her. She wrote rapidly; her handwriting was of a square and decided kind, more easy to read than pretty to look at; and she took the lightest part of her task first. There were several invitations to be disposed of; she replied to them with the aid of her engagement list. There were some household matters—in all such she was very exact and capable—and she settled them in their order, and with close attention. There was a couple of begging letters; these she threw unread into the embroidered basket by her side. There was a very glazy note with a gold coronet and monogram upon the cover, and this she considered for a minute or two with a slight frown; the glazy note was a scrawl from a countess who wanted to sell tickets for a concert to be given by a *protégé* of hers—with the divinest voice, quite too delicious a sweet creature, who only needed an opportunity to astonish the world—wouldn't Mrs. Townley Gore take tickets, and make some of her friends take tickets? (the countess sent her six to save trouble), she was always so kind. Mrs. Townley Gore did not care for music, was not in the least interested about the sweet creature with the divinest voice, and was much too judicious to worry her own particular set about anything of the kind; nevertheless, she kept the tickets, and she sent a check for the price of them to the countess, with a neat reply to the glazy note; and her promptitude, especially in payment, was as gratifying as she hoped it might be to that benevolent busybody. There was a very strong and touching appeal, written in a scholarly hand upon paper of the cheapest kind, from the curate in charge of a frightfully poor district by the river-side, where want and sickness were his never-beaten, ever-re-enforced foes, for help to feed the children at the school in which he slaved and strove against that third deadly enemy—ignorance. This followed the other two begging letters into the basket, not unread and unanswered, indeed, for the writer was a well-known and distinguished man, and Mrs. Townley Gore would not on any account commit a breach of good manners toward a person of that sort, but after she had refused its prayer, on the ground that the local demands on her purse rendered it impossible for her to grant it. This done, Mrs. Townley Gore addressed herself to another task, and as she pursued it, the slight frown deepened, her well-defined dark eyebrows all but met, and gave her fair forehead an intent and stern expression, which made her look years older in a moment.

From a drawer in the writing-table she took out a letter, which she read attentively, and replaced under a number of papers after she had copied the address—a foreign one—given by the writer. Then she wrote:

"I can not make up my mind, Frederick, whether you are most knave or fool. It looks as if you were most knave, that you should have broken all your promises and engagements to me as you have done; but it looks as if you were most fool, that you can suppose it possible I would do what you ask, or rather demand. You ought to have learned by this time how far you can go with me in the way of persuasion;

and if there be any fact concerning which you ought not, being possessed of reasoning faculties, at all to be in any doubt, it is that in the way of intimidation you can not go one single step. Now in the way of persuasion you have reached the end of your resources. I have not been hard; I have not been unwilling; I have done all I could, and I have put up with a good deal that has been undeniably humiliating; but there has been enough of all that. No doubt you will not agree with me in this. Yours will be the point of view of the one who takes, always different from the point of view of the one who gives. Happily, that does not matter; I am in a position to back my opinion by action, and I mean so to back it. The case between us may be stated briefly and uncontestedly in a few lines. You intruded upon my husband, believing that you had me in your power, because it never occurred to you that I was too wise a woman to keep any secrets of my own from the man with whom I proposed to pass my whole life, the only human being who could *really* matter to me in my future lot, and my husband bought you off, as it was arranged between him and me that he should do, if you ever took the step which I thought by no means unlikely at the time. But he paid, and I don't mean that he shall pay twice over, or that he shall be troubled with you any more. The cool impudence of your application, when you heard of the increase of Mr. Townley Gore's fortune by the death of his uncle, *almost* took me by surprise—*almost*, not *quite*. The possible to an idle scapgegrace like you, who imagines himself working when he is only indulging a taste that never reached the height of a talent, and who has parted with his self-respect as readily as he would pawn his watch, is an unknown quantity; I should never think of defining it. I have not mentioned your recent application to Mr. Townley Gore, and I do not intend that he should ever learn that it was made. He is a very good-humored man up to a certain point; beyond that he is very much the opposite. I have laid down for myself one invariable rule of conduct, founded upon my clear perception of facts and their stubbornness. *I never have quarrelled, and never will, under any circumstances, quarrel with my husband.* To ask him for more money to keep you quiet, would be to overstep the bounds of his good-humor, and to incur the risk of a quarrel with him on the score that I had done that to which he most strongly objects—evoked a humiliating recollection, and revived a painful subject. When I say that nothing shall induce me to do this, and that you may do your worst, because, whatever you do, you can not make a go-between of me, you will be a much greater fool than I believe you to be, if you do not take me implicitly at my word.

"And now that the matter of my reply to the equally audacious and foolish demand which you have been so ill advised as to make is at an end (and I give you my most explicit and steadfast assurance that any attempt at a renewal of it shall simply remain unnoticed), I have something more to say. Your natural impulse, under the circumstances which you detail in your letter, and in which I do not altogether believe, but am willing to regard as approximate to the truth, touched up by your imagination, and your ill-founded hope of working upon mine, would be to apply to your old friend. *Do not do it.* If ever you listened to advice in your life, listen to mine now; don't let your evil genius or your shallow brain suggest that I give you this counsel from interested motives. I do not. He knows nothing. My husband did not tell him that he had forbidden you his house; he is above that, I assure you, and I never overrate anybody. All your future may now depend upon your believing my word, accepting my judgment, and acting on my advice. I believe that there is a chance for you in the not distant future such as can only come to you once in your life, and which an application in that quarter would quite hopelessly and irrevocably destroy. That you may not be led, or, as you would represent it, driven, to defy the caution I give you, I send you a check for £50 in this letter, all the money I have at my own disposal, and it will be out of my power to give you any more."

This letter Mrs. Townley Gore signed, folded, and addressed, and she had just laid it upon the pile of things to be sent to the post, when she heard her husband's step on the stairs, and the next moment he entered the room.

She seldom saw him between breakfast and luncheon, and she looked up, a little surprised; then she saw that something had occurred to disturb the even tenor of his way.

"If you are not busy, there's something I want to talk to you about," said Mr. Townley Gore.

"I am not at all busy," returned his wife, graciously, as she pushed a low chair toward him, and turned her own away from the writing-table, to signify her uninterrupted attention. But Mr. Townley Gore found it easier to talk while walking up and down the room—a sure sign that he was embarrassed.

"It is rather a long story," he began, with a glance at his hearer which betrayed uncertainty of mind; "but you will understand the matter more clearly if I begin at the beginning. Did I ever happen to mention to you a friend of mine named Rhodes—a clergyman out in Bengal?"

"Never."

"Ah, I dare say I never did. He went out to India many years ago, and though we exchanged some letters at first, our correspondence dropped off after a time. We were boys together—he a year or two my senior—and school-fellows. He was the only son of a clergyman, who had no fortune to give him, and he was educated for the Church. He was a very clever, quiet, studious fellow, and when he went to Oxford, at the same time that I did, we were in quite different sets. Still, we saw a good deal of each other, and in my last year an event occurred which drew, or ought to have drawn, the ties between us closer."

Mrs. Townley Gore, politely listening, but not as yet particularly interested, raised her eyebrows just a little. There was a touch of sentiment about this last sentence which was very unlike the speaker, and he concluded it with a short, impatient sigh.

"Rhodes had helped me out of many a scrape at school, and out of one or two at college, and this time he saved my life."

"Saved your life!—how?"

"It wasn't a pretty story. I will spare you and myself the details. I was rather wild in those days, and I had been drinking a good deal. There was a row, and I got knocked into the river; the other men were as tipsy as myself. I was all but drowned, when Rhodes saved me, at the imminent risk of his own life. Indeed, it was twice risked, for he had inflammation of the lungs afterward, and lost a whole year. Of course I was very grateful to him when I knew what had happened, and made all sorts of promises and protestations; but I only saw him once for a long time, for he was ill for months at his father's parsonage, and I had left Oxford before he returned. We met next in London. He was in orders then, and had been acting as curate to his father, and we were a good deal together. Shortly afterward his father died. Rhodes did not get the living of Linleigh, and he wrote to me that he had applied for a foreign chaplaincy. I am afraid I had not thought much about him; I was living among a fast set in London, while he was working down in the country, but I would have done anything I could for him."

"Naturally," observed Mrs. Townley Gore, aware of a curious hesitation about her husband's manner, and now becoming interested in his narrative; "but what could you do for him?"

"Exactly. What could I do? There was nothing, in fact. Well"—he shrugged his shoulders, and paused in his walking to and fro, placing one hand on the writing-table, and looking uneasily at his wife—"I lost sight of him, until I heard accidentally from an old acquaintance of his marriage. He had married a beautiful girl—quite a lady—but without either fortune or friends who could push Rhodes's interest."

"Very imprudent," remarked Mrs. Townley Gore, dryly.

"Very; but therefore all the more like Herbert Rhodes. For a fellow who never went wrong, or did wrong, he was the most reckless of consequences I have ever known."

"Ah! one of your trustees in Providence without keeping his powder dry, I suppose," said Mrs. Townley Gore; and the remark jarred somehow, like a warning, upon her husband.

"Just so. I sent a bracelet, if I remember rightly, to his wife, and wrote to Rhodes. I saw him only once again, long afterward; it was just before he sailed for Calcutta—for he had at last got an Indian chaplaincy—and he introduced me to his wife, a beautiful, delicate creature, about whom I remember thinking a man must be mad to take her to such a climate."

"I suppose he could not help it; people must live," said Mrs. Townley Gore. "Was this long ago?"

"It was before we married; nearly twelve years ago. And, Caroline, Rhodes then told me that the greatest trouble he and his wife had to encounter was the parting with their child, a little girl of four years old, whom they were obliged to leave in England."

"Why?"

"Why? Because the child could not have been reared in India, and they were too poor to take her out and incur the expense of sending her home again at the proper age. The mother seemed quite dazed with grief; I can remember that now, after all this time. Rhodes and I were very friendly together; I saw them off from Gravesend, and the next I heard of them Mrs. Rhodes was dead."

"Indeed! What has become of your friend?"

Mr. Townley Gore took a letter from his breast pocket, and answered, in a very serious tone:

"My friend is dead too. This morning's post brought me news of his death, through his solicitors, Messrs. Simpson & Rees, of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here is their letter; I have seen them since I received it; and this brings me to what I particularly want to say to you. The lawyers, as you may see"—he held the letter out to his wife, but she waved it from her with an expressive gesture—"requested me to call on them at my earliest convenience, and I went to Lincoln's Inn Fields at once. There I found Mr. Rees, the junior member of the firm, and he told me the particulars of Rhodes's death. It occurred at Blankpore, where he had been chaplain for the last twelve years; and when, according to the customary routine, his papers were examined, it was found that he had left a sealed packet addressed to Messrs. Simpson & Rees, which was rightly supposed to contain all his worldly dispositions."

"Yes," said Mrs. Townley Gore, finding it necessary to say something, as her husband again paused and hesitated.

"That sealed packet," he continued, slowly, "inclosed a letter from Rhodes to me, which the solicitors were requested to deliver into my own hands. The poor fellow reminds me, for the first time, of our old friendship, of my former acknowledgment of a great obligation to him, of his own isolation in the world, and asks me to look after his daughter when he shall be gone. It seems that he died of cholera very shortly after he had written that letter."

"His daughter! The child who was left in England?"

"Yes; but she is a grown-up girl now, nearly seventeen. She was to have gone out to him to India this year."

"To 'look after' a girl of that age is rather vague. To what does your friend's request really amount?"

There was a hard look in the speaker's face; the caution of her nature was aroused.

"That I can not exactly say. He had very little to leave her—an insurance on his life of five hundred pounds was the chief of it—and she is at a boarding-school at Highgate. I have consulted with the solicitors, and they suggested—but of course I should have done that in any case—that I should refer the question to you."

"To me! My dear Edward, how can I possibly have any idea of what had better be done with a young lady who has five hundred pounds for her fortune, and presumably no friends, since her father commands her to you, who had not seen or heard of him for more than twelve years?"

This was a crude but convincing way of putting the case. Mr. Townley Gore saw at once that there was no chord in his wife's nature that the hand of the orphan girl would be likely to strike, and he silently took two resolutions: one was that he would not impart to Mrs. Townley Gore the supplementary information which Messrs. Simpson & Rees had imparted to him, *i.e.*, that of the failure of the "Infallible" Insurance Office, by which Helen Rhodes had been left absolutely destitute; the other was that he would not request his wife to accompany him in his projected early visit to the Hill House, Highgate. He replied, however:

"It is very difficult, but I can not ignore the claim on me of which Rhodes's letter reminds me. However, we can discuss the matter after luncheon."

After luncheon, and when Mrs. Townley Gore was going out for the regular afternoon drive, she said, airily, to her husband, and as if the thing were of the most trifling import:

"Apropos of your romantic story of your college friend, I have been thinking it is very likely the school-mistress would keep the girl as a teacher. They do that sort of thing, I believe, for what they call a premium. I suppose the Lincoln's Inn Fields people could settle it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ASSASSINATION OF ALEXANDER II.

WE gave recently a biographical sketch of the late Czar Alexander II, and of his successor, Alexander III. Our present number contains a portrait of the reigning sovereign, and a picture of the scene of the explosion of the Nihilists' bombs. The details of the event are too well known to need repetition. We subjoin, therefore, only a few lines explanatory of our engraving.

The Czar had, on the morning when he met his death, been reviewing some of his troops in the riding-school, and was returning to the Winter Palace by the road which borders the Fontanka Canal. About thirty yards beyond the bridge called the Bridge of Kazan an explosion was heard, the snow was hurled in clouds into the air, and by-standers could see that the rumble of the imperial carriage was shattered to pieces, that the horses were plunging wildly, and that Alexander was descending from the vehicle. Again there was an explosion, again the light snow was flung upward in clouds; and when it sank, or was dispersed, there were seen lying on the ground one young man dead, and a Cossack of the imperial body-guard grievously wounded, and by their side the Emperor without his helmet and his cloak, with his dress in tatters, and his legs broken, while his blood was dyeing the snow on which he lay.

M. Novikoff, an officer of police, rushed to the spot, exclaiming, "My God! what has happened to his Majesty?" The Czar remained motionless. Novikoff raised the Emperor by the body, while some sailors—one of whom had already seized the thrower of one of the fatal bombs—lifted him by the feet. While the main violence of the explosion had struck the Emperor on the legs as he was alighting from his carriage, one of the projectiles with which it had been charged took effect on the orbit of the eye. The Czar with considerable effort raised his hand to his bleeding forehead, and murmured, "Cold, cold." All this had taken place in less time than it takes to tell it. The carriage of the Emperor's brother, the Grand Duke Michael, the Governor of the Caucasus and Chief of the Artillery, approached. "Sacha" (the diminutive of Alexander), "how do you feel?" he said, bending his head to the Emperor's face. There was no answer. Novikoff suggested to the Grand Duke the advisability of taking the wounded man into the nearest house till he could receive surgical attendance. The Czar, however, overheard the remark, and in a very low voice said, "Carry me to the palace, and let me die there." These were the last intelligible words uttered, and the Emperor's lips and eyelids closed.

Dvorketsky, the Chief of Police, who constantly accompanied his imperial master, had been slightly wounded by the explosion of the first bomb. His sleigh, which was close behind the Czar's carriage, was employed to convey Alexander to the palace. The Emperor was removed from it in a blanket, and borne into his private study, where he was placed on his bed near the desk at which he used to write. The members of the imperial family hastened to the bedside of their dying chief, he tried to speak, he murmured two or three times the endearing diminutive "Sacha," as he looked to his son, the Czarowitza, but gave utterance to no intelligible words. He waved aside the surgeons who were preparing to amputate the fractured limbs, received the last sacraments of the Church, and expired before the operation was commenced.

It is said that eighteen persons were wounded by the explosion, and that hundreds of devout subjects of the Czar collected as relics drops of the frozen blood or fragments of the dress of their revered Emperor, from the place where the Liberator of the Serfs perished so miserably.



ALEXANDER III, THE NEW CZAR OF RUSSIA.



THE ASSASSINATION OF THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA—THE EXPLOSION OF THE SECOND BOMB.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

Embroidered Taffeta Apron, Figs. 3-5.

For this apron a straight piece of black taffeta twenty-one inches wide and twenty-six inches long is required. The upper corners are turned down four inches, and the top is hollowed out slightly at the middle. The bottom of the apron and the down-turned corners are embroidered in cross stitch over canvas basted on the material according to Figs. 4 and 5, with filoselle silk of the colors given in the description of symbols. The threads of the canvas are drawn out when the work is com-



Fig. 1.—SURAH AND LACE BONNET

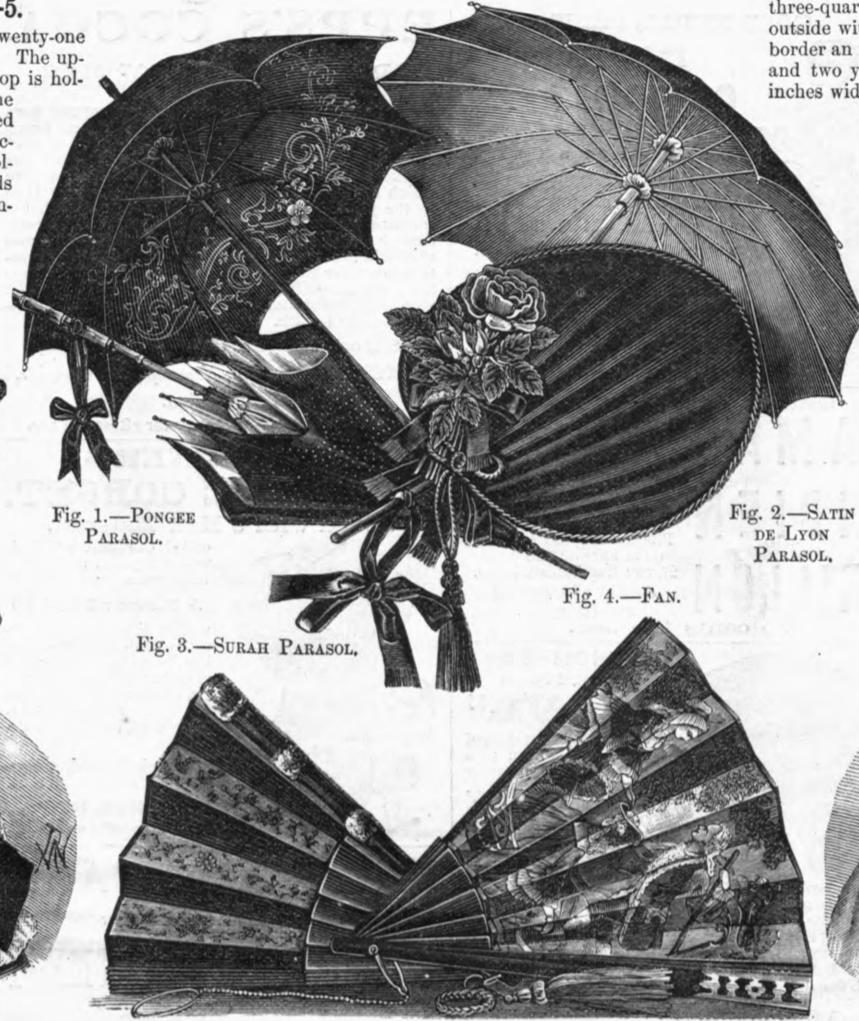


Fig. 1.—PONGEE PARASOL.

Fig. 2.—SATIN DE LYON PARASOL.

Fig. 3.—SURAH PARASOL.

Fig. 4.—FAN.



Fig. 2.—ENGLISH STRAW BONNET.

pleted. The bottom and the upper corners are edged with black lace an inch wide; the upper edge is finished with a narrow binding, and provided with a button and loop for closing.

Bonnets, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE black stiff net frame of the bonnet Fig. 1 has a low crown and a brim three inches and three-quarters wide, which is sloped on the sides; it is covered smoothly with red Surah. The inside of the brim is faced with red velvet, and the outside is covered with a net-work of black tulle beaded with jet; the edge is studded with large cut jet beads. The crown of the bonnet is covered with black Chantilly lace three inches wide, which is side-pleated and set on spirally from the centre. The trimming consists of loops of red satin-faced plush ribbon four inches wide, and three black ostrich feathers. The strings are of similar ribbon.

The brim of the black straw bonnet Fig. 2 is faced with bias black satin, which is Shirred at the inner edge, and half an inch and an inch and

worn, the right end of the scarf is draped in the manner shown in the illustration, and fastened on the left side under the roses.

Parasols and Fans, Figs. 1-6.

The brown pongee cover of the parasol Fig. 1 has a thin silk facing, which is embroidered in chain stitch with colored silk. The stick is of polished brown wood.

The frame of the parasol Fig. 2 is gilded. The cover is of black satin de Lyon, which is faced with gold-colored taffeta. Bamboo stick, trimmed with a bow of black satin ribbon.

The parasol Fig. 3 is covered with brown Surah, beaded with jet, and lined with écrù silk. Ebonized wooden stick, finished with a ribbon bow.

Fig. 4 is a palm-leaf fan covered with black satin. The bias of the material is stretched firmly around the outer edge, after which it is pleated down on both sides toward the handle. The edge is finished with thick silk cord, which terminates in loops and a tassel. A spray of



Fig. 1.—LINEN APRON.—[See Fig. 2.] For description see Supplement.

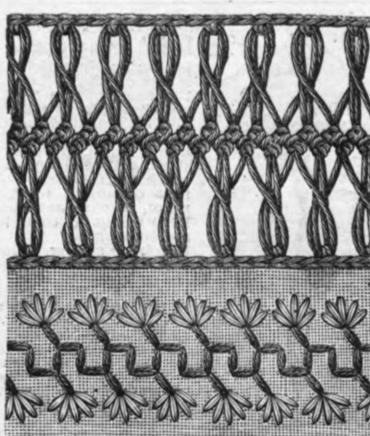


Fig. 2.—DETAIL OF APRON, FIG. 1.—CROCHET GIMP AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.



CLOTH RIDING HABIT.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1a, 1b-10.]



Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERED TAFFETA APRON. [See Fig. 4; and Fig. 5, Page 276.]

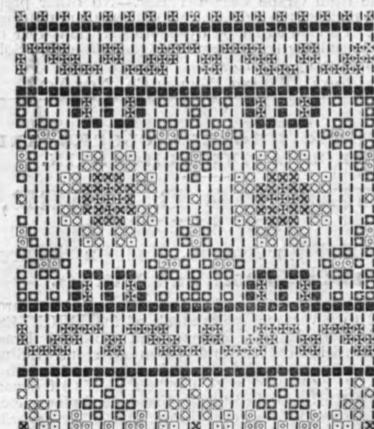


Fig. 4.—DESIGN FOR APRON, FIG. 3.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Description of Symbols: \blacksquare Olive; \blacksquare Red; \blacksquare Bronze; \blacksquare Old Gold; \blacksquare 1st (darkest), \blacksquare 2d, \blacksquare 3d (lightest), Blue; \blacksquare Foundation.

roses and a ribbon bow are fastened on the fan as shown in the illustration, and black satin ribbon is knotted about the handle, and tied in a bow lower down.

The fan Fig. 5 has ebony sticks and a black and old gold brocaded silk cover.

The fan Fig. 6 is covered with figured cretonne in gay colors, and has gilded ebony sticks.

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In his powerful novel, "Sunrise," Mr. Black has graphically portrayed the inner movements of this pitiless engine of destruction. Men bind themselves by the most solemn oaths to literally obey the mandates of a secret and irresponsible tyranny, even to the commission of foulest crimes, and their lives are forfeited if they hesitate to execute such orders as may doom them to the curse of murder and consign their souls to perdition.—*Hartford Courant*.

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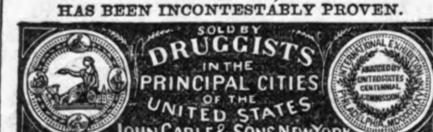
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That which makes strong Bone and Muscle. That which makes good Flesh and Blood. That which is easy of Digestion--never constipating. That which is kind and friendly to the Brain, and that which acts as a preventive of those Intestinal Disorders incidental to childhood.

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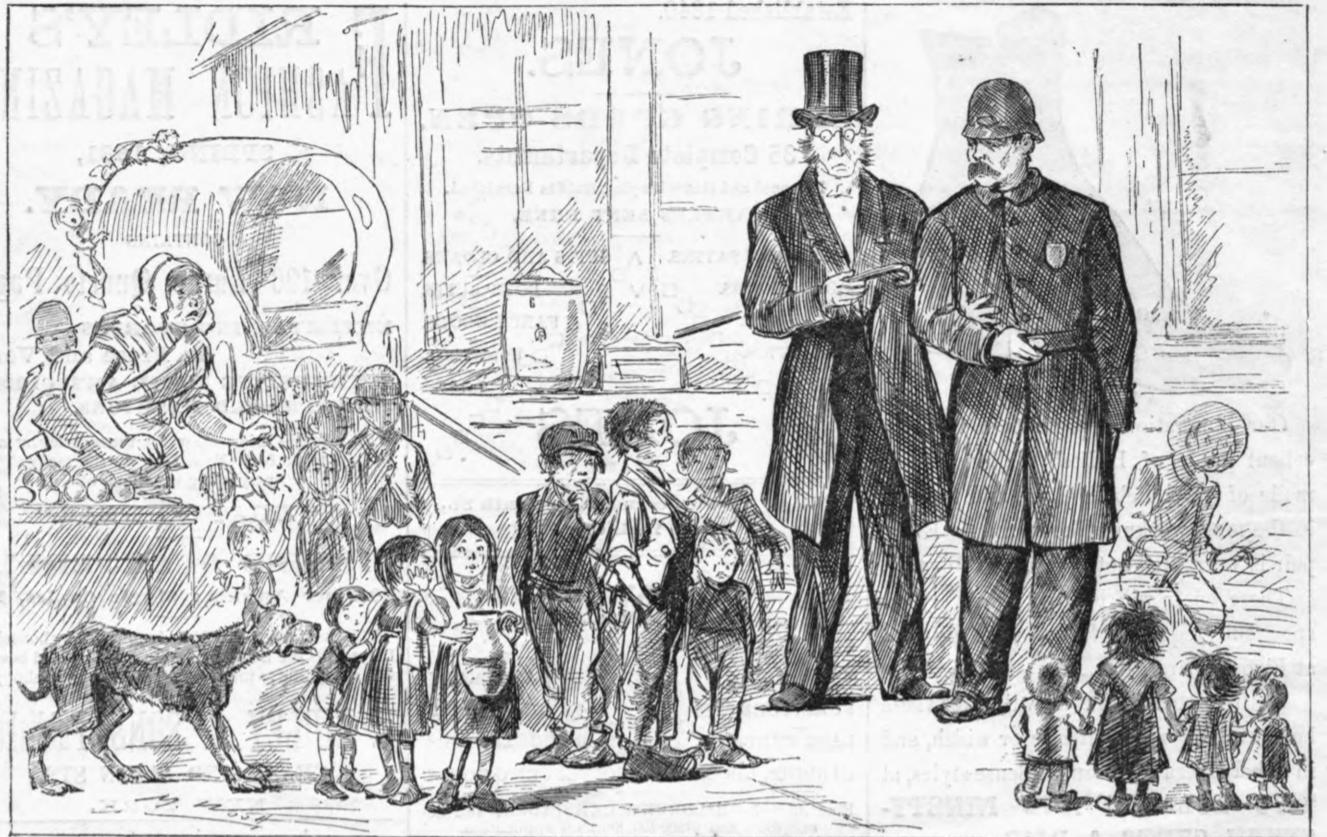
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HANDY AT TENNIS.



HAVING A FRIEND ON THE POLICE FORCE, THIS OLD GENTLEMAN TRIES A QUIET STROLL THROUGH THE BACK STREETS.

FIRST BOY. "Say, Mister, what was you took up for?"
SECOND BOY. "He's got a wicked look, ain't he?"

THIRD BOY. "Guess it's for murder."
GENERAL CHORUS. "What a shame!"

FACETIE.

"BAD luck to ye, Master Postman," said an enraged Irishman, the other day, entering the Edinburgh Post-office, "what for didn't yez send the ten shillings I gave yez a month ago for Patrick Moriarty, in the Brigate ov Glasgo?"

"Are you quite sure you paid the money, and took out an order?" quietly inquired the gentleman at the counter.

"Is it sure ye say?" returned Michael. "Bedad, I'm sure enough; an' I'll make ye smart for it, for I've got the reseat in me pocket;" and he triumphantly flourished aloft the money-order he had received in exchange for his ten shillings.

Near Barnard Castle, Durham, there is the Burns's Head Inn. The sign is a portrait of the poet, said to be an excellent likeness. At any rate, Mr. Morris, uncle of the present owner of Rokeby, thought so, and once, when he had walked over there from Rokeby with Sir Walter Scott, he pointed it out to him, and praised it as a highly successful bit of portraiture.

"How long has it been there?" asked Scott.

"Two or three years," was the answer.

"Then," said Scott, "take my word for it, it is not like Burns. Robbie Burns would not have staid so long outside a public."

JONES (a tailor, suddenly clapped on the back by a customer). "Hello, sir! you nearly frightened me into a fit."

CUSTOMER. "Well, I wish I could just frighten this coat you made me into a fit."

AN ICE STORY.—That the ice crop has been ruined by the excessively cold weather, so that the dealers will have to charge high prices next summer to save themselves from loss.

A young Parisian artist painted a portrait of a duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied, declaring that it was totally unlike. The painter, however, was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance or no resemblance should be left to a little dog belonging to the duchess, which was agreed to. Accordingly the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady the next day, and a number of her friends assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in, and no sooner did he see the portrait than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the artist was complete, and all present insisted that the picture had been retouched during the night. And so it had, but not with paint. The artist had rubbed it over with a thin coating of lard. The dog's nose was sharper than the critics' eyes.

A darky who was stooping to wash his hands in a creek did not notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him. So when he scrambled out of the water, and was asked how it happened, he answered, "I dunno 'zactly, but 'peared as if de shore kinder h'list'd and frowed me."

An Irish clerk who was snowed up in a train during a heavy storm last winter telegraphed to his employers the next morning as follows: "I shall not be at the office to-day, as I have not got home yesterday yet."

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN—PERHAPS.—The berths on board ship do not necessarily add to the census. The hatchways are not hens' nests. The way of the ship is not the extent of her avoirdupois. The hatchswain does not pipe all hands with a meerschaum. The ship does not have a wake over a dead calm. The swell of a ship's side is not caused by dropsy; nor is the taper of a bowsprit a tallow candle. The hold is not the vessel's grip. The trough of the ship is not dug out of the ship's log. The crest of a wave is not the indication of its rank. The buoy is not the captain's son. Ships are never boarded at hotels. The bow of a ship is not evidence of politeness. A sailor's stockings are never manufactured from a yarn of his own spinning. The sails of a ship are not made by an auctioneer; nor are the stays constructed by a milliner.

A farmer, the elder of a parish in Forfarshire, was suggesting to his recently appointed youthful pastor how he should proceed in his parochial visitations. "Now there's John," he said. "Speak to him on any subject except ploughing and sowing, for John is sure to remark your deficiency on these, which he perfectly understands; and if he should detect that you dinna ken about ploughing and sowing, he'll no gie ye credit for understanding anything else."

A man said to his neighbor that, on the whole, he thought this had been rather an open winter so far. To which the neighbor responded, "It's been an open winter, has it? That's the way so much cold weather's got in."

MICHAEL. "Have ye heard that Tim Flannigan and Ted Doolan have got off?" The jury brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty."

PATRICK. "Roight for them they did. Bedad, that's what o'call 'jury's prudence."

An easy-going German, lately married, says: "Id vas yoost so easy as a needle cood vink und mit a camel's eye as to get der behind vord mit a voman's."

"Your horse has some unmistakable points," said a man to an equestrian mounted on a very lean animal.

"Yes," was the reply; "he seems made of 'em."

PROSPECTS OF THE SPRING TRADE.

IN ORDER TO ASCERTAIN THE FEELING OF SOME OF OUR MERCHANTS IN REGARD TO THE SPRING TRADE, OUR ARTIST INTERVIEWED A NUMBER OF LEADING DEALERS, WITH THE FOLLOWING RESULTS:



FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS.

The decay of American shipping makes it necessary to bring all cargoes over in foreign vessels. The result is a tremendous rise in prices, but our dealer trusts in his good looks and general popularity to carry him through.



FANCY GOODS.

Free Trade is what the country needs, but the moving of the large crops from the West to the sea-board next fall will increase the circulation of money, and travellers in our line will not be likely to starve to death.



CONFECTIONERY.

In view of the establishment of peace in Cuba, and the abundance of the sugar crop, together with an increased demand by consumers, she looks forward to a season of unparalleled prosperity.



TOBACCO.

He sold ten boxes last year, but the tax having been reduced, and a first-class article placed in the market, he has every hope of doubling his sales this year.



CUTLERY AND HARDWARE.

The demand for American goods abroad having led to large exportations and the consequent depletion of the home market, there will be a sharp business driven in the grinding down of English cutlery at home.



MUSIC.

"Bollomozermaciomonkioefiozzio," he said; and this view of the matter fully coinciding with that of our artist, he quickly withdrew.

129

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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THE VERONESE HAT.

THIS graceful round hat is of black rough straw, with black satin Surah lining the brim. A half-rosette and scarf of vermicelli striped ribbon in gay colors on a black foundation is around the crown. Five short black ostrich tips droop over the turned-up side of the brim. A Veronese ruff of pleated muslin is around the neck of the wearer.

THE MILLAIS EXHIBITION.

By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

ART critics have been much exercised of late over an exhibition of pictures by John Everett Millais, comprising a selection from his earliest and latest works, loaned for the occasion by the owners. No living English artist has achieved a more robust and persistent success than Millais. He caught public attention with almost his first work; and though his manner has greatly varied, his popularity has remained constant. His pictures (the portraits especially) command great prices, though not, perhaps, so fabulously great as has been reported, and he produces abundantly every year. His later style has, indeed, been criticised as hasty and superficial; but it is to be remembered that Millais never lets his canvas alone until he has produced upon it precisely the effect he aims at. Whether this effect is attained in three sittings or in three hundred is all one to him; and this fact must free him from the charge of being deficient in conscientiousness. He is true to his point of view, to his theory of what art should be, or, at all events, to his theory of what his art should be. To comprehend his work it is necessary to know something of the man. Millais is a tall, vigorous, athletic man of some fifty years of age, young for his years, and even possessing a certain boyishness of manner and expression which is characteristic of many well-bred Englishmen. There is a suspicion of auburn in his hair, which grows thinly on the top of his well-arched head, but clusters bushily lower down. His complexion is fresh and sanguine; his eyes gray, quick, small, and *attentive*, rather than penetrating; his voice and bearing are large and hearty. He gives you a genial, open-air sort of impression. When you come to observe him more closely, however, you recognize an extraordinary sensitiveness in the man's temperament—a sensitiveness which does not seem to go deep, but is very lively so far as it goes. He reflects what he feels immediately and visibly; it does not sink into him and suffer a sea-change in the recesses of his mind. One does not fancy him pondering over his pictures, and allowing them to grow forth, so to speak, from a central motif or idea; but he decides at once what aspect of nature he will represent, and having "constructed" his design as regards arrangements of forms and scheme of color, he goes to work straightway and depicts what lies before him with wonderful accuracy and brilliancy. There is no reserve or reticence in his pictures; you see everything there is to be seen at the first glance. They look the same to-day as they did yesterday; they are as legible in one mood as in another; only in a mechanical or technical sense do they repay study. The series of his works represents not the history of the development

of a mind, but the history of a keen eyesight and artistic dexterity. There is nothing behind Millais's pictures but the canvas on which they are painted. They make other pictures look dim and colorless; but some other pictures make them look tinsely and trivial. They are more

completely successful, judging them from their own stand-point, than are the pictures of Turner or Titian; but in the same way may Mr. Worth, the man-milliner of Paris, be said to be more successful than Carlyle, the author of *Sartor Resartus*. Nevertheless—or perhaps for this reason

"Ferdinand and Ariel," painted in the pre-Raphaelite style. A pregnant source of critical bewilderment, by-the-way, has been the fact that Millais began his career as a pre-Raphaelite. The truth is, however, that Millais never was a pre-Raphaelite save in the merest externals. He was the

Raphaelites the minute detail of their work was the result of a quasi-religious conscientiousness. They would paint the separate hairs on a man's head, or the veins in a leaf of a tree, because the hairs and the veins existed in nature, and to slur them over would be to slight the Eternal Verities.

Millais entertained no such crude and impracticable notions. He might have objected: "Why not, then, in painting a portrait, begin with the bones, lay upon them the muscles, tendons, and nerves, and finish with the skin? You may be true to a hair, but the microscopic truths of the hair will still be beyond you." No; his idea was to make his picture as closely as possible resemble the superficial natural reality, and the most obvious expedient to secure this end was to enter largely into detail. His works of this period were therefore pre-Raphaelistic superficially; but of the pre-Raphaelite straining after hidden meanings and mystic sentiment they never contained a trace. And as he gained experience, he discovered that microscopic detail failed to achieve the results that he had anticipated. The pictures had a ghastly distinctness, and aroused a morbid curiosity in the spectator to discern how far the minuteness had been carried; but they were as far from a practical healthy realism as are the dislocated saints of mediæval illumination. Accordingly, he began to look out for some more serviceable method, and through various gradations he at length attained his present bold, unhesitating style, which is, to be sure, infinitely removed from his youthful expedients, but which, nevertheless, is used to express exactly the same thing. It is the custom to say that the soul has gone out of Millais's later works, and it is no doubt true that they are deficient in that particular, but not more so than are "The Huguenots" and "Christ in the House of his Parents." The latter pictures smack of the microscope; but we have yet to learn that the microscopic implies the spiritual.

The most brilliant picture in the collection is, perhaps, the famous "Order of Release," painted immediately after "The Huguenots." The red coat of the jailer and the blue cloak of the wife are the first things to catch the eye, and it is some time before they cease to dazzle us sufficiently to allow of our attending to anything else. We then proceed to observe that the texture of the garments is most cleverly reproduced; and later on we have leisure to discover that the husband is hiding his face on his wife's shoulder; that she is handing the order of release to the jailer, who is scanning it critically; that her child has fallen asleep, and that some of the yellow flowers it had brought to give its father have dropped from its relaxed hand to the ground. Ultimately we are able to notice that the woman's face wears an expression of tearful triumph, and that excitement has called up a womanly flush to her cheeks. But in order to get at this—which should be the real *raison d'être* of the picture—we have been obliged to climb over all these barriers of insolently clever paint and technical skill. It is well for Millais that his "sentiment" is not of a noble and delicate quality. Were it so, it would never emerge from its voluminous swathings of "method" sufficiently to be perceptible at all. But luckily the thought in Millais's pictures is of so obvious and lusty a fibre that it seems to be uttered aloud at the top of the thinker's voice, and

you are not deafened by it only because the voice of the palette is louder still.

Concerning Millais's sentiment there is another remark to be made. It is imported into the picture, instead of the picture's being the expression or result of it; and the consequence is that in



THE VERONESE HAT.

Millais is the most widely popular of modern English painters. His way may be a mistaken one, but in that way he has very seldom made a mistake.

The present exhibition affords ample illustration of these remarks. Here is a picture called

the same man, with the same aims in art, when he painted his latest success, "Cherry Ripe," as when he was at work on this laborious canvas of "Ferdinand and Ariel." All that has changed is his opinion as to how the story which he has to tell may most lucidly be told. To the true pre-

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 77 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued April 19, contains amongst its store of good things Chapter Nineteen of "Toby Tyler," which is descriptive of Mr. Stubbs's mischief and his sad fate; Working Plans of a Catamaran, and directions how to build one; Stories by SUSAN ARCHER WEISS, LILLIAS DAVIDSON, and MRS. W. J. HAYS; Poems by MRS. BRINE and EMILY HUNTINGDON MILLER; a new Game by GEORGE B. BARTLETT; Easter Pictures by JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD; and a great variety of other interesting and attractive matter.

Our next Number will contain a Pattern Sheet with numerous full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Cashmere, Foulard, Bunting, Limousine, Cheviot, Brocade, and other Walking, Visiting, and House Dresses; Spring and Summer Mantles, Coats, and JACKETS; Basques for Riding-Habits; Spring and Summer Hats and Bonnets; Boys' and Girls' Suits, Wrappings, and Aprons; Ladies' Cuffs and Collars; Bed-Linen; Portières, Sofa Pillows, Sachets, Embroidery Designs, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.

THE LIMITS OF DECORATION.

A GOOD book," said MILTON, "is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." But book-lovers have a right to complain when the mere shell and casket of their riches is made so splendid or so frail that real companionship therewith is forbidden them. Not to speak in parables, your true reader turns sullen when a new book comes home in a binding too fine for its uses. He loves beautiful covers, no doubt, if he be a genuine bibliophile, and buys the best he can afford, always setting the soul of a volume above its body. But beautiful covers need not be useless, as they are so often made.

Indeed, book-bindings should offer one of the fullest means of expression to that love for decorative art which is so real an outgrowth of the day. The magnificence of color or design, or even expense, which we think much to be deprecated, but unsuitability. A book is to be held in the hand, or to lie about the room, on table or book-case, in a neighborly way, until the edge of its welcome is a little dulled, and we offer it the more studied ceremony of the shelves, with their crowded ranks of good company. A strong muslin binding of soft unobtrusive tint, harmonious with whatever background it may chance to encounter, and not rudely sensitive to spot or stain, is, one would say, the obvious choice for your even Christian.

But there is a growing tendency to use very light colors, and very delicate adornments, even for every-day books. These covers, whose *raison d'être* is to protect the pages, must themselves be protected—a precaution which is a confession of their unfitness. Without this paper shield, even the warmth of the fingers often leaves a perceptible smirch, while coal-dust and the breath of the gas are certain disfigurement. Yet novels blossom into their gypsy existence in jonquil yellow, and the pale, perishable hue of the smilax flower. And more than one volume of dainty verse, born to be loved, and often handled with a touch like a caress, passes its days in lonely state behind glass doors, because its splendor of white and gold transforms the sweet companion into the formal guest. Aside from the misappropriateness of these fantastic covers, they are in themselves objectionable. A pale object, with rigid outlines, lying upon the table, or even standing on the shelves, becomes a spot or a line which insists on being looked at, and which throws everything else out of key.

It is not germane to the matter to say that the early bindings were delicate, fantastic, and enriched, and that we do but go back to a correct and established example when we imitate or paraphrase them; for the early bindings were the possession of the rich alone, and were held to be as legitimate testimonies of wealth and objects of display as jewels or silver. Had they been popular possessions, we may be sure that the same fine taste which made them sumptuous for the few would have made them serviceable for the many, however beautiful in color or admirable in design.

This fashion of overdecorativeness in decoration is a Saturn devouring its own children. The value of the thing is lost. Thus we see "tidies" made by deft fingers ostensibly to protect lounges and chairs from the

ravages of warm palms, or "thy incomparable oil, Macassar." But these webs are so dainty, with mysterious "drawn-work," and painfully wrought hand lace, and fairy embroideries, that if time and eyesight be worth anything, they are far costlier than the most prodigal upholstery, while the very thought of the wash-tub is profanation.

Lamp mats fall under the same condemnation, being often of material so expensive and of ornamentation so rich that they are fit only for wall-hangings. But the obvious use of a lamp mat is to protect the table from oil spots, or the end of a burning match. And in the same way the table-cloth itself is often too fine for use. Decorative art is not fine art, pure and simple, for it must respect utility by the very limitations of its existence; and when it ceases to do so, however it may catch the popular fancy, it has become false in idea and foolish in form.

FASHIONABLE DANCES OF 1881.

THE "Lancers," "Waltz," "Galop," "German," and the "Quadrille" are the dances named on the ball cards of the period. The last-named has led, however, a precarious existence. It was attempted at one of the Patriarchs' balls, but the figures were not familiar, and the admirable effort to give the chaperons and papas a chance to vary the monotony of their wall-flower existence failed. It was danced, however, with more success at one or two very elegant parties, and then laid on the shelf until the summer, when it will be a favorite dance at watering-places. The Waltz—*la valse à trois temps*—holds, as it has held for forty years, the first place amongst the round dances. The beautiful music of Strauss, the truly graceful step and motion, are to be accredited with its first success at Vienna, and for the hold it has had on the world since. The various steps of the waltz family consist of the hop waltz, the glide waltz, the redowa waltz, and the waltz proper: all are beautiful. There are, however, spurious daughters of the waltz, which are occasionally danced by people desirous of notoriety at public balls, which should be avoided. Amongst these are what is called the "Boston Dip," the "Racket," and the "Society." These exaggerated forms of the beautiful waltz movement are not taught by the best dancing-masters. As one of them well remarks: "Should such a style of dancing prevail, dancing must go down. Its enemies would have unanswerable arguments against it." They are sensational, exaggerated; one might easily use a harsher term. The dance of society should be easy, natural, modest, quiet, graceful, and those dancers who copy the excesses of the Bal Mabille or indulge in theatrical poses are in favor neither in Europe nor in America. *Pur* caricatures the "pivotal" dances in London, and the "Minstrels" broadly imitate them here.

The Galop is very fashionable, and exceedingly graceful. It has, too, the much-needed element of jollity without coarseness; it is "l'allegrò" of the ball-room. To the inspiring strains of "Gambrius," the galop has lighted up the Patriarchs' balls, the F. C. D. C., and the superb private balls of this winter. It combines much of that Viking force and *verve* which one admires in the dancing of Swedes, Danes, and Russians. It is energetic without being romping; it is quick and lively without being rowdy. A handsome, tall, slender young couple in the galop, recall the graceful visions of the Greek frieze; there is poetry and romance in the sight. The fair Atalanta skims o'er the plain of the ball-room with a freshness which recalls the morning of the world.

The Redowa is a pretty and a fashionable form of the waltz. It is composed of a step known as the *pas de basque*, and was formerly only danced to the wild Polish mazourka music, but is now adapted to the *trois temps*. There is a suggestion of the Cossack and the Danube in it, softened by the elegance of a Viennese salon. Its step is technically indicated as a *jeté*, a *glissé*, and a *coupé dessous*. The feet are, however, never raised from the floor, and it should be studied under a master.

The Glide Waltz is a slight, frail exaggeration upon the waltz proper, and should be but very slightly exaggerated. It, however, has met with much favor, and is the best and original form of the now disused "Boston Dip."

The Polka is never danced in a ball-room by well-bred people. It is occasionally, with its heel-and-toe accompaniment, danced in the parlor, after a Christmas-tree or Easter-egg party, by a family circle well known to each other, but it would be vulgar in public.

The German Cotillion, or, to use its French name, the "Cotillon," began in Vienna forty years ago, and was for a time kept sacred to the princes and the nobles of sixteen quarterings. It is now, as then, the aristocrat of the ball-room. Every ball of fashionable *prestige* has ended with it this winter. Some hostesses, early in the winter, attempted to do without it on account of its disadvantages, which are, in the first place, the trouble of getting it up, and secondly, the fact (which should always concern a hostess) that certain young ladies who are left out of the "German" lose their dance for the evening; again, its great length, and the dangers of uncongenial partnership; still greater, the intolerable expense, now rendered almost inevitable, growing out of the fact that the favors for the German, once consisting of flowers, ribbons, and bits of tinsel, are now made by certain opulent hostesses to consist of gold horseshoe and mouse and pig scarf pins, silver and gold bangles, gold pins and pencil cases, fans, and *cordelières*. One lady at Newport gave two balls in the summer of 1879, at which the favors cost five thousand dollars. This

is, of course, impossible to most entertainers; therefore it has been sometimes omitted. But the advantages of the favorite dance are manifold, and it has prevailed at the large balls, such as the Patriarchs, the F. C. D. C., and at the more fashionable private houses.

To give a German, the hostess should send out her invitations two weeks in advance. She should cover her parlor carpets with crash, or if she has a parquet floor, *tant mieux*; she must have all the furniture removed, and place camp-stools around the room in phalanxes. The business of choosing a leader is little less onerous than the choice of a president or a general. The leader must have a habit of command, nerve, and be fertile in resource. On his ability and his impartiality does the happiness of his company depend. At the large balls gentlemen tie chairs together with their handkerchiefs for themselves and partners, thus putting in a pre-emption claim which is never disregarded. The German begins after supper, and is danced from two to four hours. Its variety of figures is enormous, eighty-seven being recorded in one manual, called the *Prompter*. The music should be full, and for a large ball two bands are necessary. For a small parlor German a piano and a violin are all that is necessary. In the middle of the German hot bouillon is served to the dancers, and a second supper awaits them when they are finished.

Some of the figures strive to recall that graceful and beautiful minuet of the last century whose initial and terminating bows have been spoken of by Burke as typifying "that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience," which makes men fascinating and women graceful. Again, some figures have the wild grace of the Magyar, the military air of the camp, the "descampativo" of Marie Antoinette, the stately "pavane" of Queen Elizabeth. It is the conglomerate of all ages; it is the apotheosis of the dance.

One of the prettiest of figures is that called "Bouquets and Boutonnieres." A number of these prepared flowers are placed on a table, where the leader has arranged them. The first couple perform a *tour de valse*. They then separate. The gentleman takes a bouquet, and the lady a boutonniere. They now select new partners, to whom they present the bouquet and boutonniere, the lady attaching the boutonniere to the gentleman's coat. They perform a *tour de valse* with their new partners, which is repeated by all the couples. Other favors are frequently substituted for flowers, and at the grand Germans the leader brings in an immense cushion with the gold and silver jewelry which has become so fashionable, and these take the places of the flowers. Other and simpler favors, such as little bells, rosettes, miniature flags, stars, artificial butterflies, badges, sashes, bonbons, etc., take the place of the foolishly expensive jewelry. Another pretty figure is called "The Mirror." The first couple perform a *tour de valse*. The gentleman seats the lady upon a chair in the centre of the room, and presents her with a small mirror. The leader then selects a gentleman from the circle, and conducts him behind her chair. The lady looks in the mirror, and if she declines the partner offered, by turning the mirror over or shaking her head, the leader continues to offer partners until the lady accepts. The gentlemen refused return to their seats, or select partners and join in the dance.

"The Serpent" is also a favorite and a very graceful figure. The first couple waltz round, and the gentleman leaves his partner in the corner of the room, her face turned toward the wall, and then brings three or four ladies whom he places behind his own lady, leaving a proper distance between them. He then chooses an equal number of gentlemen (himself included), with whom he forms a loose chain, and leads them rapidly in a serpentine course between the ladies, until he reaches his partner, when he clasps his hands, and each gentleman dances with the lady in front of him.

"The Kaleidoscope" is another very pretty figure. The first four couples waltz round, then form as in a quadrille. The next four couples in order take positions behind the first four couples, each of the latter couples facing the same as the couples in front. At a signal from the leader the ladies of the inner couples cross right hands, move entirely round, and turn into places by giving left hands to their partners, at the same time the outer couples waltz half round to opposite places. At another signal the inner couples waltz entirely round, and finish facing outward, at the same time the outer couples *chasse croisé*, and turn at corners with right hands, then *déchassé* and turn partners with left hands. Every body waltzes then with his or her *vis-à-vis*, and so on *ad infinitum*.

It will be seen that the German is a dance of infinite variety, and a leader of original mind constructs new figures constantly. The waltz, the galop, and the redowa are the only steps tolerated in it, except the slow waltz in the quadrille figures, and the stately march, the bows, and courtesies of the minuet in some figures. Like Cleopatra, "custom can not stale its infinite variety." The favorite waltz composers are Strauss, Waldteufel, Resch, and Suppe, and Rudolph Bial is coming into favor. Yet in one sense the aristocratic German is a democracy, for, once within its circle, all are supposed to be introduced, nor should any lady refuse to dance with any gentleman whom she may chance to receive as a partner through the changeable exigencies of the various figures.

The term *tour de valse* is used technically, and means that the couple or couples performing it will execute the round dance designated by the leader once around the room. Should the room be small, they make a second tour.

The Lancers has kept in favor for many years. One or two sets are always danced at the fashionable balls, as they afford an opportunity for the few who like to "tread a stately measure,"

SNOW-DROPS.

(CONSOLATION.)

A SMALL bird twitters on a leafless spray; Across the snow-waste breaks a gleam of gold: What token can I give my friend to-day But February blossoms, pure and cold? Frail gifts from Nature's half-reluctant hand, What if he deems them meaningless and pale? I see the signs of spring about the land, I hear in dreams the cuckoo's summer tale; And these chill snow-drops, fresh from wintery bower, Are the forerunners of a world of flowers.

yet whose heads will not bear the giddy waltz. The figures are too well known to need a description here. Quiet and unobtrusive dancing, with the feet close to the floor, is alone permitted in the best salons.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CHILDREN'S MOTHER HUBBARD CLOAKS.

MOTHER HUBBARD cloaks and dresses of the same name, with poke bonnets, are the caprice of the moment for tiny girls from two to five or six years of age. These old-fashioned garments make the little creatures look as if they had just stepped out of one of Kate Greenaway's books, so quaint and picturesque are they. The Mother Hubbard cloaks are pretty models for the light wraps of soft woollens worn in the spring when heavy wadded garments are laid aside. They are made of ladies' cloth, camel's-hair, Biarritz cloth, or other repped or diagonal goods in pale shades of drab, olive, or gray, and sometimes of pale blue or white. The English Cheviots are also used for this purpose, with dark brown or drab for the prevailing colors, lighted by dashes of red, blue, or green. When these cloths are not sufficiently heavy and substantial-looking, they are lined with the striped foulards now sold for such purposes in pretty shades of blue, old gold, or red with white, for 28 or 30 cents a yard. The cloaks are long enough to conceal the entire dress beneath, and are made with a straight yoke lining covering the shoulders, on which the cloth is Shirred in many horizontal rows. To this yoke the full cloak is Shirred, falling thence perfectly straight in back and front, with or without being Shirred at the waist line in a deep cluster behind and before alike. The top of the full cloak is first faced an inch and a half deep with colored Surah satin, then gathered in three or four rows near the bottom of the Surah, and sewed in the gathering to the edge of the yoke, leaving a pretty faced ruffle erect upon the yoke. Instead of Shirring at the waist line, many such cloaks are merely held back by a satin ribbon sewed in the seams under the arms, and tied in the middle of the back; this is just high enough up to give a short-waisted, bunched, old-fashioned look, and three bows of similar ribbon with long loops are placed down the front of the garment, one at the throat, the next at the short waist, and the third near the hem which is around the cloak. If the cloak falls open, it is well to put a "fly" for button-holes and buttons beneath the front hems. The sleeves are gathered at the wrists with faced ruffle and a bow, and may be fulled into the armhole if the child is very slight, making the regular bishop sleeves. Sometimes a puff on the armhole is preferred.

MOTHER HUBBARD DRESSES.

Mother Hubbard dresses for small girls are made just as the cloaks are, but are fastened behind. The ordinary yoke slips are a good guide for these, provided the yoke is fully Shirred. Soft sleazy flannels and pretty little cashmere dresses are being made up in this way, especially in pale blue, drab, and cream white shades, and for later in the season ginghams and white soft muslins are similarly made. Sashes are not worn with these dresses, and the Shirring at the waist line is omitted for very small girls; this Shirring must not go all the way around the waist in German peasant dress fashion, but must be confined to a single cluster in the back and front.

POKE BONNETS FOR CHILDREN.

Poke bonnets to complete such a dress are shown in all the various kinds of straw, and even in white piqué; in the latter material they have full high crowns buttoned on to the wagon-top front, and these crowns may be of muslin stiffly starched, or of piqué like the front, according to the mother's taste. The rough straws of soft qualities in cream white, gray, and black are chosen for pokes for general wear, while finer ones are of the open lace straws in vogue for ladies. A large bow of ribbon loops on top, and strings to tie the bonnet under the chin, are the trimmings most used for every-day pokes. More dressy ones have white ostrich feathers and ivory satin loops for trimming. The broad fronts, almost round above the forehead, are very popular, and sometimes have a cap-like face trimming of pleated lace inside. Other pokes are narrow, and though close beside the ears, project very far above the face in a way that makes a demure child look like a comical yet pretty caricature. Larger girls also wear pokes of rough straw in all the various modifications displayed for ladies, but the favorite shape shelves downward toward the forehead, is very short on the sides, and is turned up abruptly behind. A long ostrich feather, nearly surrounding the crown, is the trimming for the nicest pokes, while those for every-day wear have a gay bayadere-striped scarf or kerchief folded carelessly around the crown.

GIRLS' ROUND HATS.

Very large round hats with wide flaring brims, not wired, but turned up most in front, are worn far back on the head, especially by girls who wear a bang on the forehead. These come in the rough straws, in Panama braids, and in chips, and are trimmed with two or three pompons and two rows of thick cord when the rough straw is used. For the Panama braids striped Surahs and wide ribbons are liked, while for the more dressy chips there are many small ostrich tips around the crown, or else a single long plume. One of the newest round hats, called the Olivette, has the brim curling upward and outward all around, except far behind on the right side, where it suddenly projects in a sharp point down toward the shoulder. This gay little hat is most often trimmed with feathers. The new porcupine straws, with stiff projecting loops of the braid, are very effective when trimmed with long

loops of ivory satin ribbon, two or three white silk pompons in a cluster on the left side, and, for the facing of the brim, velvet of some becoming color, such as dark blue, garnet, brown, olive, or black, to frame the face and be an effective background for the delicate tints in the child's face and hair. The creamy yellow Tuscan braids and Leghorns are made into both pokes and flats for very dressy wear, with white satin and feathers for trimming. There are also little poke bonnets and round hats for very small girls, made of row after row of pleated Breton lace mounted on a frame, and trimmed with feathers and flowers. High pointed crowns are seen on some of the rough straw round hats, and these have a row of silk pompons at the base, while the stiff brim is lined with velvet.

IMPORTED DRESSES FOR GIRLS.

Imported dresses for misses and small girls are made of all the stylish materials worn by ladies, but instead of the sombre hues, the brown, gray, and purples used lately, there are many bright colors among these. The China silks, bayadere-striped Surahs, fine French cashmeres, foulards, nuns' veiling, the heavier French bunting, Bengaline silk, Louisines, and piqués of various kinds, are used in the elaborate French dresses shown at the furnishing houses. For very small girls the princesse style prevails, also the single long box-pleated dress worn with a belt, but for larger girls the preference is for suits of two or three pieces, such as a polonaise with skirt, or else a waist of some kind, with a trimmed skirt representing an over-skirt, and some quaint little cape, scarf, or jacket for the street. It is objected to these imported dresses that they are too elaborately made and of too costly materials, but they are full of suggestions to the practiced modiste, who simplifies them, and occasionally copies them literally in plainer fabrics. Shirring is one of the marked features of these dresses; the deep wide collars are also an important part; the use of puffed skirts and of soft bias puffs for trimming instead of ruffles, and the profusion of embroidered trimmings, are equally noticeable. There are little princesse dresses of China silk—either cream, pink, or pale blue—that are Shirred all over on a lining, or else they are pleated entirely from the neck down. Two little handkerchief points form an apron, and the ends are knotted behind quite bouffantly. The deep collar is square behind, and pointed to the waist in front, with flat appliquéd embroidery laid on the Surah collar, and full frills of Languedoc or point d'esprit lace standing inside it. These dresses have a cambric or cheap silk foundation of the simplest princesse or sacque shape, and the Shirring is done immediately upon this lining. The soft Bengaline silks are used for pleated skirts to be worn with sailor blouse-waists of Surah that fall far lower beyond the waist line than any blouses hitherto worn. These are copied in flannels, Cheviots, and in ginghams for every-day wear. The coachman's drab flannels are the fashion this season for children, though more easily soiled than the dark blue flannel so long worn. The ginghams are in half-inch stripes, or else in two-inch plaids of a single color with white. These may be made in a still simpler way with three box pleats from the neck down, sewed permanently half the length of the skirt, then falling open, and trimmed with a wide edging of Hamburg embroidery in very open patterns. A deep round collar of this work, with square cuffs of the same turned up outside the wrists of bishop sleeves, gives style to this little dress. Other ginghams are cut low square neck, without sleeves, and are worn over a white guimpe of pleated muslin. Solid pink or blue Chambérys are made in this way, and are laid in box pleats scarcely an inch wide from the neck nearly to the foot.

Flannels and Cheviot dresses for spring, and linens and piqués for summer, are made for very small children—either boys or girls—to fasten in front; one of the best shapes is a straight double-breasted garment, with two very wide box pleats the entire length of the back, and two in front, with two rows of buttons down the middle. The collar is deep and square, and this, with the cuffs and wide belt, may be of a different color; the belt passes under the box pleats, and is buckled in front. More elaborate piqué dresses have insertions of embroidery or of linen lace let in down the front, with pleatings behind; still others have brocaded-looking designs in the piqué, or else small blocks like satin squares are woven in, while many have embroidery done directly on the repped material. Thinner white dresses are of creamy mull Shirred at the neck and at the waist in Mother Hubbard clusters, and trimmed with many long-looped bows of two kinds of satin ribbon, such as rose with blue, pink with red, or cream with garnet. Twill-striped linen lawns and striped muslins are also made up in this way for summer.

Very wide sashes of *ombré* Surah cut lengthwise, or else the broad shaded ribbons, are chosen to shade from pink to dark red, or sky blue to deep blue, to be worn with white princesse dresses. The sash is put in many folds far below the waist around the figure, and may be tied in a large bow behind, or in drooping loops on the left side. On many dresses there are three or four straps of insertion, finished on each side with edging sewed lengthwise on the dress, and the sash is passed through these.

For wool and silk dresses the Greek polonaise is used for larger girls. This fits the waist like a Jersey, is laced behind, and is drawn up high on the left side. Sometimes this has the Marguerite puffed sleeve, and when made of white wool, looks like the Marguerite dress in *Faust*. It is, however, more often imported in pale blue nuns' veiling, or in garnet cashmere looped up to disclose a skirt of bayadere-striped Surah that has in it every color of the rainbow. Sometimes block silks of two colors are used for these skirts, such as red with green, or blue with red. There are

two ribbons used to loop the polonaise of these dresses; these are passed around the hips, and knotted in long loops where the skirt is caught up on the left. The darker ribbon is on the outside, and the lighter ribbon is laid inside it, to show on the edges like a facing. Dark green nuns' veiling is a stylish fabric for misses' dresses, and French modistes trim it quaintly with pleatings of pale blue and paler pink Surah around the foot, while quantities of point d'esprit lace are gathered for trimmings about the waist. These inexpensive laces are pretty garnitures for wool and silks alike.

For plainer wool dresses large girls have Cheviots and flannels made with the single-breasted hunting jackets that have but one wide double box pleat down the middle of the back, and two broad single box pleats in front. The over-skirt is of the round apron shape so long worn, and this, like the skirt beneath, has rows of machine stitching for its only trimming.

Imported wraps for girls are Mother Hubbard capes Shirred around the neck, and also shoulder mantles that barely cover the shoulders behind, being cut off quite straight across, and with long straight tabs in front. The folded kerchiefs and fichu-shaped garments are also shown in as elaborate fabrics as those worn by ladies, but jackets and Ulsterettes are preferred by American girls, and are shown in most convenient and useful shapes. The box-pleated and belted hunting jacket of Cheviot is in great favor as an outside wrap for school-girls, and is worn with a wide belt to which a bag is attached. The Ulsterettes most liked have a shoulder cape or else the deeper Havelock cape reaching to the waist line, and open up the middle of the back; these Ulsters have deep pleats down the skirt in the back, and pockets on the hips.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.; E. A. MORRISON; LORD & TAYLOR; and JAMES MCCREERY & CO.

PERSONAL.

REV. W. H. MURRAY is carrying on a small farm in San Antonio, Texas. His wife is in Germany for her health.

The Duke of Aosta's trip to the wedding at Berlin, as representative of his brother, the King of Italy, cost him the modest sum of one hundred thousand dollars; he having been furnished in advance with a table of fees to be given to each servant at Berlin, down to the porter of the castle, whose share was a pin worth one hundred and fifty dollars.

The Bishop of Sydney lately married a third wife, whom he had baptized in her infancy.

A gentleman in Indiana, Pennsylvania, is owner of the hammer with which JOHN PAUL JONES nailed the historic flag to the mast of his ship.

The wife of EDWIN ARNOLD, author of "The Light of Asia," is a grandniece of Dr. CHANNING, and an architect of distinction in London.

The artist Mr. FREDERICK CHURCH is traveling in Mexico with friends.

When Mr. VANDERBILT wished, last year, to engage a special car to take him from Paris to Nice, it took seven days and a directors' meeting before he obtained it. For any one to obtain a special car in this benighted country takes just five minutes.

On one occasion, when Mr. CYRUS FIELD was crossing the Atlantic, and asked that a certain sermon might be read on Sunday by his brother, who was along, Captain — refused permission, remarking, "I'll have you to understand, sir, that on board this ship I represent the Church of England, d—d if I don't!"

—VIEUXTEMPS, the unrivaled violinist, now uses his talent altogether in composing. He spends his time with his son-in-law Dr. LANDOWSKI, who is at the head of a private sanatorium in Algeria. He sometimes shows a favored friend his old violins, some dozen or more invaluable instruments, each wrapped in soft flannels and wools, and laid away like a dead child in its little coffin. He lifts them and caresses them, but they do not respond to his touch, for the master's left arm was paralyzed in 1872, and he can no longer play.

The Marquis of Westminster left an estate with an income of more than a million a year, ten thousand pounds going to each of his daughters, and the remainder to his son, now the Duke of Westminster. Old leases falling in, and renewed at an advance of more than a hundred per cent, have doubled this vast rent-roll. One of the sisters married in Cannes, in the South of France, an accomplished physician, who wished to settle in London; but with the English contempt for physicians in general, and the Duke of Westminster's in particular, the Duke gave his sister another ten thousand pounds to keep her husband out of England—a circumstance throwing light on Miss THACKERAY's little story of "Fina's Aunt," lately published in the BAZAR.

—General ORD took with him into Mexico a quantity of carp to stock the old Aztec waters.

—The emeralds taken from the head of a jeweled cane once belonging to SANTA ANNA are in the possession of Mrs. General POLK, together with a seal ring brought from Egypt and given to President POLK by J. G. MASON.

—Mrs. CHRISTIANA THOMPSON, mother of Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON BUTLER, painter of the "Roll-Call" of some clever pictures in London.

—Lady de Sandridge is the name under which the Princess LOUISE is travelling through Italy.

—It is reported that Mr. BRENTANO says that his subscription list for *Punch* has increased some two hundred copies during the last year, chiefly owing to the fact that DU MAURIER's caricatures of the *Aesthetes* afford ideas in dress to those who ape the *Aesthetes* on this side of the water.

—So great is the demand for pampas grass that immense fields of it are being cultivated in Southern California.

—The Empress of Austria recently sent to a reporter a dressing-case embossed in silver, as a mark of her pleasure at his account of some of her exploits in the field.

—The American FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, Miss CLARA BARTON, is a plain, sweet-faced elderly lady, who dresses in rich but quiet taste, and wears at her throat an enamelled pin bearing the scarlet device of the Society of the Ge-

neva Cross, of which order she was an active member during the Franco-Prussian war. As the adviser of the Grand Duchess MARIE of Baden, she did much toward establishing the system of hospitals instituted by that princess.

—Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON's London house is said to be one of the most beautiful houses in the world; its "gem" is the divan, ornamented with marvellous marbles and tiles.

—General B. F. BUTLER's journey to St. Thomas was to the grave of his father, who is buried there.

—The portrait of Mrs. HAYES now in the White House idealizes her. The velvet dress of pale maroon is cut in square-necked fashion; with the left hand she lifts the sweeping velvet train, while the right hand holds loosely two or three half-blown Marshal Neil roses.

—A special delegation to St. Petersburg to attend the crowning of ALEXANDER III., with a cardinal at its head, is to be sent by the Pope.

—Dr. S. W. FRANCIS has added a lock of the Duke of Wellington's hair to the collection of relics of the Newport Artillery.

—For attempting to spread abolition sentiments in Vergennes, Vermont, fifty years ago, FREDERICK DOUGLASS was nearly mobbed. Today that place has a negro Sheriff, a French Mayor, and a young woman as City Clerk. "The world moves."

—Mr. OTTO BRUNNER's Swiss colony is to be planted in Kentucky, and not in West Virginia, as first reported.

—A summer residence at Northeast Harbor, Mount Desert, is soon to be built by President ELIOT, of Harvard College.

—ROSA BONHEUR is at Nice, in delicate health.

—At the inauguration of STORRY's statue of PRESCOTT upon Bunker Hill, on June 17, the address is to be made by Hon. R. C. WINTHROP, who will also deliver the chief speech at the Yorktown celebration.

—STAINER's beautiful hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," was recently voted vulgar and offensive by the high-art critics in New College Chapel, England.

—Miss HELEN TINKER was the instigator of the Flower Mission of Boston, which has carried pleasure to so many poor homes and sick-beds.

—There exists in Geneva a youthful portrait of George Eliot, painted by D'ALBERT DURADE, an artist in whose family she boarded for a winter, in 1849 or 1850, when her auburn hair curled and her blue eyes were soft and bright.

—Hon. ALEXANDER H. RICE, of Boston, has a cane cut from the frame of the United States steam-ship *Kearsarge* after her fight with the *Alabama*, and presented to him by Boatswain H. P. GRACE, of the navy.

—Silesia sent to Prince WILLIAM and his bride a necklace of very large diamonds of the purest water. The casket containing them was made from an oak in the palace garden at Dolzig, where the Princess was born, and the inner drawers from the wood of a table on which the new-born babe was first put into her swaddling clothes.

—Miss LELIA ROBINSON, of Boston, who is the first woman to claim the right to practice law in Massachusetts, is the Boston correspondent of the Fall River *News*.

—The first girl baby born in Louisville, Kentucky, Mrs. BETSY GIVENS, has lately died at the mature age of one hundred and three.

—The Marquis TSENG, Chinese Minister to France, carries his sleeping arrangements with him wherever he goes, being forbidden by etiquette and custom from sleeping on beds used by outer barbarians.

—Admiral CARR GLYNN, to whom ADELAIDE NEILSON left the most of her fortune, intends to set aside fifteen thousand dollars, the interest to be devoted to the relief of needy members of the profession, under the administration of himself, HENRY IRVING, and J. L. TOOLE.

—A peasant named KOMINAROFF, who prevented the first attempt to murder the Czar, and who was afterward enriched and ennobled, has become melancholy mad, and finds his only pleasure watching his successor lighting the lamps at one of the railway stations, where he usually passes his days, sometimes assisting his old comrades in their work.

—JOHN BRIGHT says that Americans are the only people who sign their names legibly.

—Ten years ago LOUIS of Bavaria was handsome enough to answer for model of a young god: tall and graceful, with brown hair curling on his forehead, with dark blue eyes full of fire and poetry. He is still thought to be the handsomest king in Europe.

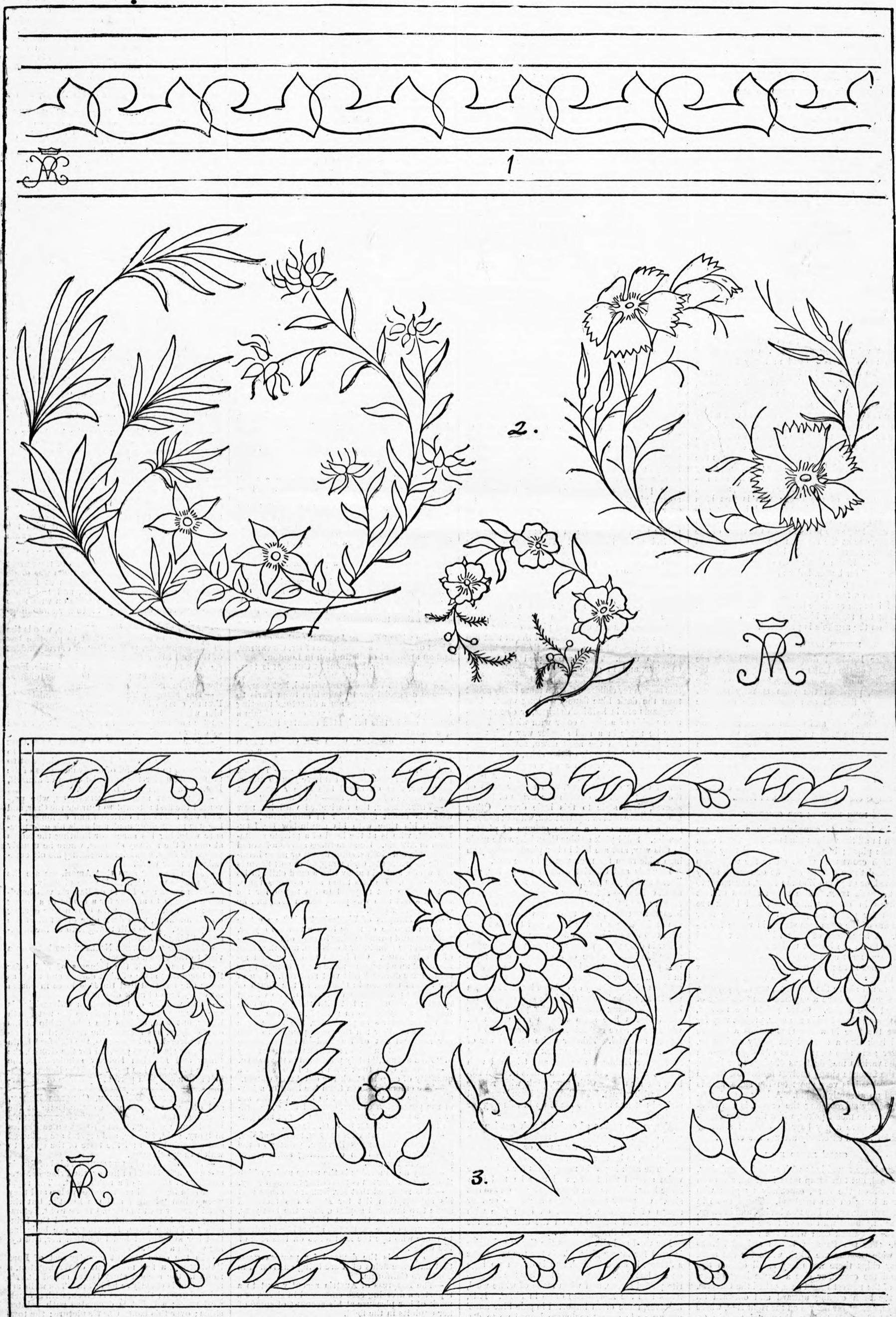
—Madame CHRISTINE NILSSON has been on a visit to the Queen of Spain.

—We may thank the Princess of Wales for the becoming style of high collars and ruffs, as some one has said that the face loses in charm for every inch of neck displayed.

—The wonder of the English universities is one MARGOLIOUTH, who believes life not worth living, but who, besides the scholarship at his own college, has secured the Hertford and Ireland University scholarships, the Gaisford Latin prose prize (and was proximi for the Greek), the Pusey and Ellerton Hebrew scholarships, the Syriac prize, and has now added the Boden Sanskrit scholarship—a perfect squadron of scholarships.

—MEISSONIER, D'EPINAY, CAROLUS DURAN, and other art critics were enthusiastic at the opening of the Baron ADOLPHE DE ROTHSCHILD's Renaissance gallery, where Renaissance glories in ivory, gold, faience, and crystal are gathered and classified with all the taste of the epoch to which they belonged.

—The first love of ALEXANDER Third of Russia was a beautiful maid of honor, the Princess METCHERSKA, daughter of a noble poet. The royal lover said he would marry nobody else, and they were called "Beauty and the Beast"; but the cruel parents sent the Grand Duke to St. Petersburg with his regiment, and married the Princess to Prince PAUL DEMIDOFF, she believing that her sweetheart had forgotten her, and dying within a year at Vienna.



Figs. 1-3.—GREEK HONEYSUCKLE BORDER, JAPANESE CIRCLES, AND PERSIAN CHRYSANTHEMUM DESIGN.
FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.—[SEE PAGE 295.]

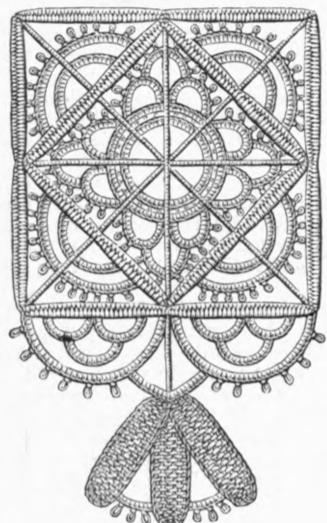


Fig. 2.—WROUGHT GUIPURE LACE FOR CHILD'S COLLAR, FIG. 1.

Plaid Surah and Lace Neck-Tie.

THIS cravat bow consists of a strip of plaid Surah twelve inches wide, which is edged with cream-colored lace two inches wide, arranged in the manner shown in the illustration on a stiff net foundation, and fastened with a bronze clasp.

**Child's Collar.
Wrought Guipure.
Figs. 1-3.**

THIS collar is made of fine linen, which is turned down half an inch wide at the edge, and hem-stitched. The border, which was designed by Madame Emilie Bach, directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work, is wrought guipure lace, and is worked according to Figs. 2 and 3. To make the lace, the whole design as it is shown in Fig.

1 is transferred to oiled linen with the help of Figs. 2 and 3, which show the two figures of the design in full size. The oiled linen is basted on enameled cloth, and then double threads of medium fine linen floss are stretched along the two lines which contain the row of squares, and form the upper and lower sides, and fastened down

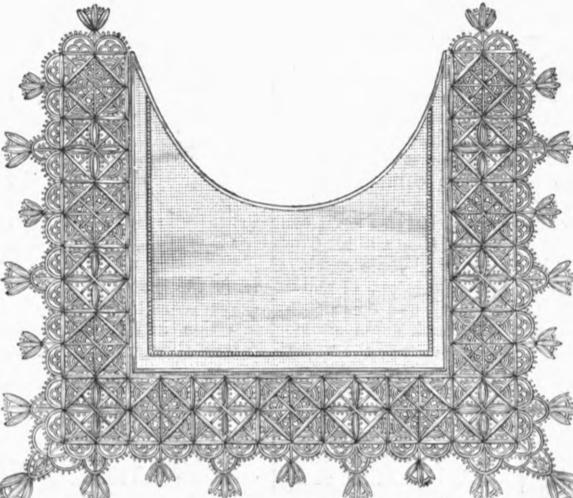


Fig. 1.—CHILD'S COLLAR.—WROUGHT GUIPURE.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.] Designed by Madame Emilie Bach, Directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work.

between opposite corners of each second one of the small squares in order to form the middle veins of the four leaf-shaped figures inclosed as shown in Fig. 3. For each leaf, beginning at the centre, a row of button-hole stitches is worked along the thread; not side by side, but with small regular spaces between them, after which a second row is worked on the other side of the thread, putting the needle, for each stitch, between two stitches in the first row. The next row on both sides consists of ladder stitches, for each of which a button-hole stitch is worked on the following third stitch in the preceding row, and then wound with the working thread. In the last row three button-hole stitches are worked around each stitch in the preceding row, working in picots at regular intervals:

to form a picot, the working thread is passed around a pin put



PLAID SURAH AND LACE NECK-TIE.

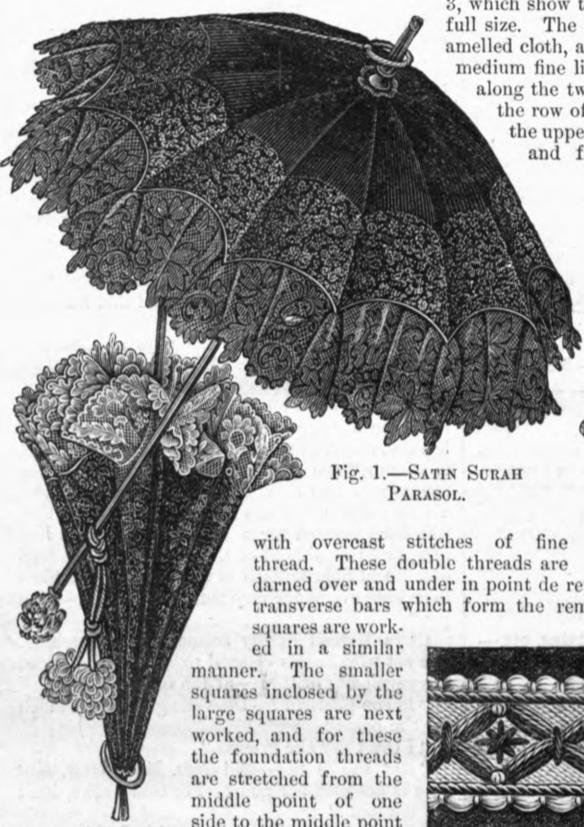


Fig. 1.—SATIN SURAH PARASOL.

with overcast stitches of fine thread. These double threads are darned over and under in point de reprise, and then the single transverse bars which form the remaining two sides of the squares are worked in a similar manner. The smaller squares inclosed by the large squares are next worked, and for these the foundation threads are stretched from the middle point of one side to the middle point of the next in the outer squares. The working thread is then stretched

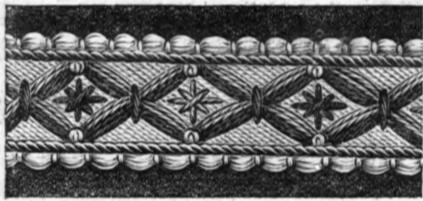


Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR CARNATION DESIGN, FIG. 1.

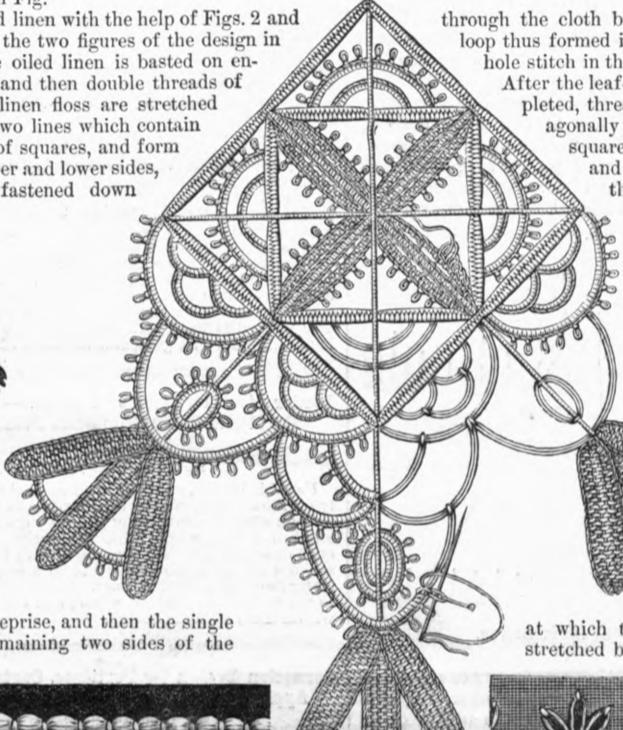


Fig. 3.—WROUGHT GUIPURE LACE FOR CHILD'S COLLAR, FIG. 1.



Fig. 3.—SURAH PARASOL.

at which the second end of the scallop touches, then stretched back to the point from which it started, after which button-hole stitches with or without picots at regular intervals, according to the illustration, are worked around the double foundation thread. The inner part of the remaining squares is worked in a similar manner according to Fig.

Fig. 4.—GROS GRAIN PARASOL.

Fig. 2.—BROCADE SATIN DE LYON PARASOL.



Fig. 1.—CARNAVAL DESIGN FOR PORTIÈRES, CURTAINS, ETC.—APPLICATION AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 2.]

2. The scallops that touch each other around the outer edge are worked in connection. The pendent leaflets are worked in dovetailed button-hole stitch, like that used in working the leaf-shaped figures within the squares, and are connected by button-hole stitch scallops. When the outer edge of the lace is completed, a row in ladder stitch is worked along the straight inner edge, and above this a row in button-hole stitch. The lace border is then joined in overcast stitch to the edge of the collar.

AN APRIL PASTORAL.

He. WHITHER away, fair Neat-herdless?
She. Shepherd, I go to tend my kine.
He. Stay thou, and watch this flock of mine.
She. With thee? Nay, that were idleness.
He. Thy kine will pasture none the less.
She. Not so; they wait me and my sign.
He. I'll pipe to thee beneath the pine.
She. Thy pipe will soothe not their distress.
He. Dost thou not hear beside the spring
 How the gay birds are carolling?
She. I hear them. But it may not be.
He. Farewell then, Sweetheart! Farewell now.
She. Shepherd, farewell—Where goest thou?
He. I go... to tend thy kine for thee!

STITCHES USED IN HAND EMBROIDERY,

AS TAUGHT AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

I.

TO avoid pulling or puckering the work, care should be taken, first, that the needle be not too small, so as to require any force in drawing it through the material; second, that the material be held in a convex position over the fingers, so that the crewel or silk shall be looser than the ground; and third, that too long needlefuls be not used. These rules apply to all hand-worked embroideries.

STITCHES.

Directions for some of these have already been given, but it would, perhaps, be as well to repeat them here, in order that reference can be made to the one article for any desired stitch.

Stem Stitch.—The first stitch which is taught to a beginner is "stem stitch" (wrongly called also "crewel stitch," as it has no claim to being used exclusively in crewel embroidery). It is most useful in work done in the hand, and especially in outlines of flowers, unshaded leaves, arabesques, and all conventional designs. It may be best described as

a long stitch forward on the right side, and a shorter one backward on the under side of the fabric, the stitches following one another almost in line from left to right. The effect on the wrong side is that of an irregular back-stitching, as distinguished from regular stitching. A leaf, worked in outline, should be begun at the lower or stalk end, and worked round the right side to the top, taking care that the needle is to the left of the thread every time it is drawn out. When the point of the leaf is reached, it is best to turn the work, and reverse the operation in working down the left side toward the stalk again, so as to keep the needle to the right of the thread instead of to the left, as in going up. The reason of this will be easily understood. We will suppose the leaf to have a slightly serrated edge (and there is no leaf in nature with an absolutely smooth one). It will be found that in order to give this ragged appearance it is necessary to have the points at which the insertions of the needle occur on the inside of the leaf; whereas, if the stem stitch were continued down the left side exactly in the same manner as in ascending the right, we should have the ugly anomaly of a leaf outlined thus, one serrated outline pointing upward, the other downward.

If the leaf is to be worked "solidly," another row of stem-stitching must be taken up the centre of it (unless it be a very narrow leaf) to the top. The two halves of the leaf must then be filled in separately with close even rows of stem stitch, worked in the ordinary way, with the needle to the left of the thread. This will prevent the ugly ridge which remains in the centre if the leaf is worked round and round the inside of the outline. Stem stitch must be varied according to the work in hand. If a perfectly even line is required, care must be taken that the direction of the needle when inserted is in a straight line with the preceding stitch. If a slight serrature is required, each stitch must be sloped a little by in-

serting the needle at a slight angle, as shown in illustration Fig. 2. The length of the surface stitches must also vary to suit the style of each piece of embroidery.

Split Stitch is worked like ordinary "stem," except that the needle is always brought up through the crewel or silk, which it splits in passing. The effect is to produce a more even line than is possible with the most careful stem stitch. It is used for delicate outlines. Split stitch is rarely used in *hand* embroidery, being more suitable for frame work, but has been described here as being a form of stem stitch. The effect is somewhat like a confused chain stitch.

Satin Stitch (French *plumetis*) is one of those chiefly used in white embroidery, and consists in taking the needle each time back again almost

to the spot from which it started, so that the stitches lie smoothly side by side, and the same amount of crewel or silk remains on the back of the work as on the front. This produces a surface as

smooth as satin: hence its name. It is chiefly used in working the petals of small flowers, such as forget-me-nots, and in arabesque designs, where a raised effect is wanted in small masses.

Blanket Stitch is used for working the edges of table-covers, mantel valances, blankets, etc., or for edging any material. It is simply a button-hole stitch, and may be varied in many ways

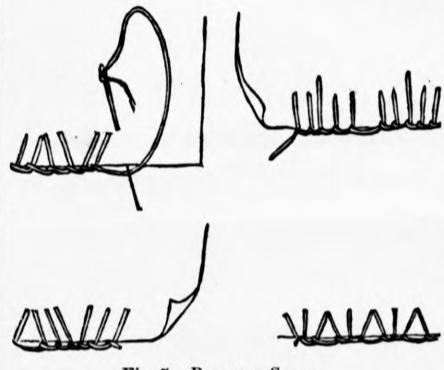


Fig. 4.—SATIN STITCH.

—by sloping the stitches alternately to right and left; by working two or three together, and leaving a space between them and the next set; or by working a second row round the edge of the cloth over the first, with a different shade of wool.

Knotted Stitch, or *French Knot*, is used for the centres of such flowers as the daisy or wild rose, and sometimes for the anthers of others. The needle is brought up at the exact spot where the knot is to be; the thread is held in the left hand, and twisted once or twice round the needle, the point of which is then passed back through the fabric close to the spot where it came up; the right hand draws it underneath, while the thumb of the left keeps the thread in its place until the knot is secure. The knots are increased in size according to the number of twists round the needle. When properly made, they should look like beads, and lie in perfectly even and regular rows. This stitch is very ancient, and does not seem confined to any country,

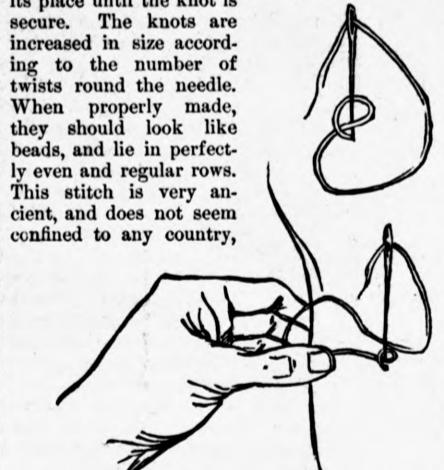


Fig. 5.—BLANKET STITCH.

and the Chinese execute large and elaborate pieces of embroidery in it, introducing beautiful shading. There is one variety of this stitch in which the thread is twisted a great many times round the needle, forming a sort of curl instead of a single knot. This is used in many ancient embroideries for the hair of saints and angels. Knotted stitch was also largely employed in all its forms in all the curious and ingenious but ugly styles in vogue during the reign of James I., when landscapes were frequently worked in cross or feather stitch, while the figures were raised over stuffing, and dressed, as it were, in robes made entirely in point lace or button-hole stitches executed in silk. The foliage of the trees and shrubs which we generally find in these embroidered pictures, as well as the hair of the figures, was worked in knotted stitches of various sizes, while the faces were in tent stitch, or were painted on white silk, and fastened on to the canvas or linen ground. Another variety of knotting, which is still occasionally used, resembles *bullion*, being made into a long roll.

Bullion Knot.—A stitch of the length of the intended roll is taken in the material, the needle being brought to the surface again in the same spot from which the thread originally started;

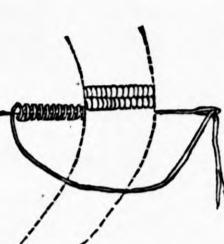


Fig. 7.—BULLION KNOT.

the thread is then twisted eight or ten times round the point of the needle, which is then drawn out carefully through the tunnel formed by the twists, this tunnel being kept in place by the left thumb. The point of the needle is then inserted once more in the same place as it first entered the material, the long knot or roll being drawn so as to lie evenly between the points of insertion and re-appearance, thus treating the twisted thread as if it were bullion or purl.

Parasols, Figs. 1-4.

See illustrations on page 293.

The parasol Fig. 1, which has twelve ribs, is covered with black satin Surah bordered four inches deep with colored brocade, lined with black taffeta, and edged with black Spanish lace five inches and a half deep. The stick is of polished wood, with a silver handle simulating a dog's head. Silk cord, finished with loop tassels, is knotted around the handle. A ring fastened by a silk cord, and slipped over the top, serves to close the parasol.

The cover of the parasol Fig. 2 is of black satin Lyon brocaded with gold; it is lined with black lustering, and edged with yellow Spanish lace five inches deep. The handle of the ebonized wooden stick is laid with a spray of leaves in gold. Black silk cord, finished with black and yellow silk tassels, is knotted about the stick.

The parasol Fig. 3 is covered with cream-colored Surah, trimmed with an embroidered border four inches deep; it is lined with cream-colored lustering, and edged with tassel fringe in the colors of the embroidery an inch and a half deep, and yellow Spanish lace four inches and a half deep. The stick is of bamboo, with a handle and tip of carved wood. Silk cord with loop tassels is knotted about the handle.

The parasol Fig. 4 is covered with black gros grain, bordered with lace two inches deep, and edged with similar lace two inches and a half deep. The lace is white net embroidered with red silk and gold thread. The parasol is lined with black lustering. The ebony handle is inlaid with gold, and finished with silk tassels.

Border for Children's Dresses.—Serpentine Braid and Chain Stitch and Point Russe Embroidery.

See illustration on page 293.

For this border, which may be worked either directly on the dress, apron, or other article to be trimmed, or on a strip of contrasting color, which is afterward stitched down, a row of white serpentine braid is fastened down on a strip of blue linen with long overcast stitches of red cotton, which form a serpentine line along the middle of the border. The long chain stitches are worked with white cotton, and the point Russe within them with red cotton.

Carnation Design for Portières, Curtains, etc.—Application and Point Russe Embroidery. Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 293.

This border, which is also suitable for a chair stripe, is worked on a foundation of maroon velvet. The design is transferred to the material according to Fig. 1, and for the applied figures the carnations are cut of white satin, and the leaves of olive satin. The design figures are pasted on the velvet foundation, and are all edged with old gold silk cord, which is also sewn down on the velvet foundation to outline the vines and stems. The applied figures are also edged with filoelle silk sewn down with overcast stitches of split silk, the flowers with white, and the leaves with bronze and réséda. The carnations are embroidered in point Russe with embroidery silk in two shades of rose pink. The middle veins of the leaves are worked in stem stitch with dark brown silk, the short veins are long chain stitches of light brown and réséda silk. The knotted stitches between the double lines are worked with white silk. For the narrow border, Fig. 2, which is used along the side edges of Fig. 1, yellow silk braid is fastened down, and two intersecting serpentine lines are worked over it by stretching from side to side double threads of light and dark brown silk; a knotted stitch is worked on each point at the edge, and an overcast stitch of réséda silk over each point of intersection. Smyrna stitches, alternately one of red and one of blue silk, are worked in the lozenge-shaped spaces. The border is edged on both sides with old gold silk cord, and outside of this, light réséda filoelle silk is sewn down with similar split silk.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR NO. 12, Vol. XIV.]

WOMEN ARE STRANGE.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

"Les femmes sont si étranges."—PAILLERON.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PAST SHADOWS.

This was to be a day of surprises for Clara Darrell—there was no end to them, it seemed. First, the lover to beg her pardon humbly, and sue on his knees for reconciliation; then the aunts, like two of the witches in *Macbeth*, adrift in the middle of Bridge Street, Blackfriars, with the first witch left behind in Derbyshire; and thirdly and lastly, the mother within a few yards of her—the mother whom she had thought dead until this memorable day.

Clara Darrell was romantic, and had had, at least, strange views of life's duties and vocations; but her romance was overpowering her at last, and the sober realities of existence would have been far more acceptable, and, on the whole, far better. She was very much excited—the world was spinning round with her, and bringing many changes.

Suddenly she sat down in a chair again.

"I am feeling faint," she said. "Water, please."

Mrs. MacAlister was quick to supply the wants of her visitor, who speedily recovered under the prompt treatment of her friend.

"I am better," she said. "I can see her now without betraying myself."

"Else you are no actress," replied Mrs. MacAlister.

"How kind you have been to her!—I am sure you have," said Clara. "I see it all from the beginning to the end of this sad story."

"Then I admire your perspicacity," was the dry answer.

"You have been my mother's friend—just as dear Kitty Westminster is mine," cried Clara; "and when she came back penitent for all the past, you were merciful, and gave her shelter here. You have supported her, shielded her, been altogether a noble and generous woman, thinking for others, not for yourself, and I am very, very grateful."

"Stop! stop! stop!" cried Mrs. MacAlister; "your tongue trips along too fast, young lady. You sum up too quickly the thoughts and actions of everybody about you, and so often make mistakes. You can not estimate the characters of people by the way-side from the window of a special train which is rushing along with you."

Clara Darrell thought this might be true. Her aunts had said something like this long ago, when she was only a child, and had judged them as harshly as they had treated her. Quick to form an opinion and act upon it, quick to resent, quick to love or hate, it was fortunate for this child of genius that she had passed through life so fairly yet. Such wayward children as she lose themselves at times.

"Well, let me go with you, and see and hear for myself," Clara urged.

"You are hardly to be trusted yet," was the reply; "and I don't want you to betray your relationship. That is a promise, you remember."

"Yes, I remember."

"Your mother is a confirmed invalid," Mrs. MacAlister explained. "The floor above my own belongs to her. She does not care to be known to many of her old companions. She likes me to spend a few minutes with her every day, and tell her the news of the theatres she loves still. I don't think she loves anything else."

"Have I not said you were kind and merciful to her?" asked Clara.

"Kind!—not at all. She pays a handsome rent here, and is a liberal friend."

"She is not poor, then?" exclaimed Clara.

"She is very well off—although she has not made me her confidante, and I am scarcely privileged to assert as much. When I am in sore need of money," she continued—"and that affliction occurs now and then, Clara—she helps me with a loan; and when she heard that Splatterdash was hard pressed for a sovereign, she sent him fifty, to be repaid out of the proceeds of his benefit. And Splatterdash is very grateful, and has been seen ever since very much intoxicated—with joy."

Clara Darrell hardly seemed to be listening. She sat with hands clasped together, thinking of the perplexity of it all—of the moral of it all.

"Is she penitent? Does she grieve very much for the past?"

"I can't say she grieves."

"But she is not—oh! Mrs. MacAlister, that man is not with her now? For God's sake, don't tell me that!"

And Clara Darrell rose up, with flashing eyes and throbbing chest—a proud and angry woman.

"No, no—he is dead, my dear," replied the old lady. "There was an end of him abroad, and your mother was left a little of his money. I suppose he liked her, after his fashion—I don't know. Shall we go up stairs and see her now?"

Clara shivered somewhat.

"I am not quite certain that I care to go," she replied, very thoughtfully.

"Just as you please. I thought I would tell you a little of the mother before we went. She will know you as the great Miss Galveston," said Mrs. MacAlister. "She reads all the newspaper puffs, and will be interested in you."

"You have spoken of me!"

"Oh, very often," replied Mrs. MacAlister, "little thinking you were Colonel Darrell's daughter, though. That seems to me to have been a secret wonderfully well kept."

"I was afraid of my father," answered Clara. "I knew he hated the stage, and I do not wonder at it now."

"He was a hard man, and hated a great many things, when I knew a little of him. But shall we go up stairs?" said Mrs. MacAlister, for the second time.

"Yes, let us go. I should like to see her, for once."

"Once may be enough," said Mrs. MacAlister, quietly. "Mrs. Cuthbert has many faults."

"You do not love her—or pity her, then?"

"Well, we do not always agree," Mrs. MacAlister confessed; "but we are friends, and—sometimes—I pity her a little."

"Why do you want me to see her?" asked Clara, suddenly.

"I have not said that I do," answered the old actress. "You would have learned nothing of your mother if you had not come to me this morning."

"Is my father to know this? Can I tell him she is here?"

"It is not worth while. He scared me last week when I first saw him stalk into my rooms; but I dissembled beautifully. In all my life I never acted better than that evening. And," she said again, "it is not worth while that Colonel Darrell should see your mother."

"But you wish me—I am sure you do now."

"Never be sure of anything that a woman says or does," a cynical wretch asserts of us," said Mrs. MacAlister; "but if I have a wish the way, I will tell you when we come down stairs again."

"You will?"

"To be sure."

"I am ready."

once. And, above all things—no scene, Clara. We are not at the Gwynne, recollect, and you will not find anything to excite you if you keep cool."

CHAPTER XV.

THE MOTHER.

THE two actresses went slowly to the next floor together.

On the broad landing-place without, a new thought came suddenly and forcibly to the younger.

"She has spoken of me as Miss Galveston, you say?" said Clara.

"Yes."

"Has she at any time spoken of her own daughter—the little Clara Darrell?" she inquired. "Has she wondered what has become of her, and what kind of woman she has grown to be, left motherless so young?"

"I have never heard her mention your name, child," said Mrs. MacAlister; "but then it might distress her too much to think of that."

Clara sighed.

"Ah! most likely," she replied. "Let me see this strange mother—I am curious."

At the door of the front room Mrs. MacAlister knocked smartly, and a voice from within languidly bade them enter. Mrs. MacAlister, touching our heroine on the arm as a hint to remain for an instant in the background, opened the door and stepped into the room.

"I have brought a friend to see you, Clara," said Mrs. MacAlister.

Clara! Her own name. She was christened after the mother, she remembered very painfully now.

The languid voice replied:

"You know how weak I am, Sophie, and how sorely visitors distress me. Why—"

"It is Miss Galveston, who has expressed a wish to see you," was the explanation proffered here.

"Miss Galveston—the popular Miss Galveston!" exclaimed the voice, pitched now to a high key, and considerably strengthened in tone. "Oh, I am delighted and honored! This is very kind of you, Sophie, indeed. Pray come in."

Mrs. MacAlister signaled to Clara to advance, and then the daughter was in the room, looking outwardly very calmly at her mother—looking across, as it were, the vista of the cruel years which had lain between them both. A strange meeting of two strange women—but then "women are strange."

Mrs. Cuthbert—by which name we may as well call her for the present—reclined in a semi-reclining position close to one of the windows of her room. There was a table by her side, heaped with newspapers and innumerable flimsy copies of modern acting plays. She was wrapped closely in a gray flannel dressing-gown, and over her shoulders was spread a Cashmere shawl, costly still in its appearance, though soiled and faded, and with some gold threads woven in its texture looking dull and brassy. She turned toward Clara a pinched face that might have attracted pity from an observer for the wear and tear of pain it indicated, had it not been for the powder and the little dabs of red upon the cheeks—a poor abortive effort to look well to herself and Mrs. MacAlister. One of the hands—which were very thin, and loaded with costly rings—was stretched out to welcome the daughter whom she had not seen for more than eighteen years, and did not know at that time.

"You pay me a great compliment, Miss Galveston," she said, "which I can not rise to acknowledge, owing to a terrible infirmity. You will excuse me, I am sure."

"Pray do not speak of it," answered Clara.

"Please sit down. Sophie dear, find a chair, too, will you?" she said; "it fidgets me to see you standing, as if you were exulting in your superior health and strength."

"I have not much to boast of," remarked Mrs. MacAlister.

"Oh yes, you have. You can get about, and you are almost twice my age. Think of that!" she said, querulously. "Think of the years of splendid triumphs you have had, whilst I in my youth was doomed to be set aside, just as my prospects were brightening, and the public was appreciating the talents I possessed. To think that an insecure trap should have been the cause of it all, Miss Galveston, and brought on this dreadful spinal complaint. You can understand all this, and imagine how hard was my fate."

"Ye—es," murmured Clara, with her eyes fixed upon the mother so eagerly that Mrs. MacAlister became watchful in her turn.

"You will take a little wine, or a little weak brandy and water?—I always take that myself. Sophie, will you kindly—"

"Nothing, nothing, please," answered Clara. "Go on, madam—pray proceed."

Mrs. Cuthbert was very much astonished at this, as well as very pleased. To discover any one anxious to listen to the recital of her ailments and misfortunes and past glories—which she was prone to discourse upon at an insufferable length when the chance was presented to her—was indeed a sweet boon and comfort. A most engaging and amiable young gentlewoman, this Miss Galveston, she was already perfectly assured.

"I was before your time, Miss Galveston—a little before your time, I dare say," she resumed; "but the name of Cuthbert has not wholly died out. You can remember it very well. I played the principal parts in most of the pieces at Mr. Splatterdash's theatres. I have had as many as thirty bouquets thrown to me in one night, not to mention those left at the stage-door, for they—with little affected laugh that made Clara shiver—"may be considered as 'private and confidential.'"

"Yes."

"Do you get any bouquets, Miss Galveston?"

"Not many."

"Ah! they are out of fashion now, except at the opera, or unless one pays for them. It was a pretty custom."

"But lacking in spontaneity," observed Mrs. MacAlister. "I have paid for one or two myself in my day, and have always blushed to think of it since. As if I wanted bouquets as a hallmark to popularity!"

"You were in a different line altogether," said Mrs. Cuthbert; "mine was the light comedy, and I remember when you were absolutely jealous of the way the papers raved of me, and the people crowded to the stalls."

"Ah, yes—the stalls," said Mrs. MacAlister, thoughtfully.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Give me a good big crowd at the pit and gallery, night after night," exclaimed Mrs. MacAlister—"a crowd of men and of women, pushing, fighting, and screaming for places, and paying for places—and you may have all the stalls for me. And that has been my lot a few times; and Miss Galveston's once, in Pepp's comedy."

"We were equally distinguished in our different lines, I repeat," said Mrs. Cuthbert, positively.

"Ahem!" coughed Mrs. MacAlister. "Well, we need not trouble Miss Galveston with the stories of our triumphs, at any rate."

"I was only asking Miss Galveston if she remembered me."

"No," Miss Galveston replied for herself, in a hollow voice that was a little startling.

"I should have thought that you would have been well acquainted with theatrical annals, being one of us," remarked Mrs. Cuthbert, tartly. "There were my portraits in all the print-shops—every one of these books contains a part I have played in. I read them over and over again now."

"Why?" asked the daughter.

"They are my chief consolation in affliction. I look back at the past through their pages; I dream of all the past successes; I see the crowd again from my place upon the stage; and the happy days are closer to me, and make amends for these."

"The happy days!" echoed Clara Darrell. "Did you say 'the happy'?"

"Yes, my dear. Why not?"

"You look back and say, 'The happy days, madam?' Clara said once more, and in a low, tremulous tone. "Yours must have been a very peaceful, blameless life, then."

"Clara!" said the warning voice of the friend who had brought her to this invalid.

"Oh, I was very popular," answered the unconscious Mrs. Cuthbert, "and life was all excitement and applause. Why my accident did not drive me mad, I often wonder now."

"And they were happy days until that accident?"

"Assuredly," she replied. "Success brought any happiness?"

"No, madam," was the answer; "I think not now."

"How very remarkable! But there, there!—there's no telling what troubles people may have. I have had mine—"

"Ha!"

"And got over them, and forgotten them," replied Mrs. Cuthbert. "I wish you would have a little weak brandy and water, Miss Galveston, I do indeed."

"Thank you; I am going now."

"Going!" exclaimed Mrs. Cuthbert.

"Yes, I would prefer to go," said Clara, rising. "I—I have had the honor of seeing you once. I am pressed for time, and really must depart."

"On some other occasion, I hope—"

"No, that is quite impossible. Good-day—you will excuse me—I can not stop here."

And Clara Darrell hurried out of the room, without waiting for Mrs. MacAlister to accompany her.

Mrs. Cuthbert looked after Clara Darrell in a bewildered manner, and then said to Mrs. MacAlister,

"What an extraordinary young woman, to be sure!"

"She is strange," assented Mrs. MacAlister.

"No repose about her, Sophie."

"Not much."

"What some people would call stuck up, I fancy," said the invalid. "Did you notice how little she cared to hear about me, as if she were the only actress in the world worth consideration?"

"Well, you do talk a little too much of your successes, Clara," answered Mrs. MacAlister; "it is your weakness."

"Still, she might have listened patiently, and not betrayed any professional jealousy of a poor woman like me," whimpered Mrs. Cuthbert; "that was patrician vanity. I don't admire this Miss Galveston at all. I have taken a supreme dislike to her. I—"

"Shall I mix you a little weak brandy and water now?" asked Mrs. MacAlister, with a quiet little shiver to herself.

"No; ring for my maid, please; she can attend to me. My head aches dreadfully," she replied.

"Oh! my poor nerves."

"Oh! poor mother," muttered Mrs. MacAlister to herself, as she went out of the room.

When she was down stairs, on the first floor, she found Clara Darrell lying in a swoon on the carpet. The crisis had come at last; the excitement of the day, the neglect of all the warnings promulgated by the doctor, the meeting with the mother, and the disappointment which had followed the interview, had finally brought Miss Darrell to the ground. There was another visitor in her room now—Miss Kitty Westminster, who was bending over Clara, shedding copious tears, and begging her to look up.

"Oh! Mrs. MacAlister, look at the poor dear!"

cried Kitty, all emotion and sympathy. "Is she dead, do you think? Have they quite worried her to death, the brutes? Send for a doctor. Please do something, or I shall scream!"

"You are about the silliest young woman, Kitty, I ever knew," said Mrs. MacAlister. "Lift up her head, unfasten her collar, and take her hat off, whilst I get some water. Making that noise will not do her any good."

Mrs. MacAlister bustled about, and presently Clara Darrell was sitting up again, very white and staring.

"How came you here?—I am so glad to see you!" she said.

"Never mind me—don't bother now," Kitty replied. "Don't keep staring at me like that, there's a dear. You curdle every drop of blood in my body."

"I am better now—I think," Clara added, doubtfully. "And—and don't you think a glass of wine would do me good?" she said, suddenly, with a suggestive look at Mrs. MacAlister, which that shrewd old lady was quick to comprehend. Kitty Westminster was to be got out of the room for a few minutes on some pretext or other.

"Yes, I think so," replied Mrs. MacAlister. "Kitty, will you take my keys, and in the cellar in the next room you will find a decanter of port. Do you mind?"

"Not a bit," said the unceremonious and unsuspicious Kitty, marching off at once.

Clara turned quickly to Mrs. MacAlister, as the door closed behind Miss Westminster.

"Why did you want me to see my mother?" she asked. "You promised you would tell me afterward."

"To dispel an illusion," answered Mrs. MacAlister; "you might have thought too much of the mother, had you not seen her for yourself."

"She was wholly to blame, then?"

"I am not so sure of that," answered Mrs. MacAlister. "I know very little of the story, save that your father was a hard man, and did not understand his wife."

"Could he have saved her, do you think?"

Mrs. MacAlister shook her head doubtfully.

"She would not leave the stage—even after she was married," was the answer here, with two very searching eyes upon her questioner.

"And was there another motive that led you to bring us face to face?" asked Clara next.

The gray-haired old lady placed her hand on the young woman's.

"Yes," she confessed—"to show you, Clara Darrell, the seamy side of the profession which has been my pride and glory; to show you a poor woman for whom the stage was most unfit."

"Was it the fault of the stage?"

"Let us say her own fault," answered Mrs. MacAlister, "in justice to ourselves."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

South Kensington Art Needle-work

See illustrations on page 292.

THE graceful Japanese flower circles grouped in triplets, as shown by Fig. 2 of our illustration, are found on an infinite variety of articles at the South Kensington School, and colored in almost as great a number of ways. Some of these we will give, but workers will find more pleasure, we think, in using them to suit their own needs, than in following blindly any set rules. It is this infinite variety of coloring that gives such a charm and individuality to the Royal School, as very seldom is the same design repeated precisely. These circles, the larger ones of which are set some distance apart, with the smaller one between at the side, are intended for an album cover; the smallest circle comes about opposite to the clasp. One beautiful example was in darkest blue velvet. The flowers were all worked in two shades of palest blue silks, the lightest being almost white; the leaves were in three shades of darker blue, stems and centres of flowers in gold thread. These were very lightly and delicately worked in stem and feather stitch. Where the coloring is simply different tones of one color, and the shades have no name, the best way is to take the foundation color or ground (in this case the dark blue of the velvet), and mix it with white, adding more and more white until the lightest tone is reached. By using water-colors the different and proper shades can be easily ascertained, and then matched in silks.

At the Royal School, where they have an endless mass of shades dyed purposely for them, in every possible gradation of color, they have advantages beyond the reach of ordinary workers. In England one can send to them for the proper shades, but in America one must trust to one's own eye, and the result will be more individual, and probably quite as good, if there is artistic feeling.

These same circles are applied to photograph frames, panels for hand-screens, paper-weights (covered in velvet or satin), hanging pockets, muff bags of plush, and many small trifles. They are sometimes worked in brilliant colors; at others, entirely in gold thread; again, in pale pink and silver on dark red ground, or in cream, brown, and gold on dark brown satin.

The Persian chrysanthemum design, Fig. 3, is useful for many things—chair backs, table-cover borders, the lower edge of short curtains—anything where the proper horizontal position remains unchanged, as it is not suited for perpendicular lines. For chair backs it is worked on very fine linen, or on silk or satin sheeting, the design being sometimes slightly enlarged. One end only of the chair back is worked, the newest shape being simply like an ordinary towel thrown over the back of the chair, with the front end embroidered. This fashion came in with the importation of the Turkish needle-work, sold in such quantities after the Russian war. These were chiefly the full drawers worn by Turkish women; by opening the seam, they gave a piece of stuff about a yard long by three-quarters wide, just the

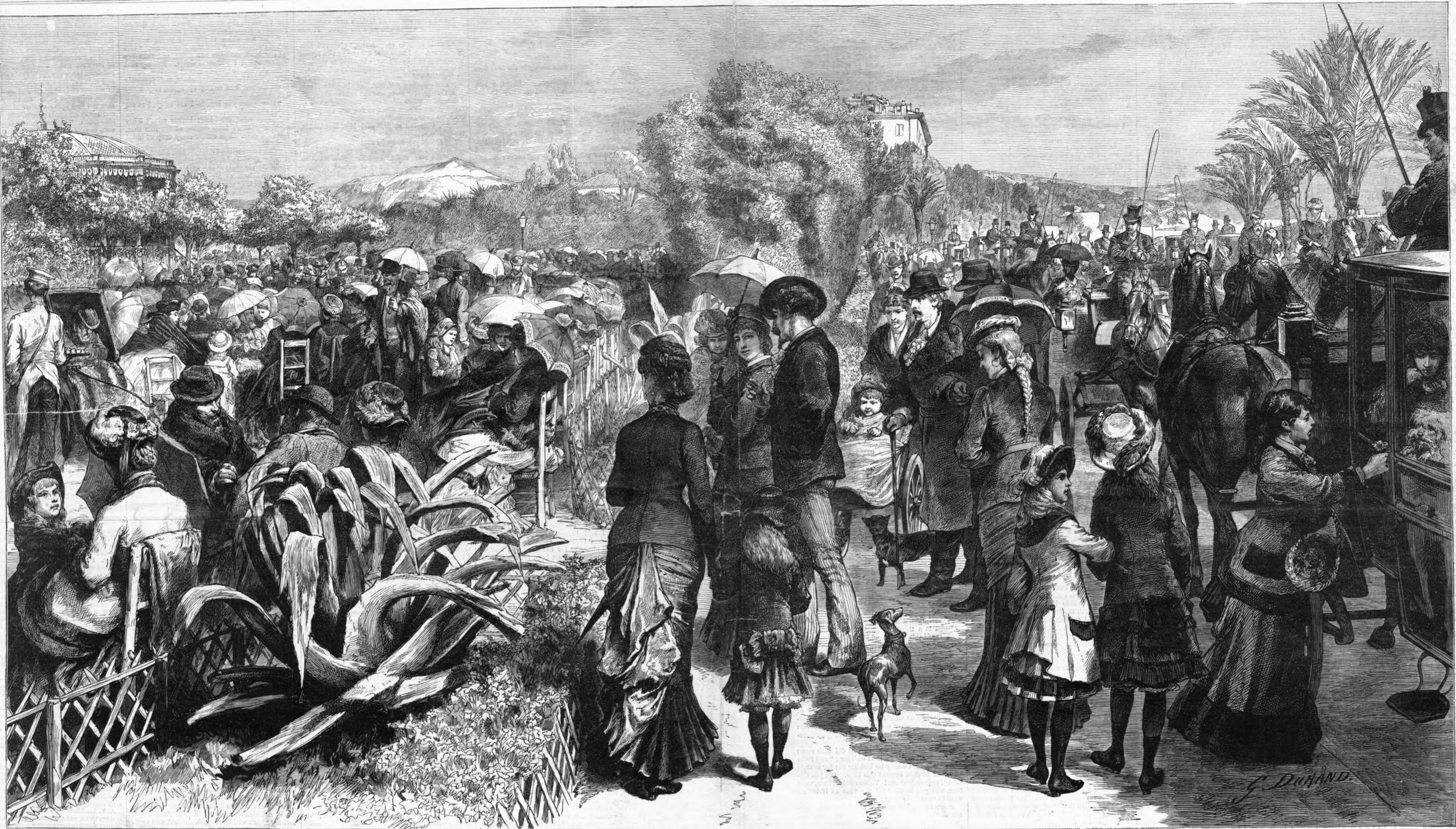
thing for chair-backs! and now all embroidered covers follow the same fashion. One very pretty specimen at the Royal School of Art Needle-Work was worked in this design on soft cream satin sheeting. The outlines of the large flowers were in gold thread, the outer row of petals worked solid in biscuit-colored silk, second row in a sort of terra-cotta color—called at the school Indian red—the inner row, pale apple green; the leaves and stems of the sprays were worked alternately in shades of blue-green and in shades of apple green, all rather pale. By alternately, we mean that the first spray was all blue-greens, the second spray all apple greens, and the third again blue-green. The small flowers between the sprays were in very pale blue, leaves blue-green. These were all worked in stem stitch, longer or shorter than the design necessitated, and in satin stitch for small petals. The two little leaves between the sprays, at the top, were worked in an open lattice-work, stitches taken from side to side diagonally, crossed by others, all rather far apart, and leaving diamond-shaped interstices. The border, top and bottom, was worked alternately in blue-greens and apple greens, with biscuit-colored buds. Straight lines of border, one biscuit, one gold thread. Ends of chair back fringed with bunches of the silks, terra cotta, biscuit, cream, pale blue, two shades blue-green, two shades apple green, and so back to terra cotta again. The coloring was all extremely light, and the effect very good. The same design for table-covers is in outline in one shade of silks, pale blue on dark, cream on brown, etc., sometimes strengthened here and there by gold thread.

The pretty little pink honeysuckle border, Fig. 1, comes in for many things—aprons, towels, insertions, dresses, or edging other patterns. It is worked in outlines in one or, at most, two colors.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. E. A. C.—The breakfast cap will be suitable for you; also the poke, if it is becoming.

B. B. L.—Get twilled wool or else the plain tamise cloth, and trim with horizontal folds of the same. A close high basque and an apron over-skirt pointed in front and behind will be appropriate, while the foot of the skirt is merely stitched in



THE ENGLISH PROMENADE AT NICE.

NICE.

THOSE who remember Nice in her original simplicity as an Italian city can scarcely recognize her in her matronly splendor as a cosmopolitan watering-place. Our elder readers may recall the Cimetière Anglais, where many of their loved ones repose. Our younger ones bring back memories only of French shops, French hotels, and a motley crowd of Russian and English, Wallachians and Spaniards, French and Hungarians. There is always a Rothschild or two at Nice, while grand dukes are as plentiful as blackberries, and *princesse* meet one at every corner. In short, all the beauty and fashion of Europe, all the *richesses* of both continents, pass the winter at Nice, or at some other of the quieter spots of which Nice may be considered the capital. The visitor, standing on the terrace of the old castle, has an enchanting prospect in whatever direction he turns his eyes. To the north rise the slopes of the Alps and the frowning Col de

Tenda, while away to the east, beyond Villafranca, the Italian coast dips away in the dim aerial distance. Below his feet lies the old city, between the sea and the torrent bed of the Paillon; to his left New Nice extends her lines of hotels and villas far along the shore, where the sea has the color of turquoise as it palpitates, smiling, beneath the luminous sky. Beside the light rippling line of foam was the English Promenade, bordered with palm-trees, and filled with a line of splendid carriages. Here may be seen all that is most noteworthy in the high life of Europe—famous statesmen, wily diplomats, and great generals, as well as blasé men of pleasure, weary artists, and devotees of sport. Here assemble the Troubetzkols, the Metternichs, the Czartoryskis, the grandes dames de tout le monde, who have such influence in European politics. The line of vehicles passes to and fro; occasionally one stops while its inmates listen to the music discoursed by the band at the kiosk, which occupies the centre of the square in front of the Hôtel d'An-

gleterre and the Hôtel de France. The square itself is filled with a gay throng of promenaders on foot, of lovers flitting, of children running about, to all of whom the appearance of some poor invalid wheeled about in a chair serves, like the skeleton at Egyptian banquets, only as a contrast, giving zest to the general enjoyment.

No time is lost at Nice; no moment is without some form of amusement. There is, or rather there was, an opera-house, where Patti and the best singers of Paris may be heard in the season; there are theatres, concerts, and balls. In the morning, it is sometimes a regatta that draws a pigeon match or a steeple-chase that claims their attention. For those who have no taste for such pleasures there are, unfortunately, within half an hour's ride, the seductions of Monte Carlo and its fatal gaming-tables, where all the *rauves*, male and female, of the world are gathered in search of prey. Among the moving train of pleasure-seekers some fair Americans may be always seen,

moving alone, like Una, in the pride of their purity. The carnival at Nice is one of the most charming scenes of the season, and the "Battle of Flowers" is worth the voyage thither to see. Showers of flowers fill the street, and pour down on the brilliant cavalcade. The maskers are the richest and noblest of the visitors, who spare neither pains nor expense in getting up the spectacle.

(Begin in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.)
THE QUESTION OF CAIN.
By MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

CHAPTER V.
AT THE HILL HOUSE.

If the June days of that year were bright, beautiful, and balmy at South Kensington, how much more bright, beautiful, and balmy were they away at the highest point of breezy High-

gate, where the sky was incalculably higher than in the town's regions, and there were real forest trees for the wind to kiss! Not that they did make no noise, for they made a most delightful rustling, so that the whole ball of summer seemed to be loosed in the old-fashioned garden and grounds, of small extent, indeed, but with wonderful resources in the way of clusters of shrubs, winding walks, and rustic seats under the shade of the weeping-ash trees which constituted the chief glory of the Hill House. The grounds were enclosed on three sides by a high wall, with broken glass imbedded in its coping or mortar, but the upward slope from the garden proper, that lay beneath the wide-spreading back of the house, took off what might otherwise have been a shut-up effect. From the topmost part, where the wall was, with close behind it a noble line of great oaks, clad just now in their richest green garb of midsummer, an extended view of fields and trees, of old red brick houses, of church spires and distant hamlets, was to be had. The

landscape was a fair one, even in winter; in such weather as that of this particular June, and bathed in such sunshine, it was full of rich and placid beauty, which brought quiet content to unambitious minds. A grassy bank lay between the wall and a trimly kept gravel-walk, with flower beds and clumps of evergreens on the other side of it; down in the distance, on the least elevated spot, stood the Hill House.

It was a large, comfortable, two-storyed house, of irregular construction, with a bell-turret in the roof, and a wide passage through the middle of the under-story, with a ponderous hall door and a ponderous garden door facing each other at either end of it. It was pleasant and homely-looking, and neither inside nor out had it the cold primness that generally characterizes a Ladies' Boarding-School; it stood well back from the road, sheltered by a high thick laurel hedge, and shaded by some fine fir-trees.

The windows on the ground-floor, at the back of the house, were all open, and in the clear sun-

mer air the sound of voices occasionally came faintly to two girls who were seated on the grass, under the boundary wall at the top of the slope, in a spot from whence the view was most comprehensive. They sat in the shade formed by a protecting bough of one of the noble oaks, of which Miss Jerdale used to say that they belonged much less to their owner than to her.

"It was kind of Miss Jerdale to give you to me for this afternoon," said the younger of the two girls, as she nestled close to her companion, and shutting her eyes wearily, rested her head upon the other's arm.

"She is very kind," was the reply; "not a bit like the terrible school-mistress in the good books. I wish, for your sake, Helen, she wasn't going to be married."

"For my sake!—why?" "Because—well!"—the speaker found what she might have said here, perhaps. "She has been a good friend to you, and to me too."

"And my only one. I wonder whether there ever was in the world any one lonelier than I? I have been thinking a great deal about that since I heard of papa's death—thinking of it more than of him, it seems to me; and it feels so dreadful to have to ask myself what is to become of me? Is it wicked, Jane? Am I a bad, hard-hearted, unnatural girl, to be taken up so much with that thought, when it is only a month since the day when Mr. Simpson's clerk came and—"

Her sweet lips quivered, and tears rose in her innocent gray eyes.

"Indeed you are not," said her companion, soothingly. "Do not torment yourself with fancying that, Nelly dear. You have to think of yourself, you know."

"Yes," assented the younger girl, with a sob. "I have, and do it morning, noon, and night; you can not imagine how I dread the world outside this place, now that I have no right to anybody in it, and what strange thoughts I have. I'll try to tell you some of them, Jane, for you are going away too, and then there will be no one—no one at all."

She changed her position, turning her face to her companion, and clasping her hands upon her knees.

"When I expected to go out to India, I was not a bit afraid; it seemed to me that papa would be everything, and the place would not matter, so long as he was there. I used to think about what I should do for him, and what our life together would be; I felt as if I knew him quite well, and just what the house was. I called it home in my mind. I had not really seen him since I was quite a little child, but I could see him plainly. Jane, why is it that I can not see him now? Why is it that ever since he died I have the dreadful feeling that he was only a fancy in my own mind, and though I read his letters over and over again, it never comes back; he is never real to me, and I seem to be striving to grieve more than actually grieving. And all I had thought of, and pictured, and counted on, isn't

so much a dreadful disappointment as the vanishing of a phantom. It is just like waking up from a long distinct dream to—nothing."

"You see, dear, it was never much more than a dream to you, was it?"

"No, I suppose not. That's the worst of it. I seem to be so unreal to myself; I am nobody's business, and nobody's pleasure."

A rueful little smile gleamed over the lovely face on which the rustling leaves overhead threw flickering shadows—the face that might have been heaven here below to the father and mother who had never seen it as it was now in this world.

"I wonder what I am for, what is the good of me; why I did not die when mamma died, years ago; why I am left, now that papa is gone, to ask myself that horrid dreary old question, What is to become of me? For nobody can answer it, Jane." She shook her head in a childish, pathetic way, and the light glinted on her chestnut hair. "Not you, though you are so good to me, and we have been such friends; not Miss Jerdane, though she has been good to me too, but she can't be troubled about me just as she is going to be married to Mr. Stephens, after such an awfully long engagement, and giving up the school, and going to New South Wales."

"Does she suggest anything for you to do—any home for you?"

"She has talked to me about it, but—again I wonder if it is horrid of me to have such thoughts—I think she is a little afraid, or that she feels Mr. Stephens would be afraid, that I should fancy I have any claim upon them. Of course I have not; I have no claim on any one in the world. Perhaps," she added, wistfully, wandering from the point, "if I had gone out to India, and been there before papa died, some of his friends might have cared for me for his sake."

"If the house were even going to be kept on as a school, it would be something. Miss Jerdane could have recommended you."

"Yes, so she said; but it isn't, and so there's no chance there. And I am too young to be a governess, except to very little children, and that means being a servant. I wish I were more clever, and hadn't been so idle; I might have played well enough if I had worked hard. But I know I don't play well enough to teach, or to play at concerts; my music is no good to me. And it all comes back to the weary old questions, What is the use of me in the world? and, What is to become of me? And think, Jane, think how soon I must find some sort of answer to them. Breaking-up time is only a month from now, and by then I must have somewhere to go to and something to do."

She suddenly hid her face in her hands, and though the sun was hot, she shivered.

The older girl looked at her with grave concern. The contrast between the two friends was striking, and in nothing more remarkable than in the capacity and self-sufficiency to be read in the face of Jane Merrick, and the trustful simplicity and dependence expressed by that of Helen Rhodes. There was no beauty in the one face; the other was full of beauty not yet in its complete expansion. Helen Rhodes's figure was tall, slight, and elegant, her movements were soft and graceful, and though now her girlish gayety had suffered eclipse, there was about her the lovely bloom and brilliance proper to her seventeen years. Jane Merrick had neither bloom nor brilliance at nineteen; she was short, thin, and dark-complexioned; her face had nothing remarkable about it, except its expression, and her one personal charm was her magnificent black hair.

The friends were as different in mind as in person, and in their ways as in either. Jane Merrick was only a "pupil-teacher" at Miss Jerdane's school; Helen Rhodes was a favorite pupil, and justly regarded by Miss Jerdane as a credit to the establishment. Nobody knew exactly who Jane Merrick's people were; there was a general belief that there had been some condescension on Miss Jerdane's part in receiving her (for the Hill House was eminently genteel, not to say exclusive), and that it had been conditioned that Jane was to have no visitors. The pupil-teacher had proved extremely studious as a pupil, and most satisfactory as a teacher. She had no time to lose, she told Helen—the only one in the house for whom she cared; she would have her own way to make in the world. And Helen, who was fond of Jane Merrick too, if not quite so exclusively, had felt so sorry for her, and thought it such a dreadful thing that a girl should have "her own way to make in the world." It did not seem right, somehow, to her narrow experience and timid nature, with her own father and the distant Indian home, and all the wonderful possibilities of the future before her. She had often wondered vaguely how Jane would set about the first steps of her own way in the world, and now all that was changed: Jane Merrick was going to an assured home, and it was to Helen's lot that it had fallen to do this terrible and unknown thing.

In the grave look that Jane bent upon Helen there was keen remembrance of this, and, indeed, Jane was thinking that the back was in the case before her much less fitted to the burden than her own would have been. There was, however, no shifting that load; only the easing of it was possible.

"Don't let it get the better of you, darling," said Jane, who did not indulge freely in school-girl endearments of speech, and meant them when she used them, as she drew Helen's hands gently down and held them in her own; "there will be a way made for you, depend on it; that is a promise, you know: it may not be an easy way, but your feet will be set in it, and a lamp will be given to them."

Helen understood her only vaguely: she was orthodox, of course, as became a clergyman's

daughter; but of real religion as the stay and guide of life she had not the least idea; and when Jane said things of this kind she just listened and let them pass.

"I have been thinking," continued Jane, gently stroking with thin brown fingers the soft pink and white hands she held, "that if you did not mind very much—though it would be a come-down for you, of course—my aunt might be able to find something that you would like more than teaching small children—"

"There can be nothing I should like less," said Helen, looking up with a gleam of hope in her face. "Dear Jane, tell me what you are thinking of, and what you mean by a 'come-down' for me?"

"I mean that you are a lady, and that you might not like to have anything to do with business."

"Business?" repeated Helen. "What business?"

"The business that's done in a shop; selling things to people who want to buy them, or keeping account of the money that's paid for them."

"But I could not sell things, and I could not keep accounts," said Helen, ignoring the real question at issue from delicacy toward Jane, whose aunt she now concluded was "in business."

"Why not?—you have always been first-rate at arithmetic, and any one can learn to be a shopwoman. What I have in my mind is not just a common shop either, though it will be very hard for a born lady like you to think well of it, no doubt. My aunt, dear Helen, is neither more nor less than a milliner and dressmaker, and until lately not a very prosperous one. She brought me up after my mother died, and placed me here three years ago to be educated to teach others. But she has married a rich silk-mercer, an Englishman, though he has always lived in Paris, and she has set up a fine place there; it adjoins Mr. Morrison's silk warehouse, and I am going to live with her, and earn a salary as her assistant, to superintend her show-rooms, and speak English to her French, and French to her English customers. I did not tell you this before, because Miss Jerdane did not wish it known in the school that I was leaving the Hill House to go into a business."

"Oh, Jane, shall you like it?"

"Very much. I love my aunt, and owe everything to her. I shall be working for her, and not for strangers. I shall be fairly paid, and some day I hope I shall have a business of my own. I consider myself a very fortunate person, and I wish I could see you equally well off."

"But your aunt would not want me. What could I do there, even if—"

"Even if you could make up your mind to it? My idea may not be worth much, but I thought as Miss Jerdane is going away, and the lawyer gentlemen are not friends, you say, only business people whom you have no claim upon, that it just comes to this—my aunt and I are the only friends you have."

"Your aunt and you! Why, Jane, she never saw me."

A smile, which made it almost beautiful, lighted up Jane Merrick's face as she answered: "What does that matter, dear? She knows all about you from me; and she thinks if you would come to us when you have to leave this, that even if you did not like to be employed in the business, it is very likely she would be able to find you a good place as companion to a lady, or in a nice French family; for she is very well known, and many of her customers are her friends."

"How very, very kind," said Helen, who began to understand Jane's meaning now; to see that she was offering her at least a temporary solution of that problem so terribly hard for her seventeen-years-old brain to work, of what was to become of her; that the kindly woman in business, who had been so good to her own orphan niece, was taking compassion on an orphan and a stranger. "How very, very kind!" she repeated. "I don't know what to say; because, Jane, however much you try, you can not make me believe that I could be of any use to your aunt or you. I am not foolish enough to think that—"

"Miss Rhodes! Miss Rhodes!"

A little girl was running up the grassy slope toward where Jane and Helen sat, and calling to Helen as she ran.

The two friends started to their feet as the child came up to them.

"What is it, Bessie?" asked Jane; "you have run yourself out of breath."

"Never mind," said the little girl, petulantly; "Miss Jerdane said I was to be quick, and tell Miss Rhodes to come in this very moment; she's wanted in the big drawing-room."

The small messenger caught Helen's arm and pulled at it to give effect to her commission.

"I—wanted?" said Helen to Jane. "Who can it be?"

"Come along, Miss Rhodes; you're to come this very minute," said the child; and then she added, as she tripped along on the grass by Helen's side, "It must be a gentleman that's come to see you, for I saw two such beautiful shiny brown horses before the door, when Miss Jerdane called me into the hall, and a man in bright boots and leather belt was standing right in front of them. I should have liked to pat their nice noses; I'm not at all afraid of horses, are you, Miss Rhodes?"

Helen did not answer. As they walked quickly to the house, she and Jane exchanged perturbed looks. Helen was full of vague alarm, and yet she asked herself what bad news could now come to her. Nothing remained to her; what, then, was there that could be taken away?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD-TIME MELODY.

See illustration on page 301.

IDLY I read the old familiar score,
Wistful I touch the sweet responsive keys;
I feel the breath of days that are no more,
I hear the night-wind's whisper in the trees.
This yellowing sheet in every bar and line
Reminds of happiness that once was mine.

Each note recalls a roseate vanished hour
So full of pleasure that its ghost is pain;
Each weird repeat is perfumed like a flower
That pressed within an album's page hath lain.
Were I to sing, a melting baritone,
A voice superb, would surely join my own.

Ah! let me try. The strain is meant for two—
I never practiced it alone before—

The witching melody that was not new

When courtly couples trod the polished floor
In grandma's youth: the soft arpeggio
Evoked for her the bloom of long ago.

Alas! the quick tears blur the words to-day—
I had not thought myself so very weak.

What! grieving for a friend who did not say

"I love you," though he saw on brow and cheek
Such tokens of a secret unconfessed,
A tenderness I often fear he guessed!

Tis passing strange what little things may start

A sleeping world to vivid waking life

Within the soul; what trifles send a dart

To pierce a wound concealed; what sudden strife
Of yearning, anger, and intense self-scorn
May of a drifting random thought be born.

I'll fling the fetters of this mood aside.

Last eve I answered "yes" to one who sought
In many a fashion for his chosen bride;

And though my heart to love must yet be taught,
I'll keep his troth when I shall wear his ring;
But this old song for him I'll never sing.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 41, Vol. XIII.]

M Y LOVE.

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIZZIE LORTON OF GREYRIGG," "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "FROM DREAMS TO WAKING," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LOVE'S SHADOW—HATE.

THE cure of the boy was now complete, and Augusta had to return home. Not many letters had passed between her and her mother, and those which had been written were all on the daughter's side. The terrible old woman was a bad scribe at the best, and of late her bodily activities in every direction had noticeably decreased, and she laid aside all exertion which she was not absolutely obliged to undergo. Certainly she laid aside that to her quite unnecessary work of supererogation, a correspondence with her daughter, and only grunted, in her peculiar manner, with less pleasure than doubt and critical distaste, when she received one of Augusta's letters, largely written, fluent in word, flowing in form, and telling substantially nothing—not even telling the important fact that Sandro Kemp and his cousin Ethel White were in the same hotel as themselves, that they all went out together to the memorable castle, and on to the crimson sunset-lighted sands, and that words had been spoken which could never be recalled, and by which the whole history of life had been changed for both mother and daughter.

All this had to wait until affairs were somewhat arranged, when Augusta would say it face to face, and take the consequences bravely. She knew what those consequences would be, and she did not see the wisdom of anticipation and prematurity.

Her heart light, her winsome face beautified by her inner joy, her pleasant laugh clear as silver bells, Augusta returned to the home which had been essentially her prison, as one fortified by a charm from all evil, present and to come. The old woman, keen as a hawk to see all changes in the world around her, caught almost at a glance the new spirit which sat like a crown on her daughter's head.

"What is it?" she asked herself. "What has she done, or what is she going to do? She has done something, and I must find out what it is."

But she said nothing on that first evening; she thought she would wait for an opening, and when that was made, then she would enter, and put all to the rout. That unknown something which ailed herself had been rather troublesome of late; and when that was troublesome, her temper generally followed suit, as those who formed her household knew to their cost. Meanwhile she sat in her easy-chair, with her heavy old eyebrows lowered over her small keen eyes, watching her daughter's brightened face, with its radiant crown of secret joy, as her cat might have watched a bird on the lawn, waiting for the moment when it should come near enough for that fatal spring to be made.

The next day passed as this first evening had done. Augusta said little about what had happened at St. Ann's, and nothing at all about Sandro Kemp. For she, like her mother, was waiting an opportunity and the fit moment, and would not open the bag before the run for the creature within was open and assured. But the silence of suspicion on the one side, and of reserve on the other, made itself felt between them, as the dead stillness of the coming storm presages the furious outbreak at hand.

It was Sunday. All Highwood had assembled as usual in the church porch after service, where the returned travellers were greeted with as much animation of welcome as if they had been to the north pole, and had come back laden with sealskins and free of frost-bites. Every one was, what the slang of the day calls, "in good form," and the elixir of life ran bright and clear for

each and all. The Doves were especially beaming and resplendent; their saucy faces were all over dimples; their bold black roving eyes shone like brightly polished spheres of ebony set in ivory; and Gip, re-transformed from her late sharp and vinegar larva to something even beyond her old buoyant, breezy, high-mettled self, was what she would have called a jolly good fellow to all the world, and in splendid case all round. To Stella Branscombe, to whom she had been so cruel and spiteful in the dark days gone by, now that she knew her jealousy to be a mere ghost, of which she held the substance, she was like the most affectionate sister. It seemed as if she tried to make up for her ill-humor and roughness by a corresponding excess of sweetness and fellowship.

"Dear Stella, how prim you look!" she said, in her clear, ringing tones, squeezing the girl's hand till she nearly made her cry out with pain. "How awfully jolly to have you back again, and to see your dear little face look a mite more round and rosy than it did! You're not quite up to your old self yet, but you are not such a peaky lark as you were, by miles. It was so awfully nice to see you in your old place again, I declare I could not say my prayers as I ought for looking at you."

"I am so glad to see you look so well, Georgie," answered Stella, smiling in her sweet way, a little surprised at the exuberance of this greeting, but glad that the cloud had passed, and that Georgie Pennefather had "come out of the sulks," as Georgie herself would have called it.

"Oh! Patrick and me, we are always tight as trivets," said that slangy, fast, objectionable young person, laughing, and looking at her sister significantly; and Pip, taking up the cue, laughed and gave back the significant look with interest, shouting as her reply,

"Georgie is tighter than any trivet, ain't you, George?"

"Rather," said the twin Dove, a wild outburst of irrepressible hilarity tumbling from her lips like a cascade of jocund waters.

"And how was old Sandro Kemp, Augusta?" asked Gip, when she had done with Stella. "Val told us what a jolly little party you made. Val came here, you know, a little while after he left St. Ann's, and gave us all the news. Fancy old Sandro and that Mrs. White with you! What larks!—jam for some one, I should say, Augusta, should not you?" with impudent merriment "poking fun" at the end of a quarter-staff.

Colonel Moneypenny, who had been speaking in a low voice and with manifest gallantry to the fair widow, caught the hated name as a man catches the echo of a challenge. He stiffened himself as if on parade, and fixed his fiery eyes on Augusta's, asking her in plain language—if looks can be called plain language—"What did it mean?" and had it been the "jam" of the Pennefathers' vernacular to have had Sandro Kemp's society at St. Ann's?

He looked in vain. That waxen mask of mindless amiability, for which Augusta Latrobe was famous, came over her face like a shadow, hiding the truth and her real soul beneath the vacant sweetness which was her favorite weapon of defense.

"It was very pleasant to have them there," she answered. "Mr. Kemp is always good-natured, and Mrs. White"—("That was Cyril Ponsonby's chum," shouted Gip, parenthetically)—"Mrs. White is a very remarkable kind of woman," continued Augusta, not noticing the parenthesis.

"What way?" asked Gip, elliptical when she was not vulgar, and ungrammatical always.

"She is a thorough Anglo-Indian," said Augusta, as if this were an explanation.

"And flirts like fun all round," cried Gip.

Augusta laughed that vacant, mindless little laugh of hers which meant nothing.

"Why, she tried it on Val, who hated her, and on old Kemp as well," said Gip. "But Val said that didn't run. Old Kemp knew better than that, and so did some one else, didn't they, Augusta?"

"Mr. Kemp did not flirt with her, so far as I could see," answered Augusta, with a kind of crass literalness which makes an effectual barrier against further conversation—at least with most people. It did nothing with Georgie Pennefather.

"But if he did not with her, he did with some one else," she said, in a loud whisper; "and from what Val said, we may be looking out for orange blossoms in good earnest this time. Oh, you sly-boots! oh, my Augusta! Those spoons, then, were true, and you looking all the time as if butter would not melt in your mouth!"

rushed off down the turn which led from the high-road to Sherrardine.

"She had you there, Georgie," laughed Pip. "I wonder if she knows?"

"Oh, it was only a fluke," said Gip. "But who cares? It'll have to be told soon; I don't care how soon, and I don't care who knows. Do you, Patrick?"

"No; I am too awfully jolly about it to want to keep it dark," said Pip.

And her sister answered, frankly, "So am I."

Too much or too little had been said for the Colonel's peace. It was, or it was not, and in any case he must know which. Fortunately he had not committed himself, and fortunately for his dignity he had not made that offer which had more than once been so near, and which a merciful Providence had always prevented. But he must know the truth. For his own sake he must be put in possession of facts as they stood; and if Mrs. Latrobe would not confide in him of her own free-will, he must force her hand, as he had tried in vain to do once before. But this time something had told him that he should be more successful.

"You were much with your old friend?" he began, in his thin rasping voice, as the main body of Highwoodites moved along the high-road.

"Yes, very much," said Augusta, with her most inane smile.

"And he was as charming as ever?" returned the Colonel.

"I did not see any difference in him," she said.

"You were always his advocate, I remember," said the Colonel.

She smiled again.

"Yes? Was I?" she replied, adding, "What a lovely day this is!"

"Where does Mr. Kemp live now? and what does he do since he came into his fortune—that fortune of which, by all accounts, he stood so much in need?" asked the Colonel.

"He has been away," she said, "and I do not know what he does."

"No? You do not know what he does? That is strange," he returned, with satirical emphasis.

"Is it?" she replied, quite good-temperedly. "How beautiful those distant hills are!"

"You are glad to return to your old home, then?" said the Colonel, suddenly changing front, and speaking with tenderness as little designed as his bitterness had been.

"Home is always home," was the safe rejoinder.

"And you will not leave us again?"

"My trunks are not packed," she returned, with a sweet little smile.

"You will stay here forever among us? We miss you so much when you go!"

The Colonel spoke with still more pronounced tenderness. At the same time his eyes were blood-shot and fiery, and his smile was more acid than sweet.

"You are very good," she returned.

"I should like to keep you forever," said the Colonel. "Do you remember how happy we were that stormy day, when my house was your shelter?"

"When was that?" said Augusta, as if considering. "Oh yes! I remember now, I took shelter in your house from the snow-storm. What a dreadful day it was!"

"My house was then a real shelter?" he asked, in a lowered voice.

"Well, the snow did not come in through the roof, so I suppose it was," said the widow, lightly. "What a contrast between that day and this!"

"That was the happier for me," said Colonel Moneypenny.

"You like winter best; I like spring and summer," she said.

"And the sea-side better than the inland country?" he asked.

Augusta put on her mask close and tight.

"Sometimes," she said, with the very sublimity of vacuity. "It all depends."

"On what?"

"On the weather," she answered, holding out her hand, as they came up to the Laurels. "Good-by, Colonel Moneypenny. Good-by, dear—to Stella, who was walking with Randolph Mackenzie. "Take care of yourself, dear child," she added, with tenderness.

Stella whispered, "Has he found out?" and by her whisper, which he could not hear, excited the man's suspicion and jealousy afresh.

All that night Colonel Moneypenny lay awake, half mad with this jealousy, this suspicion, which burned like fire and ran like poison in his veins. Baffled as he had been, he was far from being convinced that Augusta's apparent unconcern was real, and he determined to have it out. Cost what it might, his self-respect demanded that he should know the truth. Wherefore, full of this determination, he went to the Laurels the next day, as he had done once before, prepared to dig the pit into which the woman for whom his love often took the form of Love's shadow—Hate—should fall, this time never to rise again.

The greetings were given, and all the proper formalities of preliminary courtesy were gone through, even more punctiliously than usual. It was the salute of the duellist, the hand-shake of the prize-ring, after the caps had been thrown down to show that they are "there."

"What kind of person is Mrs. White?" asked the Colonel, turning to Augusta, and speaking suddenly.

"In what way?" replied the widow, the color beginning to mount her face very slowly, very quietly, but unmistakably: "in beauty or character?"

"Both," he said.

Mrs. Morshead looked a little lost.

"What Mrs. White?" she asked.

"Mr. Kemp's cousin," said Augusta, as steadily as if she had said, "Tony's new hat." Then, to give the conversation a turn, if possible, she added, "She is the person about whom and Cyril

Ponsonby all that mistake and gossip was made in the winter."

"It was odd, was it not, that she should have gone to St. Ann's without her husband, and only escorted by a man like Mr. Kemp? Cousin or not, that was a little queer, I think."

Colonel Moneypenny said this with his well-known acid smile—that smile which, more than all else, expressed the burning passion which he did his best to conceal.

"They have been brought up together, and are like brother and sister, and Captain White is in India," said Augusta, neither faltering nor quailing, for all that her mother's eyes were fixed on her with ominous surprise, with sharp suspicion, and with the very darkness of latent wrath.

"Still it argues a large amount of trust in Captain White," said Colonel Moneypenny, still smiling in his sharp, acid way. "He could not have known that you would have been there to act as a—what shall I say? I can not say chaperon, but rather as a counter-charm, a more powerful attraction."

"He probably knew both his wife and her cousin, in when he sent Ethel home," replied Augusta, tranquilly as to manner, but the tell-tale flush had deepened now to burning crimson on her face.

"What does all this mean?" asked Mrs. Morshead. She had been sitting in her chair, stiff and upright as if she had been cased in iron, her eyebrows nearly meeting, and her eyes almost concealed beneath their shaggy fringe. "Was that sign-painter, Sandy Kemp, at St. Ann's, Augusta?"

"Yes, mamma," answered her daughter.

"And you spoke to him?"

"Yes."

"Were good friends with him? As if nothing had happened?" asked the mother.

Colonel Moneypenny laughed in a forced, affected, rasping kind of way.

"Quite good friends, and something more, if report speaks true," he said, with pretended lightness. "Come, now; confess, Mrs. Latrobe, was it not so?"

"Really, Colonel Moneypenny, your question is too enigmatical either to answer or understand," said Augusta, she also laughing with affected lightness.

"Don't be hypocritical, Augusta," said her mother, savagely. "Colonel Moneypenny is quite easy to understand, and you know he is; and answer that question directly: 'Were you good friends with Sandy Kemp, and something more?'"

The young widow looked at her mother, and from her to her former lover, now her bitterest enemy. She was not defiant, not insolent, but she was calm and strong, and as if prepared for all encounters. She seemed to draw her graceful figure somewhat together, as if she stiffened her shoulders and strengthened her neck to bear—and to bear triumphantly.

"Yes," she said, in a low, clear voice, "we are good friends—friends, and something more, for life."

Colonel Moneypenny's livid face grew as pale as the face of a dying man; then the blood came back into his thin, worn cheeks, as if a hot flood of fire poured through his veins.

"I thought so," he said, in a suffocated voice. "I knew it months ago."

"Then you knew what I did not," said Augusta. "Our meeting at St. Ann's was by chance."

"You sit there, Augusta, and quietly tell me that you love that impudent fellow?" asked Mrs. Morshead, with portentous stillness.

"Yes, mamma, I do. I am sorry you do not. You would if you let yourself know him," answered her daughter.

"You are going to marry him?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Then—before Colonel Moneypenny I say it—you leave my house to-day, you and your boy. No second wife shall darken my doors with her shameless sin; and I would rather see a daughter of mine in her grave than the wife of Sandy Kemp. You have chosen between him and me, Augusta. Go to your precious bargain, and never let me see your face again! You are no daughter of mine, and never have been."

"Mrs. Morshead!" remonstrated the Colonel.

His revenge had a little overstepped itself. He had wanted to punish the woman whom once he had loved, but not to this extent. This retribution was too savage, too severe, even for such a revenge as his, and for such an offense as hers.

"Do not plead for me, Colonel Moneypenny," flashed out Augusta, turning round on him with what was, in her, so rare an outburst of passion. "Leave my mother and me to settle our own affairs by ourselves. Be satisfied with what you have already done, and leave the rest alone. You have revenged yourself enough."

He started to his feet.

"I might have done more," he said, cruelly, "and were I not a gentleman and a man of honor, I would."

She shrugged her shoulders with a disdainful gesture. That was her sole answer to his assertion of gentlehood and honor.

"If you have more to say, say it out, Colonel Moneypenny," said Mrs. Morshead, who in this little passage at arms secretly sided with her daughter, liking her spirit.

"Madam," said the Colonel, grandly, "I respect your age too much to afflict you more than you are afflicted already; and to your daughter I leave the stings of her own conscience. Good-day, madam, and accept my sympathy: you need it."

With no word of adieu to Augusta, he turned and left the room, leaving the mother and daughter together and alone.

"Now, Augusta," said Mrs. Morshead, as the house door shut against the young widow's foe, "you know what is before you: you don't sleep another night in this house, neither you nor your boy. So go and pack, and never dare to cross this threshold again. If I want you, I will send for you; but I think I would rather die by the

road-side than do that. No, don't come near me, Augusta. I don't want to wish you good-by; you have deceived me all through, and now I have done with you and yours forever. Go, and don't come back to take leave—only let me know that you have gone, and that I shall never see you again."

"Mamma!" said Augusta in a pleading voice.

"If you do not want me to lay my curse on you, Augusta—a mother's curse, a dying woman's curse—leave me now and forever," almost shouted Mrs. Morshead, carried out of herself by passion. "Leave me, you bad, ungrateful, shameful girl. Would that you had never been born!"

So Colonel Moneypenny's work had not been quite fruitless to-day, and Love's shadow—Hate—had fallen in good truth with power across the young widow's path.

Presently Mrs. Morshead rang the drawing-room bell twice, sharply.

"Take me to bed, Martha," she said, feebly, when her maid appeared. "Take me to bed. I have had my death-blow."

CHAPTER XLV.

"AS HIGH AS HIS HEART."

MR. BRANScombe was sitting on the seat under the cedar-tree on the lawn. He had turned sideways to the house; thus he looked down the grounds toward the Lodge and the road. It was odd to see him sitting there alone. In all her experience Stella did not remember such a strange departure from his normal habits. She remembered to have seen him there with her mother. She herself had sat with him there; but that this solitude-hating father of hers should have gone out and deliberately placed himself under the cedar-tree alone was indeed strange.

Laying aside her present work—she was painting a bouquet of roses on a length of white velvet, to be hereafter made into a *sachet*, scented with attar of roses for his shirts—she went out to him timidly. She had become timid in these latter days—timid because he was relentless and cold, unforgiving and displeased. Since Val's rejection by her, and public betrothal to Georgie Pennefather, the relations between the once idolizing daughter and the fondly receptive father had been strained almost to the breaking point, and chilled almost to the freezing. Nevertheless, in the foolish way of loving woman, she tempted Providence and defied probabilities, and went out to her father sitting there alone on the seat under the cedar-tree on the lawn, where she used to sit so often with Cyril in the happy days of long ago; though, if she had stopped to reflect, she might have known that the chances were she would be snubbed for officiousness, and made to feel unwelcome.

"You here alone, dear papa! I do not like to see you here alone," she said, with a caressing accent and a coaxing smile, both sadly dashed by fear.

"Alone!" he answered, with mock mournfulness—"alone! When am I ever aught but alone?"

To Stella it seemed that what with Hortensia Lyon as his constant chorus, Randolph Mackenzie as his obedient copyist, and the whole visitable world of Highwood flowing through his gates, this dear father of hers was not so much alone, when you came to think of it, and sum up the whole matter. But she was wise enough not to say this; she only smiled again, with a timid, coaxing kind of air, as she said,

"May I stay with you now, papa?"

He turned his eyes on her slowly.

"As my companion?" he replied. "But companionships include sympathy, and the only sympathy possible between a father and daughter is in the unlimited obedience of the latter to match the tender *prévoyance* of the former. By your act of disobedience you have severed that bond of sympathy which once existed, and which should have always existed, between us. Will your presence—your bodily presence, Stella—free me from the spiritual loneliness which oppresses me?"

"Are you never going to forgive me, papa?" pleaded the girl, tears in her eyes.

"My dear Stella," he answered, "all actions bear their logical consequences. It is not a question of voluntary forgiveness, or of intentionally nursed wrath 'to keep it warm,' on my part. You have done a certain action, and the consequences are so and so—as necessary, as logical, as inevitable, as if you had put your hand into the fire and thus had burned your flesh. Let me hear no more childish folly about 'forgiveness.' It is fate, logic, circumstance, necessity, that we should discuss; because it is fate, logic, circumstance, necessity, under which we live, not the nursery puerilities of a little child who breaks her doll without knowledge or design, then asks to be forgiven for what is not a fault. Your action was not this, my dear Stella. Your action was deliberate and foreseeing disobedience to my will. The logical consequence, therefore, is my paternal displeasure, and the solution of continuity in our amicable relations."

"Papa, I did not think you could have been so cruel," cried Stella, the very passion of despair in her voice.

"Had you not better return to the house, my dear Stella?" said her father, with frosty civility and a deadly kind of courtesy. "Would you not think it well to resume such occupations as you might have been engaged in? I wish to reflect and meditate on a certain course of action on my own part, and I desire to be left in solitude—the solitude to which you have yourself doomed me."

On which Stella, obedient and dejected, went back into the drawing-room; but she put away that square of white velvet and her attar of roses, and did no more to-day to that *sachet*, scented with attar of roses, which she was painting for

her dear papa's fine-worked shirts. The spirit had gone out of her hand, and she could as little have drawn the forms or laid the colors as she could have sympathized with her father's thoughts, had she known them, as they buzzed like bees beneath the cedar-tree, and drew themselves across his brain like long lines of light traversing the darkness.

His sainted Matilda among the angels in heaven, and therefore of no use to him here on earth; Stella a disappointment and worse, by no means now the Star of his House, in whose pure rays he was to find comfort, guidance, and companionship, but a very uncomfortable and shabby little farthing rush-light, which served only to make the surrounding darkness more visible; Randolph Mackenzie a mere bit of human mechanism, a cleverly constructed grub, good for a certain amount of calligraphic ability, and good for nothing else; the fount of his genius drying up for want of that praise and devotion, that loving flatery, that stimulating absorption, which made its only real source—Mr. Branscombe had but one shrine to which to turn, one rock on which to anchor. Let the world say what it would, he had resolved. He had his own life and comfort and genius to think of first of all things. Let the herd "rave." Is not a poet superior to such ravings? and must not Egeria be his chief care? So he had resolved, as has been said. And the means for putting his mental determination into deeds had come.

Presently Stella saw her father get up from his seat and walk across the lawn. His gait and air had something in them more than usual—a curious blushing of the majesty and courtesy, the grace and dignity, for which he was famous, with a haste, an eagerness, not often shown at all, and never so strongly marked. Then she saw him lift his broad-brimmed hat, and stand uncovered in the sunshine, as he took Hortensia's hand and drew it within his arm, bending his handsome head as if speaking in very low tones, while they walked slowly back across the lawn to the seat beneath the cedar-tree from which he had just risen—that seat on which so much of the Branscombe family life had been transacted.

"She here again! Why, she was here this morning, and she did not tell us she was coming here again this afternoon! I can not bear it much longer. I know I shall have to have it out with her," said Stella to herself, coloring with vexation.

Then she turned pale, and shivered with something more serious than vexation, as her eyes were fixed with a dread kind of fascination on her father and her friend.



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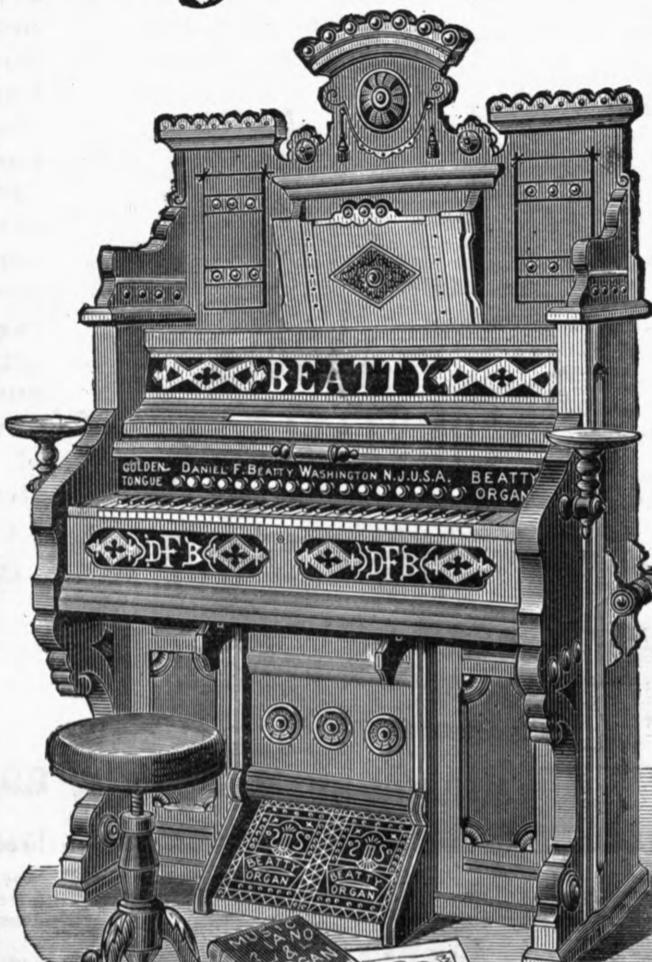
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CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL. Testimonials of Distinguished Ladies. LOTTA.—For the future I shall use no other. JANIAUSCHEK.—Superior to the one I bring from Paris. TITIANS.—Your Liquid Pearl is an excellent cosmetic. Mrs. D. P. BOWERS.—Free from injurious effects. PATTI.—Send five dozen of your Liquid Pearl. CUMMINS.—I consider it without comparison.



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47 Choice Pieces with Complete Words and Music for only 18 Cents.

The usual price of such music is 35c. and 45c. pieces, at that price the above 47 pieces would cost \$17. The high cost of music is due to the few pieces sold of each piece, and the large discount made to dealers. In order to introduce our music into every household we will send 47 pieces of our latest and best music consisting of Songs, Ballads, Duets, Waltzes, Gallops, Polkas, Transcriptions, &c., &c., by the best American and foreign composers, for only 18 cents (or 6 three cent postage stamps) Elegantly Printed, Full Music Size. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. TRACY & CO., 282 Washington, St., Boston, Mass.

NOTICE.

Having reorganized our PATTERN DEPARTMENT, we have assigned to Mr. J. G. CROTTY, 62 Cliff Street, New York City, the sole right to establish Agencies, on his own account, for the sale of our Cut Paper Patterns throughout the United States.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

ONE DOZEN ELEGANT CHROMO CARDS For two three cent stamps. No advertisements on them. All of finest execution. No two alike. Just the thing for the children's scrap-book. Box 2456. BURT & PRENTICE, 46 Beekman St., N. Y.

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102 YOUR NAME in New Type on 102 new styles, designed for every purpose. Gold Chromo, Birds, Landscapes, Pictures, Scenes, etc. Best collection of Cards ever sold for 10c. Sample Book containing samples of all our Cards, 25c. Largest Card House in America. Dealers supplied with Blank Cards. AMERICAN CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE THE FAMILY WASH BLUE. For Sale by Grocers.

D. S. WILTBURGER, Prop., 233 N. Second St., Philadelphia.

100 DIFFERENT POPULAR SONGS for 50c. You can sell them, and double your money.

HAPPY HOURS BAZAR, 5 Beekman St., N. Y.

50 Cards, Chromo, Motto, Roses, &c., all new style, name on 10c. Agt's samples 10c. G. A. Spring, Northford, Ct.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLER & Co., Portland, Maine.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

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50 Cards, Chromo, Motto, Roses, &c



MASCULINE INCONSISTENCY.

LOVELACE DE LA PORK SPINKS (his usual soliloquy before his glass). "After all—it's not a man's *personal appearance* women care for. It's his *character*, it's his *intellect*, it's—" *[Proceeds, as usual, to squeeze his neck into a collar which prevents him from turning his head, his feet into tight boots which prevent him from walking, and his waist into a belt which prevents him from drawing his breath.]*

FACETIA.

Nor twenty miles from Boston resides Mr. —, a refined gentleman of the old school, with an illustrious ancestry, and a name closely associated with culture and reform during the last half-century. Mr. — once had in his employ, as foreman of his farm, a very good and faithful man named Packard. He also had a neighbor named Lewis, who was a very disagreeable man, with an uncomfortable temper, and between this neighbor and Packard existed a chronic state of unpleasantness. One day words between the two waxed so hot that Packard "went for" the neighbor and gave him what he termed "a sound thrashing."

Of course Mr. — heard of this, and sent for Packard to come into his study in the evening, and at the appointed hour the latter made his appearance.

"Mr. Packard," said his employer, "I understand you have had some trouble with Mr. Lewis."

"Yes, he made me so mad that I couldn't help licking him."

"Well, Mr. Packard, I don't like to have anything of this sort occur. It gives a bad sound, and hereafter you must try and control yourself, and not let your passions run away with you."

Packard received this reproof with becoming deference, bowed, and was passing through the door, when he was stopped by Mr. —.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Packard. If at any time you get so you can't get along, and feel as if you must thrash somebody, I had rather you would thrash Mr. Lewis than any one else. That is all."

One day when Mr. Harness was staying at a famous country house he found a gentleman pausing up and down the parlor in the most distressing agitation of mind.

"Is there anything the matter?" inquired Mr. Harness, anxiously.

"The matter?" he replied, "I should think there was! Three of the worst things that can possibly happen to a man: I'm in love, I'm in debt, and I've doubts about the doctrine of the Trinity."

The speaker who divides his discourse into too many heads will find it difficult to get attentive ears to all of them.

A clergyman once, while reading the burial service, came to the place where he must say "our deceased brother (or sister)." He did not know which; so, turning to a mourner, he asked whether it was a "brother" or "sister." The mourner innocently said, "No relation at all, sir; only an acquaintance."

ARABELLA (on her toes in a chair, clutching convulsively at her skirts). "Oh, Bridget! A mouse! a mouse! Come and catch it, quick!"

BRIDGET. "Shure, mum, there's no hurry. If this one gets away, I can catch plenty more for ye, mum."



SI NON E VERO, ETC.

OLD LADY. "Oh, Mr. Hackles, you've stuffed my parrot very badly. All the Feathers are coming out already."

TAXIDERMIST. "Why, Lor' bless yer, Mum, that's the puffection o' Stuf-fin'! You know the Moultin' Season's now a-comin' on, Mum."

This is the sound practical advice that is given by a misanthrope: "If ever you should be so unfortunate as to be attacked by night, never shout 'Murder!' for no one will bother about you: yell 'Fire!' and everybody will be out-of-doors in a jiffy."

"Doctor," said a gentleman to his clergyman, "how can I best train my boy in the way he should go?"

"By going that way yourself."



A LOOSE PEG.

FIRST PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR. "Why, Jack, yer ain't done for the day yet, surely?"

SECOND P. B. "No, I ain't, Bill. I am a bit tired on this side, and I'm just changing the leg."

A German lady, who taught her mother-tongue to the daughters of the upper-ten of a suburban neighborhood, was visited by a very wealthy and possibly very worthy matron, whose education was evidently not as extensive as her property. She greatly admired the various works of art in the governess's rooms, but particularly one statuette, an Apollo Belvedere. "Lovely!" exclaimed the matron. "What is the subject?" Somewhat surprised, the Teutonic instructress informed her that it was a statue of Apollo. "Oh, of course!" was the reply. "Apollo—yes, to be sure! Let me see—Apollo—he was a celebrated German gentleman, was he not?"

"Ma," said an urchin, with dirt-covered knuckles and a pocketful of marbles, "is it wicked to play marbles for keeps?"

"Yes, my son, and you must never do it."

"Is it wicked when you lose all the time?"

"Yes, just the same."

"Is it wicked if you win all the time and play with a boy who says his mother says if she had your feet she'd never go out except after dark?"

"I—I—go and wash your hands and get ready for supper!" was the sharp reply; and the lad continued to play for keeps.

Flasher, having had his portrait painted, asks the opinion of his friend Dabbs, a retired house-painter.

DABBS. "Well, it's like you; but if you've paid seventy-five dollars for it, you've been done. Why, there ain't half a pound of paint on the whole thing!"

Lord Byron once advised a friend to put no trust in men or women with gray eyes.

"Your own are gray," said his friend.

"True," said his lordship. "It would have been well for many who had had to deal with me if they had received and acted upon the warning I have given to you."

A countryman who had never heard of a bicycle came to Boston, and when he beheld a youth whirling along upon one of those airy vehicles, he broke out into soliloquy thus: "Ain't that queer? Who'd ever 'spect to see a man ridin' a hoop-skirt?"

After an enthusiastic lover spends two hours' hard labor over a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first swears in a scientific manner for a few minutes, and then draws a circle round the blot, and tells her it is a kiss; and she, poor thing, believes it.

Not long since a Kent farmer, while on his way to London, was stopped by a highwayman, and requested to hand over his money or have his brains blown out. "Oh," said the farmer, quietly, "blow away. It's better to go to London without brains than without money."

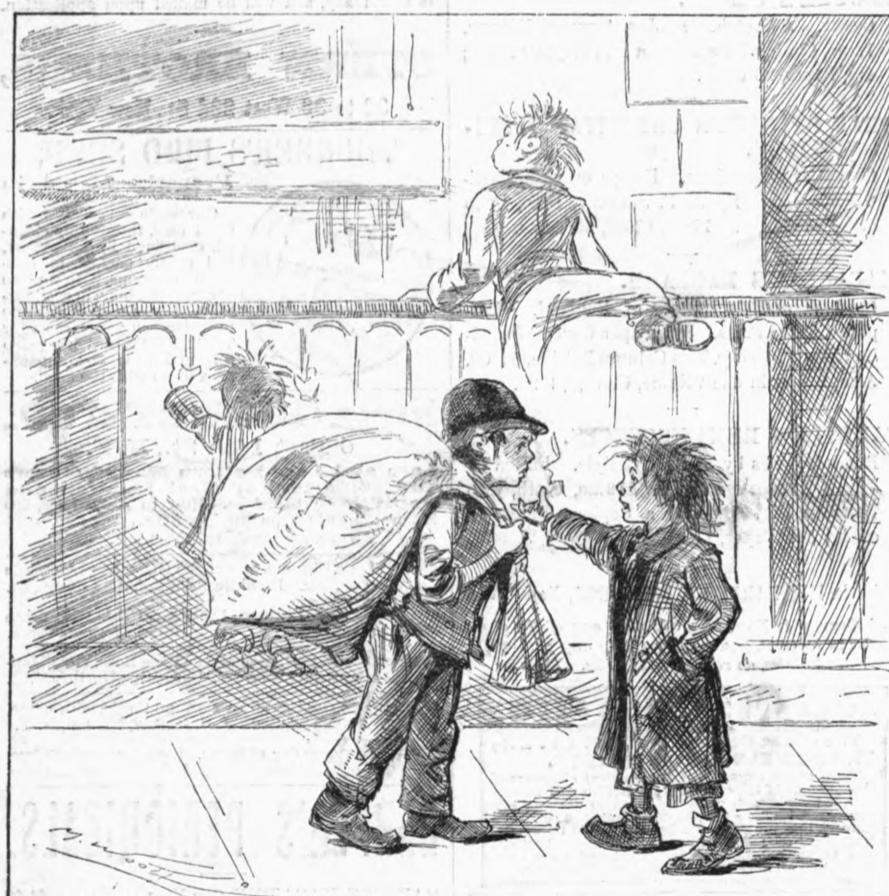


CROSSING THE DES(S)ERT.—AFTER HORACE VERNET.

STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.—Said he, "Let us be one." And she was won.

The Duke of Nemours once sent his steward to call upon an artist, on whom he wished to confer a snuff-box as a mark of his approbation, to ascertain if such present would be acceptable. The offer was received with enthusiasm. "Where shall I send it?" inquired the envoy.

"Oh, if you would be kind enough," replied the grateful artist, "to pawn it on the way, you can let me have the money."



CAUTION TO THOSE WHO PRACTICE DUETS AND LEAVE THE WINDOWS UP.

"Billy, there's an awful fight goin' on in there 'twen a man and a woman. Fust the man hollers at her, and then she hollers somethin' at the man, an' then they both holler together. I tell you it's awful!"



ÆSTHETIC DRESS.

Æsthetic Dress is, above all things, flowing, unrestrained. The best fashioned one is the one which has the least fashioning about it. The body and skirt are all one great piece, the latter unmarred by an inch of trimming. No made ruchings bought by the box, no cast-iron frills. All is individual, expressive.

"O moonlight! O Tennyson! Why, this garb might serve for Mariana in the Moated Grange, for the Lady of Shalott, for the Princess to whom 'home they brought her warrior dead.'"

HARPER'S BAZAAR

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction

VOL. XIV.—No. 20.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1881

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1881, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.***PARIS FASHIONS.**

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

DIFFERENT applications, but the same principle—such is the summary of the coming fashion. It is still the mixture of plain with figured stuffs, whether silk or wool it matters not, that will furnish food for the modiste's fancy. All kinds of figured stuffs are called upon in succession to combine with plain material, but the prevailing styles are striped and *ombré* or shaded fabrics. These are not, it is true, regular stripes of a uniform width, such as we have been in the habit of seeing, but stuffs colored all over with stripes without any interval between them. These *ombré* fabrics are the glory of the colorist. Sometimes they are simply graduated from one side of the breadth to the other; that is, beginning at one side with the darkest shade, which is almost black, and ending at the other with the lightest, which is almost white. Sometimes the darkest shade is in the middle of the breadth, whence it is graduated down to the lightest on each side; or else the shading is arranged in stripes, with the lightest or the darkest shade in the middle, or else graduated from one side to the other; for instance, on a light gray moiré ground there will be satin stripes, eight in number, beginning with violet, and shading to lilac, and thence back again to violet. This arrangement is still prettier in blue on a blue-gray ground. There is also a kind of harlequin check of satin on a moiré ground. This is only used for trimmings, while the others are employed for basques, polonaises, panels, etc. Ribbons are made to match—striped, *ombré*, brocaded, etc.

Bonnets of all shapes, without exception, being in fashion, many are worn which show the hair, and permit the display of gold hairpins, which produce a pretty, sparkling effect in golden, brown, or black tresses.

The trimming most in use is formed by cutting the edge of overskirts, panels, basques, and polonaises in points, scallops, shells, vandykes, etc. These points, especially in soft summer goods, require to be supported by puffs, pleatings, or flounces. In this direction the fancy of the dressmakers has run mad. There is the most bewildering confusion of pleatings—hollow, flat, overlapping, and reversed; of shirrings, forming tubes or squares, among which are set passementerie ornaments of jet or steel (steel is particularly in fashion; whole bonnets are made of it, with steel lace). Fronts of dresses are also entirely covered with black Spanish lace, which also al-

most wholly covers the rest of the toilette, between two and three hundred yards of narrow lace being sometimes used on a black satin dress. This is extremely pretty. It is also mixed with braid or application of beads, jet, gold, or steel, mixed with silver, together with a few clusters of purple or yellow roses. All colors shading on velvet, or derived therefrom, are favorites of fashion.

A very pretty costume in preparation for the trousseau of a fashionable bride to be married next month is of black Surah, trimmed with the steel and silver lace which is the novelty of the season. The demi-trained skirt is trimmed on the bottom with several pleated flounces. The tablier is ornamented with four pleated flounces about six inches wide, set in V-shape, of which is underlaid with steel lace, over flowers, slightly gathered. The side breadths,

which are absolutely plain, same lace, which is also of the back breadths, The corsage, which is very trimmmed around the bodice with a row of neck and elbow sleeves, of broader lace of side of the corsage is set while on the other side strings of steel and silver lace, the corsage, and are to be garlanded. Another magnificient toilette designed for the dark red satin. The long train are underlaid with lighter shade than



Fig. 1.—CASHMERE DRESS.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SATIN FOULARD DRESS.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—FRENCH BUNTING DRESS.—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3078; BASQUE, OVER-SKIRT, AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.—[For description see Suppl.]

two inches long-waisted dresses in fashion, and corsets are made with view to effacing the hips and elevating the bust, recalling the Louis XV. corsages. To complete the resemblance, bustles are becoming more and more obligatory, some of them forming a projection behind almost equal to that produced on the sides by the paniers. Over these long waists are worn the little clinging shoulder capes which I described in my last letter, which are made of the same material as the dress, but separate, so that fichus can be substituted for them at pleasure.

A fashion which has suddenly broken out, but which is likely to be lasting, is that of mantles designed for the cool days of spring, summer, and autumn, made of an India shawl, or rather half of it, cut in the form of a large visite. The most stylish of these wraps are made of a fine shawl of dull soft colors, lined with caroubier, seal brown, old gold, or navy blue satin. A plush revers about six inches wide borders the edge of the wrapping, the fronts and sleeves, as well as the bottom, and is accompanied by a broad collar of the same material. A beautiful passementerie ornament of the prevailing colors of the shawl marks the bottom of the waist at the back; an inside belt of ribbon adjusts the wrap to the figure, and is tied in front. This is the convenient wrapping for both town and country, sea-side and mountains—a wrapping at once light and warm, which will be found indispensable when the weather is too fresh for simple silk or lace mantles.

EMMELINE RAYMOND,

...exhaustible source of amusement; ...affinch, that when wild builds a picturesque nest lined with feathers and rimmed with lichens, is so valued among the poorer people of Germany that they have a proverb saying "a chaffinch is worth a cow"; they will walk a hundred miles to hear one sing that has a reputation, and they will live a long while on starving fare for the sake of saving their money and buying one. The red-billed tiny avadavats are also charming little creatures, sensitive and shy, liking several of their own sort to be with them, and then cuddling close together, singing a low and sweet song, that one takes up as soon as the other drops. The impatient cardinal, too, with his movable rest, and his brilliant scarlet coat, which make him look like a flying pomegranate or a living coal of fire, has a fine

...the wife's so nearly as good as her ...that he is envious and jealous ...it, and sometimes whips her ...it. This bird is so demonstrative

...a mistress that he has been ...liberty in the room, to carmorsels to her lips, and try to ...pillars!

...ever, is the easiest of all ...get and rear and keep, as great a songster, and ...rance. He will make ...accomplishments his ...with him, and he has ...of the nightingale's ...re they were familiar ...inking more highly of ...ner of the French coun ...d to have his sleeping ...the nightingales went ...ight about him where ...go was originally in his ...yellowish-green of the ...been much changed ...ons, and the varia ..."jonque," "silver ...zard," "flaxen," ...remainder, in ..."canario" ...endant ...amilies ...come in

...a blaze of every

rainbow ...The canary's ...voice, too, ...ill with the ...clear liquid bell-note. ...have been reach ...in the hurry and rupture of their warble, ...the ecstasy of music can hardly go further; ...and it is not necessary to keep canaries in ...the dark, as some birds are kept, divided in ...classes of five or six, to hear tunes repeated ...and repeated to them, for their natural love ...of song is so great and has been so cultivated ...in the species that the young birds need only ...to hear the good singer, which their father ...usually is, till after their first moult, when ...they will begin their own melodies, although ...those melodies will be all the sweeter, indeed, if the bird they are first in the habit ...of hearing has superiority of power and tone.

There is a great deal of amusement and entertainment in rearing a family of these young birds; in helping the little hen build her nest and giving her material, for when anxious about it she will sometimes twitch out the hair of anybody who bends near her perch, for the purpose of using it in the preparations about which she is so capricious, as often as not tearing yesterday's work to pieces to-day. The importance of her mate, too, is a study; the humanity of the two when they quarrel with their neighbors in the next compartment, if they happen to have a double cage; or the wife's exhibition of angry and outraged feeling at her husband's undertaking gallantly to feed the lady across the way while she is confined at home hatching her eggs; or the proud dignity of the father when he shows the young birds, after a fortnight's babying from their mother, how to feed and care for themselves. And again, if the parents, being dissatisfied, refuse to feed the children, there is enjoyment worth having in doing that duty one's self, and giving the animated morsels, that seem nothing but a mouth at first, their allowance of hard-boiled eggs on the end of a quill, and seeing the little wretches grow and thrive, and put on feathers, and begin to sing, till you almost feel as if the exquisite things were your own handiwork. Tolerably close work this, to be sure, as it has to be kept up every hour from sunrise to sunset, and the provision often made freshly, as if sour it would be poisonous; but the work is amply rewarded in the affection that the little things learn to feel for their benefactor, in their fearlessness and their caressing ways; and one is willing to be at more trouble still, by-and-by, to procure chickweed and thistle-tops, water-cresses, lettuce, plantain leaves, and other green dainties for occasional treats, for the sake of the love that is begotten by all the kindness.

No one of all these feathered favorites, however, repays this kindness more than the parrot does, or Loro, as the pretty Span-

ish name runs, who attaches herself to one person of the house with a sort of idolatry, and none are more companionable. For although the tones of Polly's voice are not the sweetest ever heard, yet she can manage scraps of many a tune; and in her conversational powers, with her infectious laugh and with her demoniac mimicry, she is almost equal in a lonesome house and solitary place to a large company.

Meanwhile kindness, like virtue, is its own reward; and if there were no charm in bird song, in lovely shapes and feather tints, the queron would be found in the stimulation given by the care of the nestlings to the growth of much that is very gentle and lovely in character.

THE MATCH-MAKER.

EVERY community, and perhaps almost every family, has its match-maker—one who devotes herself to the sentimental interests of the race, who always is suspecting a love affair in every intimacy or friendship between a man and woman; who compasses heaven and earth, so to speak, in order to throw two people together whom she fancies are each other's affinity, either in mind or purse; to whom all the pomp and circumstance of a wedding, the progress of a courtship, the tender anxieties of a lovers' quarrel are the daily bread of her mental existence. She plans and circumvents, and devotes her thoughts and talents to bringing about whatever scheme she has set her heart upon, no matter whether the pulses of her victims beat in unison with the wish or not. She has not only the satisfaction of feeling that she insures the happiness of those for whom she labors—a fable which she devoutly believes—but her stratagems, the success of this manœuvre or the failure of that, afford her all the excitement, all the mental stimulus, of a novel, indefinitely continued, with numerous sequels, always on the way to some striking dénouement. She is ever in want of heroes and heroines, of erring parents and miserly relatives, because she draws her *dramatis persona* from real life. The match-maker is often the mother of a large family of girls of straitened means, plain faces, and no particular vocations, who sees that a good marriage is their only deliverance from want, hardship, and dependence in the future: it is usually necessity which develops this match-making tendency in her; sometimes it is the childless aunt who takes the rôle, who has nothing else to do but to look after the matrimonial prospects of nephews and nieces, whose house is a rendezvous for lovers, whose tact tides them over many dangers and shipwrecks; or it is the kindly old maid, whose highest ambition is to endow other women with the love and protection she has missed, whose sentiment has outlived a great deal of rough weather. Occasionally we meet the masculine type, who bungles at the business, frightens both parties, and only succeeds in driving his clients into marrying contrary to his wish. No doubt it is wiser that "love should find out a way" without any aid from an outsider; that it should be spontaneous, and not suggested by another; and though in most foreign countries what we call match-making, or a bolder form of it, is the general custom, where no young girl selects or accepts for herself, but has love and marriage thrust upon her, yet the English-speaking Cupid is not to be coerced, is apt to resent interference, and to spread his wings at the sight of the match-maker, unless she approaches incognito.

A LONDON MASKED RECEPTION.

By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE gloom of the British climate is too apt to be reflected in the manners of the people, and whatever tends to import into the social routine some leaven of brightness and novelty is worthy of notice and laudation. Now there is in London, not far from Regent's Park, a certain exquisitely appointed mansion, wherein on Tuesday evenings are wont to congregate the cream of the various London social circles, where the best names in art, literature, music, and the drama are household words. We remember on one occasion meeting there a fine young fellow, a lieutenant of her Majesty's yacht *Osborne*. This gallant gentleman had had the misfortune to spend his life in the immediate vicinity of titled personages, and he had naturally conceived a vehement longing to make the acquaintance of somebody who was strong enough to maintain existence without a title, and in virtue simply of superior brains and ability. Pathetic yet charming was the spectacle of his joyous excitement as celebrity after celebrity passed before him—persons whom he had heard of as pillars of the intellectual world, but who had hitherto been to him but as ideal visions. He was as a child who should all at once find his fairy stories come true, and himself an actor in the magic tale. "What! is that really the poet Browning? Good heavens! can that be Professor Huxley himself! You don't mean to tell me that this broad-shouldered six-footer is actually Matthew Arnold!" Such were the exclamations which constantly escaped him. We assured him it was all true, and earned there

by his everlasting gratitude and an invitation to Cowes Regatta.

To give variety to these Tuesday evenings the host and hostess resolved the other day that every one, on a certain specified date, should appear masked. Fancy dress or dominoes were also required of the ladies; the men might come in plain evening dress if they chose, but masks were *de rigueur* in all cases. It was an informal, almost an unpremeditated, affair, and the invitations were limited to sixty, the ordinary "At Home" card being inscribed with the words "Masks and Dominoes" in one corner. A more harmonious background than this house afforded for the living picture does not exist in London. The host, himself one of the most distinguished of living artists, has imparted to his rooms something of the same subtle and glowing beauty which informs his painted canvases. All the arrangements were admirably planned. On alighting from the carriage at the garden gate we found that the entire area of the garden between the street and the house door had been roofed over with canvas; and this covered space was illuminated with a multitude of gigantic Chinese lanterns of various hues, which shed softening lustre over the shrubs and flowers which clustered in the beds and made the air fragrant.

The front door—a huge monolith, so to say, of polished wood—stood wide open, and the entrance was draped with rich Oriental curtains. In company with a bevy of maskers, who appeared to have just stepped out of *As You Like It*, we were conducted to a sort of preliminary refreshment-room, where, after some manœuvring, we contrived to insert the contents of a cup of coffee beneath the inscrutable mystery of our silken mask. A long Venetian mirror, which stood conveniently at hand, re-assured us as to the completeness of our disguise, and emboldened us to proceed to the main stairway. Here we were confronted by a stalwart figure, draped and masked in dark blue silk, and leaning upon a white staff. This apparition directed our attention to a large parchment screen, illuminated by a light placed behind it, and on which all guests were required to inscribe their titles—a precautionary measure not superfluous even in more civilized London. "Une femme de trente ans, d'après Balzac," was the last designation which we saw added to this list; and then we were permitted to go up stairs, and into the black-oak-wainscoted Dutch anteroom, where the two daughters of the house received us, dressed in the costume of A.D. 1680. They were the only ladies present who had dispensed with masks, and were, therefore, sort of oasis in a shifting desert of mystery. The effect, indeed, of such an assemblage of quaint and splendid enigmas as crowded around us on every side was most bewildering, and it was only when we remembered that we ourselves were as insoluble as they that we began to take heart of grace. The series of four or five rooms was arranged *en suite*, opening into one another, doors being dispensed with, and their place supplied by silken and embroidered portières. The decoration and lighting of the rooms were exquisitely contrived with a view artistic effect, and the gay yet mysterious aspect of the guests, standing in groups or moving over the polished floors, was picturesque in the extreme. Up to twelve o'clock the masks were retained, and the chief employment of each individual was to solve the riddle of his or her companion—a task rendered more interesting by the fact that almost every one present was in fact the more or less familiar acquaintance of every one else. Some of the disguises were easily penetrated, but for the most part we had to wait for supper and unmasking for mutual recognition. There were many beautiful costumes. The hostess appeared in no less than three totally different dominoes during the early part of the evening, but at supper her dress was seen to be a truthfully complete old Dutch costume, most becoming to its wearer. The dull green satin skirt, elaborately quilted in a rich pattern, the bodice, with full short skirts of light figured chintz, with neckerchief embroidered in colors, the quaint muslin cap with long ear-pieces, tied on with a figured satin ribbon, were all pieces of a genuine costume belonging to the seventeenth century. Her sister wore a Kate Greenaway costume in old-gold-color, with poke bonnet, low shoes with ribbons crossed over the instep, and long buttonless gloves.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, as a Dutch courtier, in sad-colored raiment; Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, the young sculptor and last Associate of the Royal Academy, in dark crimson doublet, hose, and tights, and short velvet cloak of Queen Elizabeth's time; Mr. MacLean, the sculptor, as Count Maurice de Saxe, in *Adrienne Lecourre*; Mr. Walter Pollock, as Pierrot; Mr. Frank Dicey, in full cardinal's robes; Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in an admirable model mask and wig, as Lord Beaconsfield—were the most conspicuous among the male guests in costume. Mrs. George Lewis, as an Odenwald peasant, wore a full-pleated skirt of dark brown cloth, brown velvet jacket, with the white habit-shirt puffing out at the hips; embroidered silk apron and neckerchief, and high muslin and black velvet cap. Mrs. John Collier, daughter of Professor Huxley, in an admirably carried out Henrietta Maria dress; Mrs. Comyns Carr, as Portia, in black gown and flat cap, and short curling auburn wig; her sister, in an Italian peasant's dress, with silver pins forming a halo at the back of the head; Mrs. Val. Bromley, in a rich and becoming Sultana dress of gold-embroidered crimson, full gauze trousers, rich scarf drawn tightly about the hips, and white-embroidered silk gauze veil wound around the head and brought over the mouth and chin; Mrs. Frederick Macmillan and Madame Modjeska, in rich silk and brocade dominoes made in original style; Miss Thomas, as Carmen, with castanets—were among those we particularly noticed. Among the dominoes were Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Edmund Yates, Mr. Simmons (the sculptor), Mr. Frederick

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FEATHERED FAVORITES.

THERE are few things that give a livelier sensation of homeliness and good-nature to the surroundings of a house than is given by the hearing of a gush of bird trills and warbles as we open the door of the hall to step within. It seems to say that the sun shines here; this house is like summer inside; they love music here; they care for pets; innocent pleasures give them delight; there has been here no curdling of the milk of human kindness; if there are not children here, there are birds, and one somehow associates the two, and expects to see both. When one hears the bird singing like a greeting, one thinks of his companionship with green and blossoming plants, summer thoughts and fancies arise, one knows the house would be a happy one if cheerful temperaments could make it so, feels a welcome to it before the welcome is spoken, surmises that the hearts which take pleasure in rendering kindnesses to birds will take no less in rendering them to human beings.

And as much satisfaction as the stranger at the gates gathers do the owners of the birds have from the cheer and gayety and friendship of the little feathered beings in their gilded cages, among the ivy vines and geraniums of the window-place, or in the aviary into which, at no great expense, a bay-window may have been turned by a few yards of wire netting and a false floor. If one has no other companion for the greater part of the day, it is difficult to make those of a large household understand how much society can be given by the canary or the parrot, how much friendship can be felt, and how much more imagined, how much love can be lavished on both sides, how much pleasure given and taken. One can have such a variety in one's friends of this sort, too, with linnets and canaries and all the finches—bulfinch, greenfinch, goldfinch, and chaffinch—with Java sparrows, avadavats, turtle-doves, cardinals, and mocking-birds, and a number of others that flourish in captivity, some of them preferring their cages to the freedom of all out-doors. The shy linnets become very tame; the brazen sweet-singing green-finches very affectionate; the jealous little bullfinch, that can whistle several distinct tunes when well taught, dies of grief if taken from his beloved mistress; the restless giddy goldfinch learns all the tricks that come in his way, draws buckets of water, rings bells, fires cannon, feigns death, and

Macmillan (the Co. in the well-known publishing house), Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. Sydney Colvin, Mr. John Collier (the artist who is supposed to stand the best chance for the next A.R.A.-ship vacant), Mr. Oscar Wilde, M. Semon, Mr. Forbes Robertson (the most promising among the English actors now on the stage), and Mr. Hardschel, the fashionable singer. There were one or two pretty poudré costumes and peasant costumes carried out with artistic accuracy and success; but the lack of ordinary Flower Girls, Fairies, Nights, and Mornings was remarkable and welcome. The dresses were chiefly historical, or copies of pictures, or real peasants' dresses, and were accurate in every detail.

At half past twelve supper was announced, and the assemblage trooped down the staircase to the dining-room, the decoration of which was in itself one of the host's masterpieces. Here the masks were removed, and much amusement ensued at the various revelations of such mysterious personalities as had defied detection during the evening. After supper there was dancing in the studio and some fine singing in the music-room, and the company remained until a late hour. The occasion was in every respect one to be remembered.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE SPANISH LACE DRESS.

THE Spanish lace dress is displayed by the most exclusive modistes as the height of elegance for summer costumes. Black for stylish dresses had been asserted to be on the wane, and commonplace dressmakers believed they had rung all the changes upon it, when the ingenious Parisians came to the rescue, and copying Andalusian models, made entire dresses of the effective lace of Spain, using the gay national colors as a foundation for many others for brightening it, and thus giving the becoming black dress a fresh lease of life.

Flounces of the lace in new designs of leaves and vines, as well as the familiar rose scallops, are used for the skirt of the dress. The foundation is Surah satin of high lustre, usually black, but sometimes red or yellow, and the dotted Spanish net—"piece net," it is called—is used for drapery, while the basque may be made entirely of lengthwise rows of the trimming lace, sewed together with lapping edges, and lined with satin, except in the sleeves, which are most often transparent. The dotted net for drapery is treated precisely as muslin would be; it is Shirred in many rows across the front, and taken up in retroussés from thence, to be Shirred high on the sides, and fall low behind; all its edges are turned under, and sewed to the lower skirt, without trimming. For such a dress all black is preferred, and the wide sash ribbon is of black satin, beginning very low down in the front of the skirt under a fanciful bow, then carried high upon the hips, and arranged in two rows of bows behind. There are five flounces of the Spanish lace, each five inches wide, gathered quite full, and each one lapping over that beneath it; the last lace flounce rests upon a satin pleating of its own width at the foot, made not for show, but to support the lace. To finish the edge of the basque, two pieces of the lace are sewed together on the straight edges, and draped from the front backward like paniers; small quaint-looking bows of narrow satin ribbon are up the front of the basque, and in this instance the sleeves of lengthwise rows of lace are lined with square-meshed grenadine. Another design for a lace dress has jet introduced very effectively, and ladies who have jet aprons left over from last season can utilize them in this way. The entire front width of the satin Surah skirt is plainly covered with a breadth of jetted net in small figures; then the side gores each have nine rows of gathered Spanish lace across them, and the two lower rows extend all around the skirt. The back has two deep Shirred puffs of satin Surah, closely held back by a sash ribbon, and below this are two very wide scantly gathered Surah flounces, on each of which are three rows of the Spanish lace. A series of satin ribbon bows is down the left side edging the jetted breadth, while on the right is a châtelaine of ribbon, viz., a large bow on the hips with two ends extending straight down from it to another large bow at the foot. The basque for this is of square-meshed grenadine laid over satin, and has a round waist in front edged with a fall of gathered Spanish lace, above which is tied a soft belt of doubled satin, beginning in the under-arm seam, and finishing with jet tassels. The two narrow side forms and the middle forms of the back are cut into five leaf points, the deepest and largest being made of the two middle forms. The bishop sleeves have jetted cuffs to match a jetted collar; there are also puffs of jetted net at the top of the sleeves, with pert little bows of satin ribbon. A jabot of the Spanish lace trims the front of the waist.

BLACK GRENADINES WITH COLOR.

The new black grenadines are of the most modest armure patterns, or else with square meshes, or perhaps the smooth-faced sewing-silk grenadines, but are made up over red, olive, or green satin, or perhaps black, and are trimmed with Spanish lace, and with the gayest striped satin Surah. A gay dress of this kind is square-meshed black grenadine, with the basque lined entirely with dark cardinal satin Surah, and the short round skirt of the same red Surah has three deep scantly gathered flounces of grenadine, each of which has three tucks, and a deep edge of Spanish lace; these flounces are laid over pleated red Surah flounces for supporting them. Two wide scarfs of striped Surah—deep green, red, and yellow prevailing—pass diagonally upward on the right side gore, cross the back, and hang like an Oriental sash (knotted with long ends) on the left side gore. The basque is deeply pointed in

front, very short on the hips, and has two box pleats behind, with edges merely corded with black. Turned-over English collar, with two rows of Spanish lace standing upward inside it. The striped satin passes around the neck, and drapes the front in surplice fashion, and below this is a deep frill of the lace. A striped scarf is draped around the sleeves, with lace falling toward the wrists. Roman sashes are also used in the way described above for the striped satin, and those with a great deal of pale blue and pink in them are considered most effective. Other square-meshed grenadines made up over black satin Surah have jet in all the trimmings used upon them—jet net for sleeve puffs and neck, jet fringe of silk, jetted chenille fringe, and finally rows of cut jet beads are used instead of pipings on the edges of the collar, cuffs, and basque.

OTHER BLACK DRESSES.

Other black dresses in Spanish taste are of black satin with a short lower skirt of pink satin that has a border of rows of pink crushed roses instead of flounces. The roses also extend in a pyramid up the left side, where they are disclosed by the Greek skirt of black satin that falls open there from the waist down. Some flounces of black lace are also put up the left side. The black satin bodice is cut very low in the neck, and filled out with Grecian folds of pink satin, above which is some black lace. The sleeves of black lace have roses at the elbow, and lace frills. Another full-dress toilette of black satin, pearl satin, and black Spanish lace has the petticoat front of festooned pearl satin, with rows of jetted Spanish lace down the side gores, while the great court train of black satin has a drapery of Spanish net covering it, and is edged with three soft puffs of the pearl-color. Black satin paniers on the hips lose themselves in the sides of the train. The high basque of black satin has a lavender pleated collar turned over, and a vest of the same, with lace down each side of the vest. A wide jabot of Spanish lace is put on the back below the waist, and suggests an excellent way of trimming many other dresses.

The black Bengaline dresses are also much admired: this Bengaline silk is similar to Sicilienne, but has less conspicuous reps, and is more pliable for drapery. For some of these the princesses backs are used, with Shirred paniers beginning at the side seam under the arm, and at the waist line beneath a belt. A petticoat front of gay colors is then used, such as red satin covered with black net, on which are appliquéd designs in gilt and black. The square plastron is of Shirred red Surah, and the belt above the paniers is also red.

POKES, PARASOLS, ETC.

All the black dresses noted above, with one exception, are short costumes, and most of them are meant for visiting and house dresses alike. They will be worn at the watering-places during midsummer with jetted poke bonnets, or the graceful Veronese hat, with the brim encrusted with rows of cut jet beads, rosettes, or jabots of Spanish lace on the right side, and sweeping Mercutio plumes on the left and behind. A small turtle of jet cut in many facets is the newest creature for securing lace draperies on bonnets, and there are also bird faces—owls or parrots—and Skye terriers' heads of colored steel and gilt for the same purpose. For those who prefer colors there are pokes of the palest crêpe, blue or rose, with white church lace falling over the front, shaded roses for garniture, and frills of the lace on the strings.

The carriage parasols to wear with such dresses are almost as large as umbrellas. One of velvet with stripes of pink and dark red alternating has a wide border of black embroidered net. An ombre satin parasol of garnet shaded to pale rose has a bunch of artificial poppies fastened to the stick at the top, and another bunch on the handle. The revival of moirés is shown in a blue batiste striped parasol of watered silk, with cream batiste embroidery on the edge. A white Surah parasol has two rows of white satin lace gathered down the middle of each gore, and two lace frills on the edge; the very large thick stick is of gilded bamboo, with a bow of ivory satin ribbon tied on it. Many other parasols have a long-looped bow of satin ribbon tied among the gores, or on the handle for an ornament.

NEW MUSLINE.

At the large furnishing stores are shown new white muslins with the designs like embroidery woven in to represent dots amid hem-stitching, Greek squares, and stripes. These will be much used for graduating dresses, and also for bridesmaids' toilettes at summer weddings. They are being made up very simply as far as the waist is concerned, with a belt to which the full surplice waist is gathered. The skirts, however, are elaborate beyond description, with pyramidal rows of embroidered flounces on the left side, or else across the front and sides, with wrinkled aprons above that are scarcely more than paniers. The back is bouffant, and the skirt may be short or demi-trained, but not with full train of great length. The sleeves reach to the elbow, where they have cuffs turned back made of the embroidery. It adds to the style to have the sleeves slightly fulled into the armhole with gathers or with four tiny pleats, so that it may puff outward a trifle. Graduates and bridesmaids usually have ivory satin ribbon doubled for a belt, and hanging its full width on the left side, also for a long-looped bow on the corsage, for a châtelaine down the right side, and smaller bows on the cuffs.

But for general use during the summer ombre satin ribbon for bows and sashes, also the gay striped Surah satin described above for black dresses, will take the place of these.

Thick embroidered dots on white muslin are the first choice for white dresses, but are far more expensive than those just mentioned. For plain dresses Swiss muslin is revived as well as the

soft creamy mull, and there is again a fancy for trimming with Valenciennes lace in the new patterns that do not cover the meshes, the design being almost confined to the feathery edges. Shirred yokes of Swiss muslin drawn around the neck in Mother Hubbard style are added to the top of plain Swiss basques. For surplice-throated muslin dresses the neck is also deeply pointed in the back, and one or two full frills of Valenciennes three inches wide are gathered on the neck, down back and front, and are allowed to fall as carelessly as they will.

CASHMERMES WITH SUMMER SILKS.

Simple and pretty combination dresses for young ladies to wear in the spring have pleated skirts of the inexpensive Louise silk that cost 90 cents or \$1 a yard, with the basque and overskirt of cashmere. The new refined dahlia shades of purplish-red, the cinnamon colors—both brown and red—and the various olive greens, are chosen for these suits. The Louise skirt hangs in loose wide pleats from the knee down, or as far as it is anywhere visible, and these pleats fall on a narrow under-pleating of the same around the foot to support them. The cashmere overskirt with apron has its lower edge sewed to the lower skirt at the head of the pleating, and is thence turned straight upward to the hips, held there in many wrinkles, and then allowed to fall behind in two straight points. The cashmere basque is short, with leaf points on the edge, and has a square collar and Shirred scarf down the front made of the Louise; a fan-pleating of the Louise is sometimes set on the back of the basque.

STRIPED WATERED SILKS, ETC.

Striped watered silk is a novelty for lower skirts. This is not the satin-striped moiré lately in use, but is watered all over, with the colors making the stripes, yet not defining the ripples of the watered pattern. This comes in ombre stripes of one color, and in contrasts as well; of the latter, one of the prettiest has dark red, olive, and cream stripes, and is made up with golden brown cashmere for the over-dress.

CHALLIES, PONGEES, ETC.

Pretty and youthful dresses are made up of the inexpensive challies in Japanese designs of blue, or green, or rose, with white. This old-fashioned fabric, so popular a generation ago, has been revived, and is sold in good qualities with plaque patterns for 50 cents a yard. There are also polka-dotted stuffs of this kind, at similar prices, left over from last season, but in their quaint coloring and familiar design they are found among the most refined of the imported dresses. The India pongees in écrû and brown shades are sold here in dress patterns for \$8 or \$9, and are seen among the importations most tastefully made with borders of *fade* stripes of blue, pink, and green, with occasional threads of deep red. The striped satin Surahs also trim them stylishly.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. M. A. CONNELLY; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.; LORD & TAYLOR; and JAMES McCREEKY & CO.

PERSONAL.

THE piano of ALMA TADEMA might be called a symphony in ivory, tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, oak, mahogany, and ebony. St. Sophia of Constantinople supplied the designs for the capitals of the columnar supports; larks, owls, and cuckoos appear in gilt and incised work in the oaken panelled sides, their song expressed in antique notation; ivory drops of rich and quaint effect are round the bottom of the case; sheets of vellum under the cover contain autographs of the famous pianists who have played upon it; while the seat is a throne worthy of the whole, covered with Japanese cushions.

It is seldom that a great financier is also an author. But in 1856 JAY GOULD wrote a history, of four hundred odd pages, of Delaware County, New York, dedicated to Hon. ZADOK PRATT, the great American tanner.

BISHOP ELLIOTT, of Texas, is the youngest bishop in the United States. He is the son of a bishop, but before entering the ministry was a dashing young Confederate officer, and carries a bullet in his handsome head which still troubles him occasionally.

MISS LUCIA ZARATE, a dwarf, exhibiting in London, commands a larger salary than any other woman in England.

JOHN BRIGHT has discovered a curious resemblance between the handwritings of VICTOR HUGO and CARLYLE.

A copy of the "Augsberg Confession" and "Apology for the Confession," bearing the autograph of PHILIP MELANCHTHON, is soon to be sold in London at auction.

THE DUKE of Buckingham, in his capacity of Chairman of Petty Sessions, lately sentenced an urchin of nine years to ten strokes of the rod and five shillings fine for taking two eggs from his employer. He holds with SOLOMON—"Spare the rod and spoil the child."

VICE-PRESIDENT ARTHUR is said to be a portly, gray-haired, laughing-eyed, handsome man, who will marry his third wife during the spring—a lady who thoroughly understands society.

One prize in three is carried off by Jewish students in the New York colleges, according to report.

A book written by DIEGO DE VARDENAS, who reconquered New Mexico in 1694, is in the possession of SECRETARY RICH, of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

RUSSEKOFF had the nickname of "the Angel" at the School of Mines, because he appeared so inoffensive and quiet.

THE title of Doctor of Medicine has been conferred by the University of Zürich on the Hungarian Countess WILHELMINA HUGNAY.

The next novel of MR. BLACK will be of a more decidedly domestic character than his last. He owed much of his acquaintance with secret societies to MR. JOSEPH COWEN, M.P.

Girls of an ingenious turn of mind andingers are painting the sections of their parasols to represent the seasons: a branch of tree crystallized with snow and a sprig of holly for December, birds on a spray of willow catkins for

March, daisies for June, golden-rod for September, cat-tails and autumn leaves for November, or any seasonable devices.

—MR. AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD, Congressional Librarian, is editing a *Library of Choice Literature* for Messrs. GROSSE, of Philadelphia.

—WALT WHITMAN says that if the old Greeks had had such a life and death as LINCOLN'S, they would embalm him in trilogies and epic poems.

—The very stables of the CAMONDO family are one of the sights of Paris.

—Private parlor-cars are being built for President JEWETT, of the Erie Railway, and T. W. PEIRCE, of the Galveston, Houston, and San Antonio Railway.

—The English are enthusiastic over Madame MODJESKA's Juliet, in which character she suggests, they think, that she has studied some innocent girl.

—The Comtesse POZZO DI BORGO gave a *dîner masqué* during Lent in Paris. The dinner was an actual reproduction of the Court of Valois; the *mobilier* was Renaissance; the men were in *Henri Second*; the ladies in costumes of *Catherine de Medicis*. The *loups* were listed from the face after each guest had taken his or her seat; later, there was a *soirée dansante*.

—The young lady, Miss LEILA L. MORSE, with whom gossip associated the name of SAMUEL J. TILDEN several years ago, has lately married FRANZ RUMMEL, the pianist.

—The Tombstone Mine of Arizona owes its lugubrious name to a mining millionaire, once a "mule puncher" in Arizona, who, starting out to make his fortune, was told, "You will find your tombstone." After striking gold, he settled one hundred thousand dollars on his mother.

—The Catholic monks of Hebron have given to Prince RUDOLPH of Austria, who left his horse at the gate of Jerusalem that he might enter the city as a pilgrim, a curiously carved walking-stick, cut from a tree near the spot where ABRAHAM dwelt, according to tradition.

—At a sale in Pennsylvania the other day, Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT bought a clock made by his uncle in 1790, which still keeps good time, and plays a chime every three hours.

—WILHELMJ is as fond of his violin as if it were a child. It was made by STRADIVARIUS, and is more than one hundred and fifty years old; it was given to him when he was but sixteen by his father, and cost five thousand dollars.

—The hereditary chief of the Ojibways and President of the Grand Council of Indians, the Rev. H. PAHTAHQUAHONG CHASE, wore two medals—one given by GEORGE the Third to his father, and the other by the Prince of Wales to himself—when he preached at the church of St. Peter's, Cornhill, London.

—It is said that BISMARCK, who, by-the-way, receives fifteen thousand dollars a year as Chancellor of the German Empire, is a Czech by descent; that near the year 1000 an ancestor of the diplomat was a teacher of music; that a second progenitor was the originator of the Czech national costume, and a third compiled the first Czech dictionary.

—The fact of LUCCA leaving Berlin for so many years was owing to a quarrel with the famous soprano Frau MALLINGER on the stage of the Opera, where MALLINGER, as the Countess in *The Marriage of Figaro*, gave LUCCA, a real slap in the face.

—According to the wish of THOMAS CARLYLE, the foundation-stone for a memorial to JOHN KNOX was lately laid at Haddington, England, by Miss WATSON, of Rivalsgreen, the daughter of the owner of the great revivalist's birth-place, who presented the ground for the purpose.

—The diploma and jewel of the order of the White Elephant, an honor never before conferred on an American—have been bestowed upon Colonel THOMAS W. KNOX, author of *The Boy Travellers in Siam and Java*, by the King of Siam.

—In spite of being Inspector of the Fisheries, Mr. HUXLEY had never seen any shad till a friend sent him some the other day from New York.

—MR. TATHAM, Mayor of Leeds, is the only one among the twenty-seven mayors in England and Wales who are teetotalers who has substituted non-intoxicating drinks for wine at the civic banquets.

—The furniture in MRS. LANGTRY's little house, where the Prince of Wales used to invite himself to breakfast, has been sold for the benefit of creditors, and the Jersey Lily has disappeared from the London world.

—It seems that the Lady BLANCHE MURPHY did not elope with her husband; that though the Earl of Gainsborough disapproved, he was present at the marriage, and she always remained on the best of terms with her family, though, except on one occasion, refusing pecuniary aid.

—The very candles and tapers selected at first to burn around the late Czar's bier, it has been discovered, were filled with nitro-glycerine and other explosives.

—English physicians and mothers are behind those of America, says LABOUCHERE, in not vaccinating their children above the ankle, instead of on the arm.

—A brother and sister of SANFORD R. GIFFORD are at the Hot Spring, Arkansas.

—MR. VENNER is a civil engineer by profession. He is a middle-aged man, and is at present engaged in writing a book upon the birds of Canada.

—MR. WASHBURN, our late Minister to France, has in his house at Galena portraits from the life, presented to him by the originals, of GAMBITTA, THIERS, BISMARCK, and the Emperor WILLIAM.

—MR. CARLYLE had a brother, a farmer, at Brantford, Upper Canada, and his nephews still reside there. Mr. BELL, of the telephone, came from the same town.</p

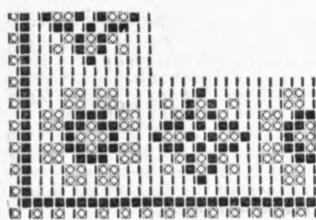


Fig. 7.—DESIGN FOR DRESS, FIGS. 2 AND 4, PAGE 316.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Description of Symbols: ■ Dark Blue; □ Light Blue; ! Foundation.

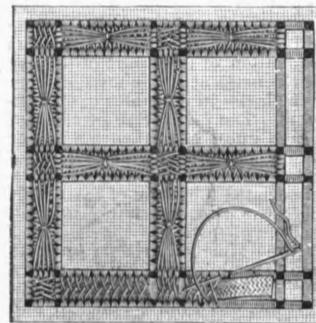
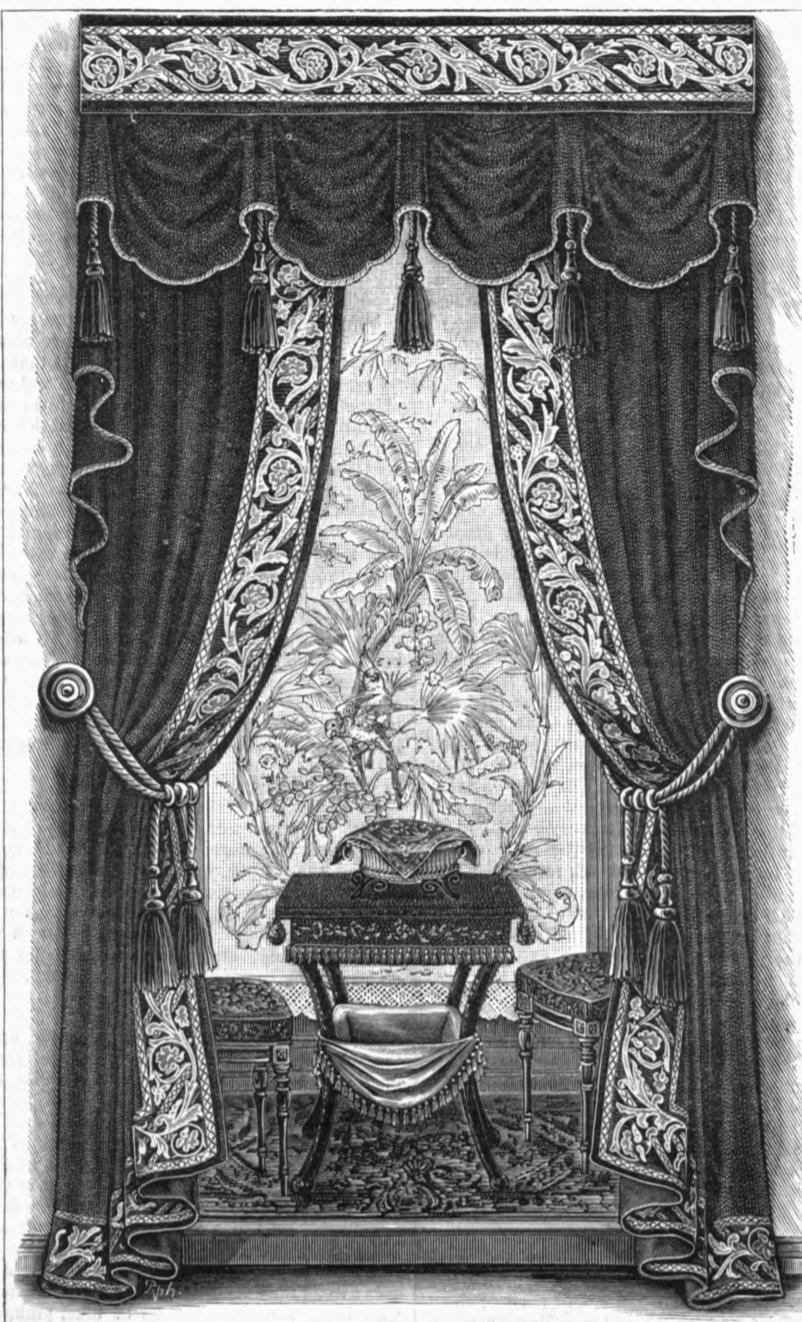


Fig. 2.—DETAIL OF HEM-STITCHED PILLOW-CASE, FIG. 1, PAGE 317.

Sofa Cushion.

THIS cushion is covered with a square of copper-colored plush, from the centre of which an oblong piece is cut; the opening is underlaid with embroidered satin in a lighter shade of the same color, and the plush around the satin is ornamented with an application of old gold satin. The outlines of the design are transferred to the material from Figs. 25 and 26, Supplement, and the old gold application is cut from Fig. 25. The centre of



PORTIÈRE FOR ALCOVES OR DOORS.—APPLIED WORK.
For design see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 28.

on the sides in the manner shown in the illustration with three copper-colored silk cords, which are drawn through passementerie rings, and are held down at the corners with tassels.

Edgings for Lingerie, Figs. 1-4.

THE edgings Figs. 1 and 2 are worked with coarse linen braid half an inch wide,

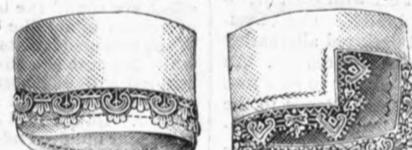


Fig. 5.—BATTISTE AND GUIPURE WORKED WITH ROSE LACE COLLAR.—[See Fig. 6.]

shades with gold cord for the veins and tendrils. The flower above it is Fig. 5.—BATTISTE AND GUIPURE worked with rose LACE COLLAR.—[See Fig. 6.] silk in feather

stitch, and the calyx is in knotted stitch of blue silk, edged with gold cord. The upper part of the pendent flower below it is worked with réséda and copper-colored silk, the lower part with pink and with blue silk in feather and in button-hole stitch, and edged with gold cord. The large flower on each side is worked in a corresponding manner with blue, pink, and brown silk,

Fig. 1.—BATTISTE AND LACE COLLAR.—[See Fig. 2.]

and the outermost flower on each side with light brown and copper-colored silk, gold thread, and gold cord. The arabesques are outlined with two rows of chain stitches in réséda silk, and ornamented with diagonal stitches of gold thread as shown in the illustration, and

the buds and dots are worked with brown, pink, blue, and réséda silk. The plush is edged around the satin with light brown and dark brown silk cord, and gold cord, each of

Fig. 1.—RUSSIAN BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

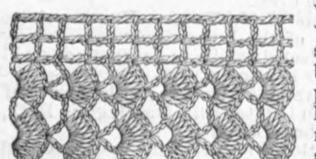


Fig. 3.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

vine and the outside border in the manner shown in the illustration; the veins are outlined with gold thread, and all the figures, the border included, are edged with gold cord, which is also sewn down for the scallops around the edge. The cushion is ornamented

with projecting loops along the sides, and fine crochet cotton. For the edging Fig. 1 work in the following manner: 1st round.—Alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) in the next loop, and 1 ch. (chain stitch). 2d round.—Alternately 7 sc. (single crochet) on the next 7 st. (stitch) in the preceding round, and 7 ch., passing over 4 st. 3d round.—* 5 sc. on the middle 5 of the next 7 sc. in the preceding round, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 7, 5 ch.; repeat from *. 4th round.—* 3 sc. on the middle 3 of the next 5 sc. in the preceding round, 5 ch., pass by 4 st., 5 sc. on the following

5 st., 5 ch.; repeat from *. 5th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 3 in the preceding round, 5 ch., pass by 4 st., 9 sc. on the following 9 st., 5 ch.; repeat from *. 6th round.—Alternately 7 sc. on the middle 7 of the next 9 sc. in the preceding round, and 7 ch. 7th round.—

Work as in the 3d round. 8th round.—* 3 sc. on the middle 3 of the next 5 sc. in the preceding round, twice alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, then 5 ch.; repeat from *.

9th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 3 in the preceding round, 3 times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, then 5 ch.; repeat from *.

10th round.—Work at the other

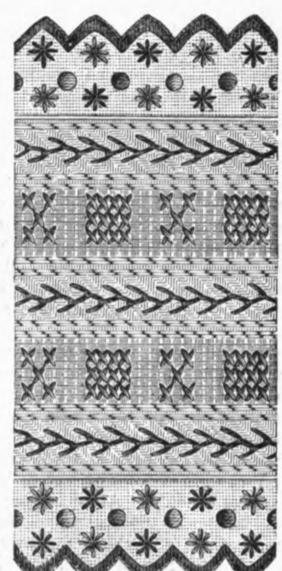


Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERY FOR APRON, FIG. 2.

5 st., 5 ch.; repeat from *. 5th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 3 in the preceding round, 5 ch., pass by 4 st., 9 sc. on the following 9 st., 5 ch.; repeat from *. 6th round.—Alternately 7 sc. on the middle 7 of the next 9 sc. in the preceding round, and 7 ch. 7th round.—

Work as in the 3d round. 8th round.—* 3 sc. on the middle 3 of the next 5 sc. in the preceding round, twice alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, then 5 ch.; repeat from *.

9th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 3 in the preceding round, 3 times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, then 5 ch.; repeat from *.

10th round.—Work at the other

5 st., 5 ch.; repeat from *. 5th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 3 in the preceding round, 5 ch., pass by 4 st., 9 sc. on the following 9 st., 5 ch.; repeat from *. 6th round.—Alternately 7 sc. on the middle 7 of the next 9 sc. in the preceding round, and 7 ch. 7th round.—

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9th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 3 in the preceding round, 3 times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, then 5 ch.; repeat from *.

10th round.—Work at the other

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9th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 3 in the preceding round, 3 times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, then 5 ch.; repeat from *.

10th round.—Work at the other

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10th round.—Work at the other

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9th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 3 in the preceding round, 3 times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, then 5 ch.; repeat from *.

10th round.—Work at the other

5 st., 5 ch.; repeat from *. 5th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 3 in the preceding round, 5 ch., pass by 4 st., 9 sc. on the following 9 st., 5 ch.; repeat from *. 6th round.—Alternately 7 sc. on the middle 7 of the next 9 sc. in the preceding round, and 7 ch. 7th round.—

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9th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 3 in the preceding round, 3 times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, then 5 ch.; repeat from *.

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9th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 3 in the preceding round, 3 times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, then 5 ch.; repeat from *.

10th round.—Work at the other

5 st., 5 ch.; repeat from *. 5th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 3 in the preceding round, 5 ch., pass by 4 st., 9 sc. on the following 9 st., 5 ch.; repeat from *. 6th round.—Alternately 7 sc. on the middle 7 of the next 9 sc. in the preceding round, and 7 ch. 7th round.—

3 ch., 7 dc. around the following 3 ch., 1 dc. on the following 2d dc., twice alternately 2 ch. and 1 dc. on the following 3d st. 3d round.—5 ch., 1 dc. on the following 2d dc., 2 ch., 1 dc. on the next dc.; 1 ch., 2 dc. separated by 3 ch. on the middle dc. of the next 7; 1 ch., 2 dc. separated by 3 ch. on the middle dc. of the next 9.



PLUSH AND SATIN COLLAR WITH PLASTRON.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Figs. 20 and 21.

Continue to repeat the 2d and 3d rounds.

The edging Fig. 4 is worked on a foundation of mignardise braid such as that shown in the illustration, in the following manner: 1st round.—Begin on the side on which the braid forms scallops, and work * 2 dc. separated by 5 ch. in the middle loop of the 3 on the next scallop, 5 ch., catch together with 1 sc. the last loop on this and the first loop on the following scallop, 5 ch.; repeat from *. 2d round.—Working on the other side of the braid, * catch together with 1 sc. the next 2 loops, 3 ch., 2 dc., the upper veins of which are worked off together, in the same loop with the preceding sc., 3 ch.; repeat from *. 3d round.—Alternately 1 dc. on the st. with which the next 2 dc. in the preceding round were worked off, and 4 ch.

Spring Bonnets, Figs. 1-3.

The brim of the yellow English straw bonnet Fig. 1 has a full gathered binding of red velvet, which is turned over on the inside and Shirred for the facing. Dark red satin ribbon, the ends of which form the strings, is arranged around the crown in the manner shown in the illustration, and held down at the middle of the front by a gilt ornament. The bonnet is trimmed in addition with a wreath of small shaded red flowers, which cover the brim, and fall in a fringe over the edge along the front, and with two flatly mounted scarlet birds, one set on each side of the crown.

The maize satin merveilleux bonnet Fig. 2 consists of a circular piece, on the centre of which is applied a spray of flowers cut of blue-green and copper-colored glistening feathers. The satin is underlaid with fine foundation lining, and gathered around the outside in five rows at intervals of an inch over wire. The satin is turned down midway between the second and third rows of gathering to form the facing of the brim, after which the bonnet is shaped by drawing in the wires and fastening the ends. The trimming consists of maize ostrich tips, an aigrette, and two rosette-like bows of satin merveilleux. Strings of maize satin ribbon five inches wide.

The brim of the yellow satin straw bonnet Fig. 3 is two inches and a half wide at the front, where it is fluted, and an inch wide at the back, and is smoothly faced with maize satin. The bonnet is bordered with a brown velvet fold two inches wide, which is lined with stiff net, and trimmed with two rows of straw lace, beaded with steel and satin beads; the velvet projects an inch beyond the edge of the brim at



Fig. 1.—ENGLISH STRAW BONNET. Fig. 2.—SATIN MERVEILLEUX BONNET.

Fig. 3.—SATIN STRAW BONNET.

the middle of the front. The bonnet is trimmed across the front with a half-wreath of light red primroses, and on the left side with a bow of maize satin ribbon, three brown ostrich tips, and a yellow aigrette. A gilt and silver ornament is set on the knot of the bow. Strings of maize satin ribbon four inches wide.

Portière for Alcoves or Doors.—Applied Work.
See illustration on page 308.

This peacock blue plush portière is ornamented along the inner sides and the bottom with a border which consists of application embroidery in old gold on a peacock blue satin foundation. The border is repeated on the



SATIN COLLAR WITH PLASTRON.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. V., Figs. 22 and 23.



Fig. 1.—JACKET FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 8-10.]

Fig. 2.—CHEVIOT MANTLE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 29-33.

Fig. 3.—BROCADE SILK MANTLE.
For description see Supplement.

strip that covers the top of the lambrequin. The bottom of the lambrequin is edged with heavy woollen cord, and trimmed with tassels in the manner shown in the illustration. In working the border the design is transferred from Fig. 28, Supplement, to the strip of satin, after which rows of old gold silk braid are stretched diagonally across it at intervals as shown in the illustration; the braid is stretched crosswise with light réséda embroidery silk, which is fastened down at the intersecting points along the middle of the braid with cross stitches of dark réséda silk. The braid is further ornamented in knotted stitch with réséda, and in point Russe with réséda and red silks. The applied work is cut out of old gold silk serge, pasted on the satin, and then edged with fine silk cord of the same shade sewn down with silk; it is also edged outside of the cord with filolessé silk, which is sewn down with overcast stitches of similar silk, the flowers with heliotrope, the arabesques with old gold, and the vine with bronze. The surface of the flowers is embroidered in stem, chain, and knotted stitch with light and dark blue silk, that of the buds with old gold and bronze silk. The satin border is edged on both sides with old gold silk braid, which is embroidered in the same manner as the diagonal rows on the satin. The portière is draped by means of heavy peacock blue silk cord and tassels, which is drawn through three passementerie rings in the manner shown in the illustration. The curtain over the window in the alcove consists of a straight piece of embroidered net, edged at the bottom with lace. The stand, the legs included, is covered with peacock blue plush; the top of it is edged with thick silk cord, with loop tassels at the corners, and the side is edged with old gold tassel fringe. A padded work-pocket is secured to the rounds between the legs of the stand, and draped on the outside with old gold satin, trimmed with tassel fringe.

Collars and Cuffs, Figs. 1-6.

See illustrations on page 308.

The collar Fig. 1 consists of a tucked batiste chemisette, on which is set a narrow standing collar, which is edged with guipure lace an inch and a quarter wide. A deep revers collar trimmed with similar lace is joined to the chemisette and standing collar. The chemisette is closed with button-holes and linen buttons. The cuff to match, Fig. 2, is of double batiste two inches deep and eight inches wide, and is trimmed with guipure lace.

The collar Fig. 3 is rolled at the

neck over a band half an inch wide, which is set on a pointed tucked chemisette. The chemisette is closed with button-holes and linen buttons, and edged, as is also the collar, with guipure lace two inches and a half wide. The cuff Fig. 4 is set on a narrow band, and trimmed with similar lace.

The collar Fig. 5 consists of a narrow band, edged at the top with guipure lace an inch wide, to which is attached a double collar, the upper one edged with similar lace, and the lower one hem-stitched. The cuff Fig. 6 is also double, and is trimmed to match the collar.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 41, Vol. XIII.]

MY LOVE.

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIZZIE LOOTON OF GREYTRIGG," "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "FROM DREAMS TO WAKING," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—(Continued.)

"AS HIGH AS HIS HEART."

"But have you foreseen consequences?" Mr. Branscombe went on to say. "If friends desire, if home influences interfere with this sweet union of our souls, can I count on holding you contrary to the will of your parents? Loving you, child, as I do, can I be the one all-sufficient in your life? Ought I to ask you so much?"

"Oh, Mr. Branscombe!" said Hortensia, in frank agony, "you will not let any one divide us after to-day? You will not send me away again, after having opened your house to me? You will let me live with you, whatever any one says?"

She laid her clasped hands on his shoulder. It was by an effort of self-restraint that she did not fling herself across his breast.

For all answer, Mr. Branscombe put his arm round her waist—there, in full view of the house—Stella, standing just within the open frame of the window, irresolute whether to go and speak to her friend—or to her who was assumed to be her friend—or whether to stay quietly where she was, and let the two manage by themselves what seemed to be somewhat important business. His arm was round her waist, in full view of the house; of Stella, undecided what to do, and full of secret trouble; of Jane Durnsford, watching from poor dear Mrs. Branscombe's room for what she had long expected; of Jones and the rest of the servants, peeping from the staircase window; of the gardener and the gardener's lad, peering from behind the laurustinus bushes in the shrubbery: there, in full view of earth and sky, of man and the gods, Mr. Branscombe once more stooped his lordly head, and this time kissed the girl long and tenderly on her trembling lips.

"My kiss of consecration," he said, grandly. "The kiss which claims you as my child-wife."

"Oh, if you mean to marry me, no one can divide us," said Hortensia, naively, smiling with the happiness of relief from dread, as her fears were now all at rest. Adoption, with a father and mother of her own alive, might have been difficult; but marriage was an honorable estate—and she was secure.

Woman-like, even at this supreme moment, she glanced timidly toward the house, and saw Stella standing within the window-frame, looking at them. Even at this distance the whiteness of her face and the darkness of her eyes were visible, and her whole look and attitude suggested an avenging spirit.

"Oh!" cried Hortensia, in genuine terror, "Stella has seen!"

"Sweet trembler, have no fear. Trust in me—I am your protector now," said Mr. Branscombe, with tranquillizing dignity, again pressing her to him as if to make the whole thing more plain and evident. Turning to the house, he called out to his daughter. "Stella, come here, my dear child," he said, blandly. "I have to speak with you."

Stella came forward; very slowly, very reluctantly.

To have seen her dear papa kiss Hortensia Lyon—kiss her as if he meant it—was almost as if she had seen him transformed into the likeness of the Prince of Darkness himself. It was a sin, was it not?—a crime?—something to grow hot and cold over, to blush for, to be ashamed of, to tremble at? What could it all mean? Why should he kiss Hortensia Lyon, who was not his own child—he, that fastidious and delicate-minded papa, who had almost left off kissing his own daughter, and who, not so long ago, had held a long and wonderfully refined discourse on the grossness of personal demonstrativeness and the sweetness of absolute reticence and stillness? And now he was kissing Hortensia Lyon on the seat under the cedar-tree, full in view of the house and its inmates!

She had found no solution to the terrible enigma by the time she had come up to the two still sitting closely pressed together—Mr. Branscombe, with his arm round Hortensia's waist, Hortensia, with her hands clasped in his, and their whole look as well as attitude eloquent of more than the mere arrangement of a new picture, the inspiration of a new poem.

Mr. Branscombe, mindful of the future fitness of things, forcibly held Hortensia to her place, and prevented her rising to greet his daughter. This last came to pay homage, not to receive the courtesy of an equal; and the child-queen must know her place. But if he prevented her rising, he loosed her clasped hands, took one and laid it in his daughter's, covering both with his own.

"Love each other, dear children," he said, theatrically. "Stella, my daughter, receive your former friend as your father's sweet companion and peerless source of inspiration and joy. I present you, my dear Stella, to my child-wife, the sweetest and most sacred Egeria of my genius."

"Your wife, papa!" cried Stella, shrinking back as if she had been struck.

"My wife," he repeated, loudly—so loudly that all the listeners and peepers round heard the word.

Stella turned away abruptly, her hands clasped over her eyes, her whole being overcome with grief, passion, and despair.

"Papa!" she cried, after a moment's pause, taking her hands from her face, and confronting him with a wild, heart-broken expression, "you say this here, where my mother lived—where she hears you now up there, in heaven!"

"What a cruel girl you are, Stella!" sobbed Hortensia. "What has a dead wife to do with her husband's second marriage?"

"And if your sainted mother does view this scene from her home in the realms of bliss, my dear Stella," said Mr. Branscombe, "she will rejoice that I have supplemented such an unsatisfactory daughter as she bequeathed to me with a wife made after my heart and her own model. So that calling on the name of your mother to bring distress upon your father's future wife does no good to any one, my dear Stella. It simply recoils in confusion on your own head. And now, my dear, that I have informed you of the momentous decision of the hour, I will not detain you from your avocations. Your sweet little friend will excuse you, and I give you leave to withdraw."

But if that good Matilda in the realms of bliss was so certain to rejoice at this auspicious union of January and May, Hortensia's parents took another view of things, and one not quite in harmony with the venerable idol and his youthful admirer. Mrs. Lyon was specially furious, though secretly not wholly displeased that events had vindicated her better judgment, and that her husband was thus forced to acknowledge the superiority of her insight.

"I told you so, William, twenty times," she said, when Hortensia, who knew better than Finery Fred how to manage her parents, had given them the startling news of her betrothal; on the hearing of which her mother had ordered her angrily from the room—her father not objecting. "You would not believe me; but I have seen it all along. I was certain of it from the very first."

"Then, if you were so certain, you should have prevented it," said her husband, with true masculine injustice. "What was the good of being certain, and doing nothing? And what is the good of saying all this when it is too late?"

Mrs. Lyon burst into those tears which mean less pain than passion—which were born less of grief for Hortensia's wayward folly than of wrath with her husband's injustice.

"That is just like you, William—just like all you men," she said, angrily. "You take all the power out of our hands, and refuse to believe a word we say, spoil the children, and weaken our authority, and then you blame us when things go wrong which we might have prevented, and would, if we had been allowed. You would not let me have the smallest influence over Hortensia; and now you blame me because she has got into a disgraceful scrape, and made worse than a fool of herself for life."

"A disgraceful scrape! No disgrace at all," said Mr. Lyon, sharply. "Disgrace? What disgrace, Cara? I am ashamed to hear you talk so. There is a little disparity in years, certainly; but where is the disgrace, I want to know, of a girl marrying a man like Mr. Branscombe? Good family, stainless reputation, more than well-to-do, fine person, unquestionable attainments. What disgrace is there in all this, I say?" he repeated, energetically drumming on the table, and warming to his work of advocacy and defense.

"A man old enough to be her grandfather; a man years older than her own father; the father of her most intimate girl-friend—his wife dead only just a year—it is horrible, it is sacrilege," said Mrs. Lyon, shuddering.

"Pshaw! The age of the man does not signify. If it had been the other way, you might have talked," said Mr. Lyon, disdainfully.

"Then if I died, I suppose you would think of marrying Stella," said Mrs. Lyon, with weak sarcasm.

"More unlikely things might happen," returned Mr. Lyon, with a peculiar kind of sniff, familiar to his intimates. "But there is not much likelihood of your giving me any chance," he added, good-naturedly, "so we need not discuss improbable hypotheses. We have enough to do with things on hand. And after all, Cara," he continued, in a softer voice, going over to his wife, and laying his broad hand on her still round shoulder, "things might have been worse for the child. Better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave, don't you know. And our little maid is peculiar, and has fads of her own."

"Peculiar, and something more," put in Hortensia's mother, in a low voice.

Those "peculiarities" of her daughter had so often vexed her, she was glad to be able to have her fling at them without much fear of rebuke.

"I confess I have had other views for her," Mr. Lyon went on to say, wisely not hearing his wife's under-tones. "And I am disappointed more than you can be, Cara. But she has chosen for herself, and perhaps she knows what she wants better than we do. She may have done for the best. Mr. Branscombe is old, and therefore will have a gentler hand over her than Ran would have had. Ran is the best fellow in the world, but he is a bit of a bumbler when all is said and done; and our little maid has always been fastidious and oversensitive. I know she had it at heart to make something of Ran, but, Lord! what can you do with a good, honest dunderhead like that? Perhaps an artistic, musical, picture-making old fellow like Fred Branscombe, who will keep her in cotton-wool, and cocker her up like a little queen, will be better for her than poor old Ran, God bless him! who opens his round eyes when she goes on her high ropes, and looks as if she

was talking Hebrew when she launches out about the divinity of art, and the—what is her favorite word?—the preciousness; yes, the 'glorious preciousness' of a dab of color here or a twirlig on the piano there. No; Ran would hardly have cottoned to that, I reckon," he said, with a queer kind of laugh. "At all events," he added, in the tone of a man who has taken a resolve and means to keep to it—"at all events, Cara, it is her deliberate choice, and I won't have her bullied. You hear me, Cara? I won't have her bullied; and we must respect her choice."

"Oh, William, how can you be so foolish!" cried Mrs. Lyon. "If that child proposed murder, you would sanction it. You can not spoil her enough, it seems to me."

"When she does propose murder, and I do sanction it, then you may cry out," answered Mr. Lyon, quietly. "Meanwhile the main question is—she loves that old fellow, and wants to marry him. Whether it is good taste or bad, she wants to marry him. And I give my consent to the thing, and say again, I won't have her bullied; so look where you go, Cara."

"I wish I was dead!" said Mrs. Lyon, in a rage.

Whereupon the conversation ended, and Hortensia, recalled to the drawing-room, was informed by her father that she was a little fool, but that she was old enough to know her own mind, and to follow out her own course. And she was to come and give him a kiss; and God bless her, and grant her happiness in the years to come! She and his youthful son-in-law would make a pretty pair, and be well matched for height and age, he added, not able to resist this little fling at Finery Fred; but he hoped the dear boy would be dutiful to himself, and attend to what his dear mother-in-law might have to say to him. She would probably have a great deal to say, he added, with a queer smile. With the same queer smile he hoped that Stella Branscombe would agree with her step-mother, and that the two Queens of Brentford would not fall out about the wearing of the crown.

To all of which Hortensia answered only by a few prim and respectful monosyllables. She knew her father's humor, and so long as she got her own way, she did not interfere with the wording of her charter.

But when she drew herself out of his arms, and went over to kiss her mother and to receive her blessing also, Mrs. Lyon, on pretense of wiping her eyes, turned away her face till she left just the tip of her ears and the nape of her neck as the only kissable tracts, saying, in a low voice, so that her husband should not hear:

"I can not give you my blessing, Hortensia. This marriage seems to me too monstrous for God or man to bless. I can not sanction it."

"Monstrous!" repeated Hortensia, in a loud voice. "It is a marriage which God himself has made and sanctified."

"Now, Cara, what did I say just this minute?" cried Mr. Lyon, guessing at the truth, as Hortensia meant that he should. "No bullying and no opposition, if you please. The thing is done, and we have both—both, mind you!"—with emphasis—accepted the situation. There is no good in doing things by halves, and I will not spoil the cloak for the sake of the thread. So—ringing the bell—"we will drink to the health of our future son-in-law in a bottle of Champagne; and long life to the happy pair!"

"That wild horses should not make me do!" said Mrs. Lyon, bursting into a hysterical passion of tears, and hurrying out of the room.

CHAPTER XLVI.

NO WORSE THAN THE REST.

"I do not believe it," said Mrs. Morshead, with feeble ferocity, half raising herself from among the pillows whereby she was supported in her bed. "I do not believe a word of it, Martha. You are just cheating me with lies, like all you hussies. There never was one among you that could speak the truth."

"No, ma'am; it is Gospel truth," answered Martha. "All the place is talking of it, and no one seems to think of anything else."

"Then don't tell me any more about it. I don't want to hear of such wickedness," said the old woman, savagely. "They ought both to go to Bridewell, that's what I say to it; and the law should step in to prevent it. A mere baby like that and an old fellow who might be her great-grandfather! it is a shame and a sin—worse than heathen Mormonism; I declare it is! It makes me ill to think of it."

"Well, ma'am, I am sorry I told you," said Martha, penitently. "I didn't expect you to take it to heart like that. I told you only to amuse you, and pass the time."

"Then you don't amuse me, and I would rather not pass the time in such shameful thoughts," said Mrs. Morshead, crossly; and Martha, who knew her, held her peace.

Presently the old woman spoke again.

"And when is the marriage to take place?" she asked, quite suddenly.

"Well, ma'am, as soon as Miss Lyon can get her things together," said the maid. "They do say that Mrs. Lyon is that put out she won't lend a hand to one mortal thing, and that Miss Lyon she has no one to help her but her pa. But then they do say a heap of things here at Highwood."

"And if Mrs. Lyon is put out and won't help, she is quite in the right," snapped Mrs. Morshead. "And now go down and get your dinner."

"It's not time yet, ma'am," said Martha, who was a devoted soul, and had all the nursing, night and day, on her shoulders. But they were sturdy ones; and she worked through her task without too great fatigue.

"I tell you it is," said her mistress, sharply. "Go down, I say, and don't come back till I ring."

"What ever has she in her head now?" said Martha to herself as she left the room. "For

most parts she can't a-bear me out of her sight, and now to-day, when she's so much weaker, and looks so strange, she sends me off afore my time. Well, poor dear, the Lord's will be done!—but He made a queer lot when He made her."

Left alone, Mrs. Morshead shut her eyes and thought. She knew as well as Martha—as well as Dr. Quigley would have known, had she suffered him to come near her—that her end was at hand, and that the mysterious malady which had so long held and oppressed her had now almost reached its fatal culmination. Not her days, but her hours, were numbered, and she was dying unreconciled to her daughter. She lay there and thought, and tears began to steal silently down her withered, parched, and miserable face. Presently a few sobs burst from her lips with the ir-repressible impulse of bodily weakness. A board creaked in the next room—the dressing-room belonging to this, the best room in the house—the door between the two standing very slightly ajar. The old woman dried her eyes as hurriedly as if her tears had been sins of which she was ashamed.

"Who is there?" she cried, sharply.

There was no answer, and the boards ceased to creak. For a moment she looked anxiously to the door; then, with a fresh sob—this time of disappointment—she said to herself, but not aloud, "I thought it might have been she. I think she might have come to see me when she knows how ill I am."

She rang the bell twice hurriedly.

Martha was by her bedside before the echoes had ceased.

"Yes, ma'am?" she said, a little breathlessly.

"You was a-wanting of me?"

"Martha," said Mrs. Morshead, "who is in the next room?"

"Lor, ma'am, no one. Who should there be?" was Martha's answer; but her heart ached when she met those wistful eyes, the secret desire of which she thought she read.

"Shut the door, then. And now go at once for my daughter," said Mrs. Morshead. "I dare say you know where she is, though her dying mother, whom she has deserted so cruelly, does not. You are all in a plot together, you hussies, and no one knows where to have you. But go for her, and tell her to come this very minute, if she wants to see her mother alive in this world—which I dare say she doesn't. Go, can't you?" she said, savagely.

"Yes, ma'am," said Martha, disappearing.

In another instant, Augusta, without her bonnet, came into the room, and went noiselessly up to the bed.

"You want me, dear mamma?" she asked, quietly.

"Oh, there you are, are you?" her mother said, keeping up the old souness of her manner, yet her poor dim eyes brightened. "So you have condescended to come at last and see your dying mother, have you? And now, are you not ashamed of yourself, when you see how ill I am?"

"What is it, dear mamma?" asked Augusta, anxiously.

"Cancer," was the answer, made with the invalid's old pride in the gravity of the malady. "Cancer: that's what I have; and you as hard and indifferent all the time as if it were a mere pin-prick. And all these years when I knew it was coming, and when I have had it, you not caring a jot! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, if ever a daughter was," the poor old thing said, whimpering.

"I did not know. Remember, you never told me, dear mamma," said Augusta, gently.

"Then you ought to have found out for yourself. Any other daughter would," said Mrs. Morshead, her tears of weakness struggling with her temper. "And here have you left me to the care of these hussies of servants, and no one to look after anything. All the housekeeping

say, Augusta, to keep all these good things for yourself, and let that dear little boy go without."

"I was afraid he would disturb you with his noise," said Augusta again.

"I should have liked his noise," said Mrs. Morshead. "I was never so impatient with him as you were. Poor fellow!"—whimpering afresh—"I should like to have seen his pretty little face once more."

"Shall I send for him, dear mamma?" asked Augusta.

"Send for him now—what nonsense!" was the reply. "Why should a dear little light-hearted child be brought to see an old wretch like me, like a death's-head? Send for him? No. Let things be." After a pause she asked, not opening her eyes, "Has that Sandy Kemp of yours been living here too? I should be surprised at nothing now."

"No," answered Augusta, quietly.

"Where is he—in Highwood?"

"Yes, mamma."

There was silence for a few moments, broken only by the subdued and sleepy purring of the cat, lying in his accustomed place on the bed.

"Well, send for him, then," said Mrs. Morshead, without opening her eyes. "You are all mad and bad together; that's what I think of you. But you are no worse than your neighbors. With that little hussy, Hortensia Lyon, and that old fop, Mr. Branscombe, going to make a match of it, I may as well look over your fault. So send for that sign-painter of yours, Augusta, and let me hear what he has got to say for his impudent self."

"He is down stairs now, mamma," said Augusta, her color deepening as she spoke. "I saw him come up the garden a few minutes ago. He comes every day to ask for you."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Morshead, in her old dry way, "does he? I'm vastly obliged to him, I am sure. I dare say the state of my health is of great interest to him. However, if he is here without leave, he may as well come up with it. So send for him, Augusta; I want to give him a little piece of my mind."

Augusta said a few words to Martha, standing outside in the passage, and she went down stairs softly. Softly, too, came up Sandro Kemp; but when he entered the dimly lighted room, with its wide-open window and closely drawn green blinds, the old woman was lying quiet and silent, her eyes closed, her breathing regular, peacefully asleep. The artist came up to her bed, where Augusta was standing, and hand in hand they kept watch and ward over the frail and flickering life, waiting until the poor invalid should awaken. Her long and somewhat deep-drawn breathing was, as it were, echoed by the sensually satisfied purr of the cat at her feet; the clock ticked sharp and clear on the chimney-piece; out-of-doors only a few birds twittered in the noonday bushes; and the warm, still, sultry afternoon was as peaceful as if it had been itself the court of death.

For more than an hour the two stood there watching the sleep which they half expected would never turn to waking, when suddenly Mrs. Morshead opened her eyes and looked at them both with a smile.

"I have had such a nice dream," she said; "and I declare I have no pain, Augusta! All my pain has gone like magic!"

She spoke in quite a different voice from her ordinary one—wearer, lower, but without the usual acrimony.

"I am so glad you are so much easier, dear mamma," said Augusta, lovingly.

"So you are there, Sandy Kemp!" then said the old woman, fixing her eyes on the artist. "Well, you are a bold fellow, I must say, to come and stare at me like this. But you always were as impudent as you were high. I wanted to see you, though. So you are going to marry my daughter, are you?"

"I hope so, Mrs. Morshead," said Sandro, gently.

"And you will make her a good husband?"

"I think I can say yes to that, without even the hope," he answered, with a sweet grave smile.

"You will do well by the boy, poor fellow?"

"Yes; have no fear. He will be as my own son," was the reply.

"And you expect to get all my money? Not a farthing, Sandy Kemp—not a farthing. I have made my will, and you will not have the benefit of a silver sixpence. If you take the girl and her boy, you take them on your own hands—mind that! The boy comes in for all when he is of age; but it has to accumulate—accumulate at compound interest—and you will not have a golden guinea for his schooling, or his birthdays, or anything. Now are you content with your bargain?"

The old woman had spoken very feebly, very slowly, but with perfect distinctness. Her mind was as clear as ever—only her body had gone.

"I am quite content, Mrs. Morshead. I have enough for my wife and her boy," said Sandro, firmly but tenderly. "Your money was the last thing I had in my mind when I asked Augusta to be my wife, and I am glad that you have left all to her boy. He should have been my heir if he had not been yours."

"You are an impudent fellow to put us both on a par," said Mrs. Morshead, sharply. "And, remember, he takes my name. He shall be no Latrobe, nor Kemp, nor rubbish of that sort. He is a Morshead, and he comes in for all because he is a Morshead. Do you hear, Augusta?"

"Yes, mamma. He shall bear your name and my father's," said Augusta.

"And keep that impudent sign-painter of yours in his proper place," said the old woman, in a feeble, wandering kind of way. Then she smiled, and seemed to recollect herself. "No, he doesn't mean it, I dare say," she said. "I believe he is an honest man at bottom. I believe so—I believe so. Oh, this blessed freedom from pain!"

She seemed to doze a little on this, but presently she woke up again.

"Have I been a hard mother to you, Augusta?" she asked. "Sometimes I think I have been a little, have I?"

"You have been a little sometimes," answered Augusta, frankly but gently.

"And you would have been hard too if you had had a wolf in your inside for years, as I have had," said Mrs. Morshead, sharply. "Then I have been a bad mother to you, Augusta?"

"No, not that, mamma."

"But hard and disagreeable; cross, in fact—a peevish, cross old woman."

"We will not think of that now," answered Augusta, soothingly. "I have always loved you, and I have always known that underneath everything you have loved me."

"Yes," whimpered the poor creature, pitifully, "I know that I have been bad to you—I know that I have, Augusta—and to that poor little boy too. I rapped his pretty hands once when he had done no wrong. I know—I know. But I've made amends now; and I was always in pain, and no one knew. So perhaps you'll not mind now when you do know, for it was pain that was bad to bear. And I was hard to you too, Sandy Kemp; but I thought you came after my money as well as my daughter. Now it's over: so forgive me—forgive me," she sobbed. "Think of me gently when I'm gone."

She said all this almost in a whisper, her glazing eyes turning slowly from each to each. Then feebly she made as if to put their hands together; and when, divining her wish, they clasped them beneath hers, her dying fingers pressed them gently, as a weak wan smile flickered about her lips. "Remember me gently when I am gone," she said again, in a low whisper; "and pray God to forgive me my sins—and your own too," she added, with one of her sudden sharp looks—the last that ever she gave.

A long dull silence fell on the room, broken only by the more labored breath of the dying woman, the purr of the sleeping cat, the ticking of the clock, marking off the relentless pace of time. For the last time the old woman opened her eyes and looked up.

"Take care of Martha," she said. "The hussy has done well by me. And don't let the boy tease the cat."

Her eyes closed, and a slight convulsive shiver seemed to run over her whole frame. Her breathing ceased; her jaw dropped: the last moment had come and gone. Then suddenly the cat started from his sleep, gave a loud unearthly yell, and, with his tail thick and arched, dashed off the bed and down the stairs as if pursued by a legion of fiends.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STITCHES USED IN HAND EMBROIDERY,

AS TAUGHT AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

II.

Chain Stitch is now but little used in embroidery, although it may sometimes be suitable for lines. It is made by taking a stitch from right to left, and before the needle is drawn out the thread is brought round toward the worker, and under the point of the needle. The next stitch is taken from the point of the loop thus formed forward, and the thread again kept under the point of the needle, so that a regular chain is formed on the surface of the material.

This chain stitch was much employed for ground patterns in the beautiful gold-colored work on linen, for dress or furniture, which prevailed from the time of James I. to the middle of the eighteenth century. It gave the appearance of quilting when worked on linen in geometrical designs or in fine and often-repeated arabesques. Examples come from Germany and Spain in which the design is worked in satin stitch, or entirely filled in with solid chain stitch in a uniform gold-colored silk.

Twisted Chain or Rope Stitch is effective for outlines on coarse materials, such as blankets, carriage rugs, footstools, etc. It is like an ordinary chain, except that, in place of starting the second stitch from the centre of the loop, the needle is taken back to half the distance behind it, and the loop is pushed to one side to allow the needle to enter in a straight

line with the former stitch. It is not of much use except when worked with double crewel or with tapestry wool, and should then have the appearance of a twisted rope.

Feather Stitch, vulgarly called "long-and-short stitch," "long stitch," and sometimes "embroidery stitch." The school restores its ancient title of feather stitch—*opus plumarium*—so called from its supposed resemblance to the plumage of a bird.

We shall here describe it as used for hand-work, and later as worked in the frame, when we come to treat of frame stitches. These two modes differ very little in appearance, as the principle is the same, namely, that the stitches are of varying lengths, and are worked into and be-

tween each other, adapting themselves to the form of the design, but in hand-work the needle is kept on the surface of the material.

Feather stitch is generally used for embroidering flowers, whether natural or conventional. In working the petal of a flower the outer part is first worked in with stitches which form a close even edge on the outline, but a broken one toward the centre of the petal, the stitches being alternately long and short. In the illustration they are given rather far apart, so as to show the work better, but in reality they lie close together at the outer edge. These edging stitches resemble satin stitch in so far that the same amount of crewel or silk appears on the under as on the upper side of the work; they must slope in toward the narrow part of the petal.

Fig. 10.—FEATHER STITCH.

The next stitches are somewhat like an irregular "stem," inasmuch as they are longer on the surface than on the under side, and are worked in between the uneven lengths of the edging stitches so as to blend with them. The petal is then filled up by other stitches, which start from the centre, and are carried between those already worked. When the petal is finished, the rows of stitches should be so merged in each other that they can not be distinguished, and when shading is used, the colors should appear to melt into each other.

In serrated leaves, such as hawthorn or Virginia creeper, the edging stitches follow the broken outline of the leaf, instead of forming an even outer edge. It is necessary to master thoroughly this most important stitch, but practice only can make the worker perfect.

Work should always be started by running in the thread a little way in front of the embroidery. Knots should not be used except in rare cases where it is impossible to avoid them. The thread should always be finished off on the surface of the work, never at the back, where there should be no needless waste of material. No untidy ends or knots should ever appear there; in fact, the wrong side should be quite as neat as the right. It is a mistake to suppose that pasting will ever do away with the bad effects of careless work, or will steady embroidery which has been commenced with knots and finished with loose ends at the back. The stitches vary constantly, according to their application; and even good embroiderers differ in their manner of using them, some preferring to carry the thread back toward the centre of the petal on the surface of the work, avoiding all waste of material, others making their stitches, as in satin stitch, the same on both sides. But these details may safely be left to the intelligence and taste of the worker, who should never be afraid of trying experiments or working out new ideas. Nor should she ever fear to unpick her work, for only by experiment can she succeed in finding the best combinations, and one little piece ill done will be sufficient to spoil her whole embroidery, as no touching up can afterward improve it.

We have now named the principal stitches used in hand embroidery, whether to be executed in crewel or silk. There are, however, numberless other stitches used in crewel embroidery, such as ordinary stitching like that used in plain needle-work, in which many designs were formerly traced on quilted backgrounds; others, again, are many of them lace stitches or forms of herring-bone, and are used for filling in the foliage of large conventional floriated designs, such as we see in the English crewel-work of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on a twilled cotton material resembling the modern Bolton sheeting.

It would be impossible to describe or even enumerate them all, as varieties may be constantly invented by an ingenious worker to enrich her design, and in lace-work there are already one hundred named stitches which occasionally are used in decorative embroidery. If required for any of the designs given from the School of Art Needle-Work, these will be illustrated in a future paper, but we have given all that are necessary for ordinary workers.

Embroidered Pillow-Case, Fig. 1.

See illustration on page 316.

This pillow-case is of fine linen, and is cut in two parts, the upper one of which is ornamented with an embroidered border. The design is transferred to the material from Fig. 52, Supplement, and the work is executed in button-hole stitch with white embroidery cotton, after which the linen between the design figures is cut away according to the illustration. One side of the upper part of the pillow-case is furnished with a button-hole fly, and the corresponding side of the lower part is hemmed, and furnished with buttons. The remaining three sides are joined by button-hole stitching, which is continued along the upper edge of the fourth side.

Linen Pillow-Case, Fig. 2.

See illustration on page 316.

This pillow-case is buttoned across the middle of the under side. For the upper side a square of linen is cut for the centre, and edged all around with torchon insertion an inch and a half wide, with embroidered insertion two inches wide, a second row of torchon insertion, and then with a strip of linen an inch and three-quarters wide. The under side of the pillow-case is cut in halves, allowing enough material on both for deep lapping hems along the middle. The hem on one half is furnished with button-holes, and that on the other with linen buttons. After the parts of the pillow-case have been joined, it is edged with torchon lace two inches and a half wide.

Hem-stitched Pillow-Case, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 317.

The upper side of this linen pillow-case is ornamented with a hem-stitched border, which forms a row of squares, every second one of which is intersected by two similar hem-stitched seams. For each of these squares 8 threads are drawn, 9 are left, and 3 are drawn

at right angles for two sides; then, in length and width, twice alternately 42 threads are left and 3 drawn, and 9 left and 3 drawn. This is repeated for each square, observing the illustration, and then the threads that have been drawn are clipped, and the seams are worked from the wrong side of the linen. The seams are worked over narrow linen tape, which corresponds in width with the 9 threads of the linen, alternately catching together 3 of the loose threads on one side and 3 on the other with fine thread in the manner shown in Fig. 2. After a seam has been worked across the 9 threads, a second one is worked over it along the threads as shown in the illustration, the stitches are caught together with a button-hole stitch at the middle, and then the working thread is carried forward to the next seam. The intervening plain squares and the corner squares are worked in a similar manner, observing the illustration.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REX.—Make your black cashmere by descriptions given in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. XIV. Use crepe instead of Surah satin for trimming. A shirred mantilla will be appropriate made of the material of the dress.

A. A. A.—The sword sashé of cashmere are cut lengthwise of the material, hemmed down each side, and are gathered at each end, with a tassel attached. The embroidered collars are large and round, and are cut plainly (without pleats) from the wide Hamburg embroidery that is wrought in small figures, and are trimmed around the edge with scalloped edging to match.

R. E. F.—A shooting-jacket, which is a belted box-pleated basque, or else one of the new shirred basques, will be pretty for your lawn dress. Then have a pleated or shirred skirt, with the drapery parted in front, bouffant behind, and trimmed with plenty of lace, either the thick effective Russian lace, the Miracourt, or gathered Breton lace. Wear a lace straw hat, or else a porcupine straw round hat.

S. C.—Get some pale blue nuns' veiling and some white batiste embroidery, or else Spanish lace. Of this material make a Jersey polonaise, laced or buttoned behind, and draped very high on the left side over your pale blue silk demi-train. Have dark red satin ribbons two inches wide, laid over pale blue ribbon of the same width, to pass around the waist, and catch up the drapery on the left side with a bow of ten or twelve long loops and notched ends.

C. F. F.—Get grenadine or else black satin merveilleux, and make over your dress by descriptions given in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. XIV.

A. M. B.—Ladies wear very little jewelry in the street. The watch chain is not worn outside of the cloak. A short guard-chain or else a chatelaine, fastened by a brooch is most used by ladies.

BRASHER.—The most experienced merchants refuse to decide on the merits of black silks or satin de Lyons for their customers, telling them that they will not warrant any black silks not to grow shiny or to crease. We can not decide for you about special brands, but advise you to choose soft silks, and those evenly woven, testing the latter by holding the silk before a strong light. Make your cashmere by descriptions in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. XIV.—You will find the passage in *Hamlet*.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Get brown French bunting for a basque and drapery on a skirt like your repp silk. Have a basque and round full skirt for an old lady's Tibet cloth dress. Get dark blue or brown Chevrol for an old gentleman's dressing-gown, and stitch the edges in rows. The *Bazar* pattern of such a gown is suitable for him. White scrim curtains trimmed with antique insertion and lace are popular, hung in two full breadths on rings and rods.

P. I.—The engagement ring is now worn on the third finger of the left hand. After the wedding it serves as a guard for the wedding ring.

PENNEFATHER.—"A chance acquaintance" is one that you have formed through some channel outside of that of an introduction by a mutual friend.

MR. S.—Full directions for Holbein-work were given in *Bazar* Nos. 14 and 16, Vol. IX.

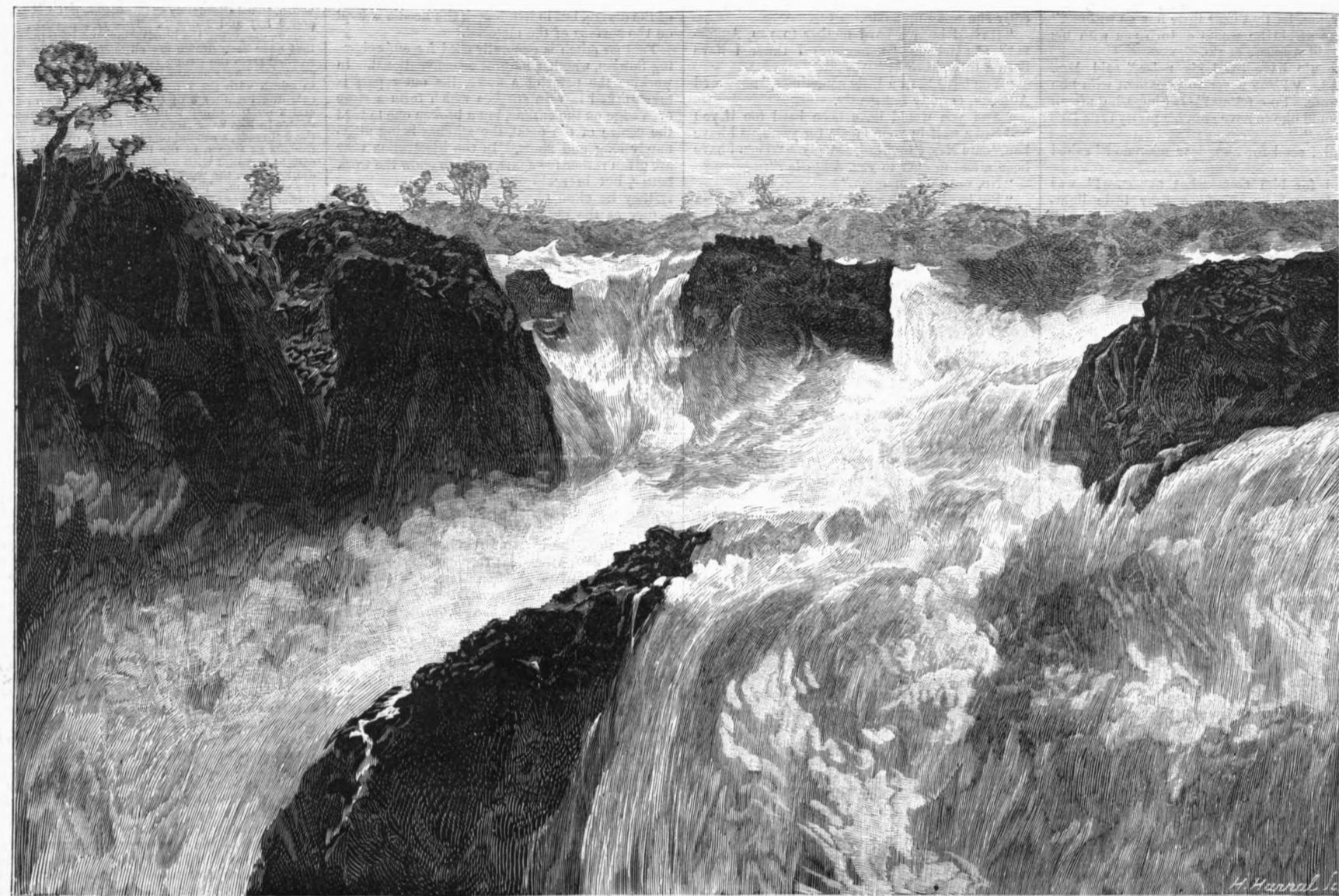
Mrs. S.—Ornamented doyleys are much used for luncheons, etc., being intended for show rather than use.

Miss A. P.—You will find numerous darned net patterns in *Harper's Bazar*. We can recommend no book on the subject.

M. M.—The author of the article on "Defective Vision," in *Harper's Magazine*, is a well-known New York oculist.

V. D.—We do not answer inquiries by mail, or undertake to recommend private boarding-schools.

Mrs. D. M. S.—The designs are placed in the middle of the doyley.



PAULO AFFONZO FALLS, BRAZIL.

**PAULO AFFONZO FALLS,
BRAZIL.**

THESE sketches represent the Falls of Paulo Affonso, on the Soā Francisco River, in Brazil, one of the largest rivers of the South American continent, having a course of about fifteen hundred miles. The falls in question are at a distance of two hundred miles from the sea, and both above and below them for some distance there are minor falls and rapids, which have prevented this river being navigated for any length.

These falls are little known, and are seldom visited by travellers, since the trip up the river is long and tedious; and from Piranhas, the last town or village which you can reach in a boat, there is a ride of fifty miles across a dry and uncultivated plateau covered with scrub, the monotony of the road being only relieved by the great number of birds of brilliant plumage which flourish here, free from the attacks of the pot-hunter and the naturalist alike.

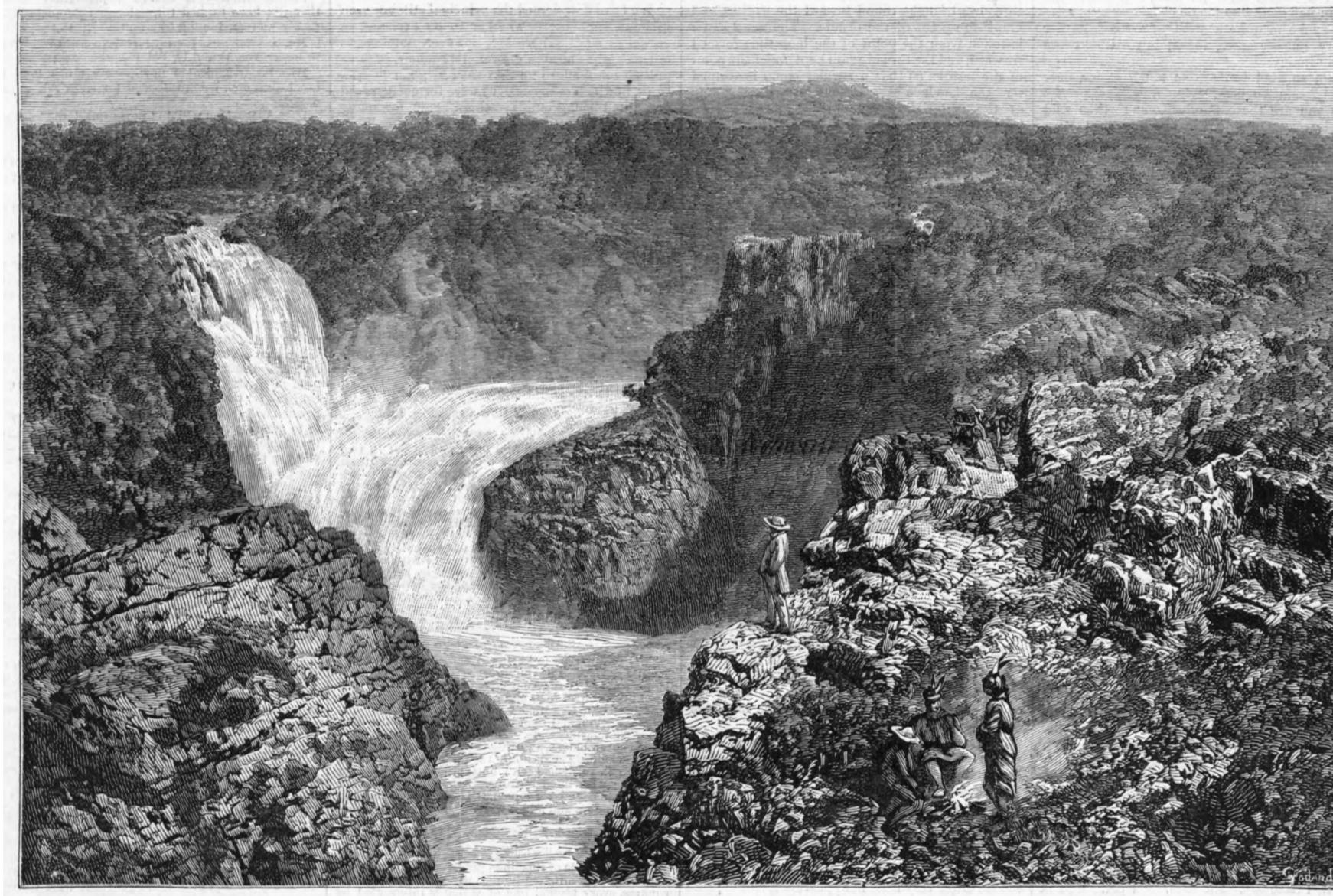
The upper sketch shows the lowest fall on the south shore at the point where it meets the main

body of the stream, before they make a joint plunge into the narrow deep gorge below the spectator. The height from the summit of the vertical cliff on which you stand is stated at two hundred and eighty-four feet, and this will nearly represent the united heights of the several falls.

The lower sketch is taken from the rocks in front of the lowest fall, looking upward to the falls of the main stream, which is broken up by pillars of black and seemingly impervious rock into five distinct bodies of water. But no description and no picture will give a true idea

of the wild, savage beauty of the scene, which must be seen to be appreciated.

The only shelter to be obtained in the neighborhood is a ranch, a somewhat dilapidated structure of leaves and branches, supported on short poles, and which is reserved for the use of visitors, the proprietor, a half-caste Indian, and his family of ten occupying a small mud hut, about eight feet square, in the corner of the shed, in warm and close companionship with a still more numerous family of native curs, goats, and pigs.



PAULO AFFONZO FALLS, BRAZIL.



"CHARITY."—FROM THE PICTURE BY JULIUS BENCZÜR.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 12, Vol. XIV.]

WOMEN ARE STRANGE.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

"Les femmes sont si étranges."—PAILLERON.

CHAPTER XVI.

NO BETTER.

CLARA DARRELL and Clara Darrell's father had been sufficiently warned of the result of any excitement on the weak nature of the former, but, with the best intentions, the force of events had been too strong for them. "The illness of the talented Miss Galveston" was only a few days behind the bogus news which little March of the Gwynne had promulgated to his audience, and she was now ill in sober earnest.

Clara did not rally from her attack at Mrs. MacAlister's. It was only for a few moments that she was able to speak, and put one or two anxious questions to her friend, and then there followed a second swoon, much lamentation from Miss Westminster, and no little consternation in the house in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

A doctor had been sent for, and pronounced Clara Darrell to be in a very sad way, and perfect rest and quiet *desiderata*, without which he would not answer for the result. Under any circumstances, she was not to be moved from the house, and was to be put to bed at once, and wait, if possible, for the better health which the doctor hoped would come with time and patience and very careful nursing.

Otherwise—and here he shook his head and walked away, calling again in the evening to find Clara Darrell delirious, and raving of the stage and Harvey Grange, her father and her mother.

"I don't think she will get over it," said Kitty Westminster, wringing her hands.

"Yes, she will," answered the more composed Mrs. MacAlister; "and if you don't make quite so much noise, Kitty."

"I sha'n't leave again until she's better."

"I think you will, Kitty," was the reply, "for I haven't room for you here, and you would make a most fussy nurse."

"I sha'n't play to-night. I—"

"You have your bread to win; *you* can not afford to aggravate a manager and an audience," said Mrs. MacAlister. "There, go and do your best, 'honest Kitty'."

Which was the name Miss Westminster went by very often as a compliment to her straightforwardness, and her utter detestation of "bosh." She was an actress whom most of the profession admired for her genuineness, and her high spirits off the stage as well as on, but only one of the best of a bad school for all that. Not a wise young lady in any degree, but at least one whom everybody could trust, and who had the enviable art of knowing how to take care of herself, and to take care of others too if it were necessary.

"I shall come back immediately after the play," she said. "I shouldn't sleep a wink, if I didn't know how she was getting on."

"Very well," said Mrs. MacAlister, reluctantly.

"And I should like to get here early to breakfast, and—"

"Please run away," cried the old lady, "and don't tell the whole world yet awhile that the great Galveston is ill, or I shall be worried to death by people I don't care to see."

"Oh!"

"What is the matter now?"

"There's that dear old father of hers—the nicest widower I ever saw in my life, Mrs. MacAlister, and all widowers are very interesting. Somebody must tell him now," she said.

"Yes, presently."

"Shall I take a hansom to his hotel and leave the news?" suggested Kitty.

"No; you can leave all that to me," said Mrs. MacAlister. "I have not made up my mind what to do. It's a very vexatious and complicated piece of business."

"What is?"

"Never mind, my dear," answered Mrs. MacAlister. "Perhaps you shall know shortly; and, by the way, Colonel Darrell is not a widower, Kitty."

"Not a widower! Really?" exclaimed Kitty. "Well, you do astonish me now."

"And if he were a widower to-morrow, it would not be any use Kitty Westminster's setting her cap—and bells—at him," remarked the old lady; "I am very sure of that."

Kitty blushed.

"Don't you imagine I should think of such a thing," said Kitty; "although he's a kind of man to fall in love with, and console for his previous disappointments, perhaps. But I like him because he's Clara's father, that's all, Mrs. MacAlister. No intentions, I assure you. Besides—"

"Well?"

"Besides, I am engaged," she cried, "and I will tell you all about it in a day or two—you and Clara together, when the poor dear comes round. It's the funniest story! Good-by. I'm really off now till after the burlesque."

"Don't make your usual noise on the knocker when you call again," said the old actress: "Clara may be asleep."

"All right. I'll shy up something at the first-floor window if I see a light. *Au revoir.* I'm gone at last. Well, to think Colonel Darrell has a wife living—Clara's mother too! Why, Clara told me—"

"Good-evening, Kitty," said Mrs. MacAlister, closing the street door gently upon this garrulous young lady, and proceeding up stairs to the room of the invalid thus suddenly quartered on her establishment. Mrs. MacAlister was very much perplexed, and hardly knew what should be the next step. She was a warm-hearted old lady, who did not mind trouble, but at the first glance

this was an extraordinary trouble, which she did not see her way clearly out of. It was a responsibility which she did not care to accept, and when it was reported, later on, that Clara Darrell was no better, the old handsome face became graver and more thoughtful still.

"He had better know it now," she said, as she dashed off a note to Colonel Darrell, at the Royal Hotel, Blackfriars; "and here's the very man to take him the news," she added, as a gentleman entered the drawing-room and bade her good-evening. "Major Elphicks," she said, "you can do me a favor."

"I shall be delighted, I am sure."

Major Elphicks proved to be the gentleman who had been great in diamond studs on the night of Mrs. MacAlister's "At Home."

"You will be sorry to hear that Miss Galveston is very ill. You have run after her a great deal in your day, without effect, and made Harvey Grange, with effect, considerably jealous. In fact," she added, "it's all through you that this wild-goose chase began, continued, and is ended here."

"Ah," said the Major, "I am extremely sorry; for I admire Miss Galveston, or Miss Darrell, far more than she admires me. What can I do?"

"See your old acquaintance Colonel Darrell at the Royal Hotel, and give him this," answered Mrs. MacAlister, presenting the note.

"Certainly, with pleasure. And Harvey Grange—does he know?"

"Nothing at present."

"He is not worthy of her," said Major Elphicks; "and I shall tell Colonel Darrell so."

"You might tell him the state of your affections too."

"Humph! I don't think I will," was the reply; "not at once, at any rate. It was always difficult to know how the Colonel would take anything. An odd man."

"All men are odd," remarked Mrs. MacAlister, as if women were the only prosaic beings on earth, and invariably very patient, plodding, gentle, and commonplace creatures, without any of the eccentricities patent to the other sex.

CHAPTER XVII.

A HOUSE FULL.

MRS. MACALISTER had reckoned without her host in sending for Colonel Darrell—and certainly had not reckoned for a host to follow the important news which she had considered it her duty to deliver at the hotel.

It was about eight in the evening when Colonel Darrell and his two sisters and Major Elphicks and Dr. Lambertson—especially called for *en route*—were all in the actress's drawing-room, plying her with innumerable questions. It looked like another "At Home," only there was a sombrely about it on this occasion that was a little depressing.

Dr. Lambertson was the only person allowed to see the invalid, and this was under protest from Mrs. MacAlister, who stood upon her rights, and had entire confidence in the medical man for whom she had sent to attend the invalid.

"You'll worry that poor girl to death between you all," she said, when the doctor had gone up stairs.

The Colonel was depressed and deferential; all his old haughtiness of demeanor had evaporated, and he was only anxious for the welfare of his daughter. It was on his conscience that he had had his share in exciting Clara too, and helping to drive her from the apartments he had taken for her, and he was not easy in his mind. As for his sisters, he positively loathed the sight of them at that moment, although they were interested in Clara also, and had insisted upon accompanying him.

"No, Mrs. MacAlister, we will not," said the Colonel; "no one shall see her until the doctor gives his express permission. I am content that she's safe—and in good hands."

He bowed formally but graciously to the actress, who was somewhat softened by the Colonel's conciliatory manner, and bowed in response to his compliment.

"And as for Dr. Lambertson—you will excuse his seeing his own patient, I am sure," the Colonel added.

"Very well," said Mrs. MacAlister.

"And although we have not seen our niece for four years or more, you must not think, madam, that we have lost our interest in her or our affection for her," remarked Rebecca Darrell. "She is very dear to both of us."

"Yes, I suppose so, or I should not be favored by such a procession as this," replied the actress. "Did you ever see the *Wedding March* at the Court?"

"I was never presented at court," answered Rebecca, in the simplest faith.

"I was speaking of the Court Theatre," said Mrs. MacAlister.

"I never go to theatres. What wedding—"

"Rebecca," said the Colonel, gravely, "will you oblige me by holding your tongue at present?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered, with a faint toss of the head. "I was only answering the lady's questions."

Dr. Lambertson came down stairs again with the news that Miss Darrell did not know him, and was in a bad way. Everything had been done that was possible to be done, and there was no immediate danger. He was going to step round and see the other doctor.

"Will you come with me, Colonel?" he asked.

"Certainly—for a few minutes—if you will allow me."

"I think I'll go too," said Major Elphicks, rising; "now that I have heard the latest news, I must rest content. Ladies, good-evening, and my best and most earnest wishes for the speedy recovery of your niece."

Both the Misses Darrell rose and indulged in

stately courtesies in response to the Major's elaborate bow.

"A most gentlemanly man," said Martha Darrell to Mrs. MacAlister, after he had departed; "was an ensign in the regiment in which my brother was once captain, he tells me."

"He's a weak and foolish sort of a fellow," observed Mrs. MacAlister, "but with no vice in him, as jockeys say of a horse. And that's about all I can say of him."

Meanwhile, Colonel Darrell and Dr. Lambertson had said good-evening to Major Elphicks, and gone their way. When they were in the street, the doctor said, "I don't want you with me, Colonel, but I thought I would give you one more hint. Don't attempt to see your daughter, or let anybody else see her, until I give permission myself."

"I will not, doctor. Is she really in danger, then?"

"She will pull through," he answered, "take my word for it—if there's no new and aggravating complication. That rests with yourself."

"I am an aggravating complication, then?" said the Colonel, ruefully. "Ah, well, I suppose I am. Did you say she did not know you?"

"Yes. And she talks a great deal of her mother. Is she—"

"She and I spoke of the mother to-day a great deal," said the Colonel, thoughtfully. "I see what is on her mind—it's all my fault."

"Very likely," said Dr. Lambertson.

"Will this be a long illness?" inquired the father.

"It will not be a very short one, I fear."

"Then I shall leave the hotel at once, and get apartments somewhere near," said the Colonel.

"Will your sisters remain in town?"

"Yes, certainly," the Colonel answered. "Why do you ask that?"

"Oh! I thought your sisters might be going back to Derbyshire to-morrow."

"I wish to God they were!" blurted out the Colonel. "I mean, I wish that—that they had never taken such a long journey at such an inopportune occasion."

"Exactly. I shall see you again," and then Dr. Lambertson marched away, and the Colonel looked after him and wondered if the man had given him more hints than one.

Presently he was up stairs in Mrs. MacAlister's drawing-room again, whence Mrs. MacAlister had, with a polite excuse, withdrawn, and left the sisters to themselves.

"Leonard, what do you think of doing?" asked Martha Darrell. "When shall I be allowed to see Clara?"

"And I?" added Rebecca.

"Not yet awhile," he answered; "not before you are back in Derbyshire, I fancy. You must not leave Selina too long alone."

"We thought of telegraphing to her to come up, in case of the worst."

"Oh! good Lord! did you?" said the Colonel. "No, we don't want any more at present. You'll have to go down to her, I fancy."

"We shall not leave whilst Clara is in any danger," said Rebecca. "Thank Heaven, we know our duty better than that. Martha and I have been thinking that if we took it in turn to nurse her, it would be better than having any strange and unsympathetic person, who—"

"Excuse my interrupting you."

"You always do, Leonard, but go on."

"I have made every arrangement now," he said, "and everything is for the best—nurses and all. You and Martha will return to the hotel at once; it is an easy distance from here, and you can look in when you like, of course."

"And you?"

"I shall not stir from this house," said the Colonel. "I have been having a little conversation with the landlady down stairs—a very estimable old lady, but deplorably deaf—and she has very kindly offered, under the sad circumstances which have arisen, to make over the front and back parlor to my especial use, and go somewhere else to lodge."

"What's that?" said the excited voice of Mrs. MacAlister behind them. She had stolen in noiselessly in her list slippers, and had heard the last statement of the Colonel, which had almost taken away every particle of her breath with astonishment.

"I have engaged with the landlady down stairs, Mrs. MacAlister, for the hire of her apartments," explained the Colonel once more. "You will be glad to hear this."

"Shall I?" replied Mrs. MacAlister, still panting. "And—and, mercy on me, when do you come?"

"Oh! I'm not going away again," he said. "I have paid her handsomely for the extra trouble I have caused—I do not remember what I gave her, but it was all I had in my pocket, and she seemed very thankful. It's a pity she's so deaf," he added, the landlady's affliction having evidently struck him seriously, it having led on his part to very considerable shouting, up in a corner too, as he had feared his bellowings into her ear would disturb his daughter's rest up stairs.

Mrs. MacAlister turned pale and sat down.

"I am sorry," she murmured, "very sorry. It will excite Clara very much to know you are in the same house. You must consider that very seriously, Colonel."

"Don't tell her."

"Ah! yes—no—I had forgotten that."

"There is not the slightest occasion to tell her," said the Colonel. "I shall not see her until the doctor gives me full permission."

"Yes—but—"

"My dear lady," said the Colonel, "trust me to be discreet now, with all the happiness of my life at stake. I will be the staidest and quietest of men, waiting down stairs patiently for the better news, which, God grant, will come quickly to me."

"Yes, still—"

"Again Colonel Darrell's bad habit of not wait-

ing for his companion's answer asserted itself. He was too eager to get on with his own side of the argument to listen to the others, and, besides, it was a clear waste of time, now that he had made up his mind.

"And it is all settled for good," he said. "The landlady goes in half an hour. I have sent a messenger for my boxes from the hotel, and here is home for me."

formal words. Some of them sounded oddly: the good fortune of an orphan girl among strangers! But she strove to resist that feeling, while trying to understand what had come to her.

"I don't quite know," she faltered; "am I to be—a—am I to belong to this lady and gentleman?"

"Belong to them? No; of course not! That is quite a foolish question, Helen. How can you belong to people who are not blood-relations?"

"Then am I to be a governess there, or how is it to be?"

"You are certainly not to be a governess, because there are no children. You will just live with Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore, and make yourself useful, I suppose. I should be very sorry to think that after the years you have passed and the advantages you have had at the Hill House, you would find any difficulty in doing that. Their house is in Kaiser Crescent, a splendid mansion, no doubt, and you will have every comfort. I only hope you will always regulate your conduct on the principles I have inculcated in your mind."

Why was it that the sudden light thrown upon the darkness of poor Helen's prospects did not cheer her? Why was it that the answer, so utterly unhelped for, to that grim question, "What was to become of her?" made so unexpectedly, did not bring with it the vast relief with which, an hour before, she had believed an answer to it must be hailed? Why did there come to her a sickening conviction that Miss Jerdane's satisfaction was largely due to getting rid of her own responsibility in a thoroughly final way; and also, just at the moment that her fortunes were taking an unlooked-for turn for good, a terror of great loneliness and evil foreboding? Who can tell? It was so.

The next question Helen asked Miss Jerdane was apparently irrelevant.

"Is Mrs. Townley Gore ill?"

"Ill? No; not that I know of. Mr. Townley Gore said nothing about her health. Why?"

"Because—dear Miss Jerdane, don't be angry with me, don't think me ungrateful," Helen wrung her slight fingers and looked piteously into Miss Jerdane's face—"I wonder she did not come to see me too. They are quite strangers, you know, and I am so lonely, and it is such a little time since papa died, and when you are gone away there will be no one. I am frightened; I confess that I am frightened. It is so strange, if these people mean to be kind to me, that the lady did not come too. And he said such a little while, I could not get to have the least feeling of knowing him."

In an outburst of feeling most unusual to her, and of which Miss Jerdane had had no previous experience, not even when she told her of the death of Herbert Rhodes at Chundrapore, Helen sank on her knees, and hid her face in Miss Jerdane's lap, crying, with wild stormy sobs which strangely shook the composure of the school-mistress.

"This is very unreasonable," she said, affecting a sternness which she did not feel, for Helen's quick-witted perception of the flaw in the proceedings of the Townley Gores had touched what was womanly in her; "you really must not give way like this. Just consider—there, now, sit down and dry your eyes, that's right—just consider the godsend this is. Your poor father had only five hundred pounds in the world to leave you; I am quite unable to help you; peculiar circumstances have left you in a terribly unprotected position, and here are friends of your father's raised up, at the providential moment, to give you a home and protection."

"But to be quite dependent upon them; and they are strangers?"

"My dear," said Miss Jerdane severely, "you are really incomprehensible. The thing to be regarded with wonder is that strangers should offer you a home at all; that they should permit you to be dependent on them. Believe me, this is a most uncommon case, however strong the tie of friendship between your father and Mr. Townley Gore may have been. There is a proverb, I don't use it in any offensive sense as you know well, which says, 'Beggars must not be choosers,' and only yesterday I, at least, should have been very much puzzled to tell what was to become of you."

The very words she herself had used to Jane; the very form of the question that haunted and beset her. By a strong effort Helen controlled herself, and Miss Jerdane, with an approving glance at her, went on:

"It is very well, of course, for a girl to be able to make her own way in the world, but not by any means so well as to have it comfortably made or provided for her; and I am very thankful such is to be your case, for I shall always take a sincere interest in you."

Helen felt a slight shiver pass over her. "Sincere interest" is little enough when offered as the utmost that any human being has to give to the hungry heart of seventeen, but she felt ever so much older than that all of a sudden, and she thanked Miss Jerdane with composure, which that lady regarded as re-assuring and safe.

"And now," she said, briskly, "that you are quite reasonable again, and determined to see things in their right light, I will tell you what your friend's wishes are. Mr. Townley Gore would have thought well of your remaining with me had I been keeping on the school, but I explained to him at once that I was giving up everything here. You are to remain with me until just before I leave London, and I am to fix the day for your going to your new home."

"Am I not to see him? Will not Mrs. Townley Gore come to see me?"

"I do not know for certain, but I should say not. They are leaving town, he said, and he did not say anything about Mrs. Townley Gore's coming here. Now that I come to think of it, she may possibly be an invalid; for when I mentioned to him that there was a sum in hand for your

outfit for India, as it had fortunately not been brought, and asked whether I should take Mrs. Townley Gore's instructions about your wardrobe, he said, 'Certainly not, my dear madam; you are a far better judge than my wife of what will be requisite for Miss Rhodes.' That is not the case, you know, but I could not contradict Mr. Townley Gore."

"I sha'n't want anything," said Helen, hurriedly; "I couldn't wear anything but deep mourning for a long time. May I have the money to take with me—the very last money my dear papa sent over for me? It is my very own, is it not?"

"Yes, my dear, it is your own; and the money sent to Messrs. Simpson & Rees for your passage out to India, that will be at your disposal too. And now, as I have other things to attend to, you may go and tell your news to your friend Jane. You will see how highly she will appreciate your good fortune."

Helen left the big drawing-room, feeling thoroughly bewildered. Within little more than an hour two solutions of the haunting question, "What was to become of her?" had been offered, but no freedom of choice between the two was left to her.

"And oh, Jane," she said, when she had concluded her surprising narrative, "I wish—I wish it was to your aunt that I was going. She pitied me, and thought of me, and planned for me, when she had never seen me; and you would have been there; but these grand fine people, this lady—"

"Helen," said Jane, gravely, her steady eyes searching the face before her with an anxious gaze, "this lady has never seen you either, and she too offers you a home."

"Yes; but how? I know it is wrong and foolish, but I feel afraid of Mrs. Townley Gore. If she had been a kind woman she would have come, or she would at least have sent some message to a poor girl like me. I would a thousand times rather be going to sew in your aunt's millinery rooms."

"You must not talk such nonsense," said Jane; "in the first place, because the arrangement that has been made for you is what your father wished. That ought to be enough for you."

"Yes," said Helen, despondently; "I know it ought, and that is one reason why I feel so unhappy, because it isn't. There's something very bad in me, Jane; indeed there is."

"Probably; but it isn't that," said Jane, with the air of being ever so many years older than her hearer. "I don't wonder at your feeling that this thing might have been made pleasanter, but you must not dwell on that. You are going to be kept in your own position; you will not have to be as we were saying a little while ago; you will have a friend with real power in Mr. Townley Gore, whatever the lady may be."

Much more of the same sort was said by Jane Merrick to Helen Rhodes, for Miss Jerdane had correctly calculated on the good sense and discretion of her elder pupil; and much too that was essentially girlish talk, for the one was not so sad nor the other so sensible but that they could stray into wondering about the Townley Gores, their house, their way of life, their "goings on" in general, and into speculating upon what Helen might have to do and might be expected to be. As the whole of this was mere speculation, entirely unaided by knowledge of any kind, it was unprofitable, except in so far as it tended to raise Helen's spirits.

We have seen that one of the fixed principles of Mrs. Townley Gore's conduct was never to quarrel with her husband. This rule was founded on calculation; she was entirely convinced that it would not "pay" to depart from it. But never since she had set herself to abide by that rule had she been so strongly tempted to break it, to indulge in vehement anger merely because anger would be an indulgence, to burn a candle at the playing of a game not worth it, as she was when Mr. Townley Gore gave her an account of his visit to the Hill House. Mr. Townley Gore's manner was distinctly embarrassed. Her mode of receiving his first communication had been cleverly designed to embarrass him, and her air of polite but slightly bored indifference was not calculated to relieve him. They had dined alone. Mrs. Townley Gore was going out. She was brilliantly dressed, and looking very handsome. She was in good spirits too. The business of pleasure for that night began with a concert at the house of a duchess, and Mrs. Townley Gore was to take with her the beautiful Miss Chevenix, whose singing had been quite a feature all through the season. Miss Chevenix was to sing for the duchess, and Mrs. Townley Gore was so anxious that she should be in good voice, and found so much to say about it, that only by resolutely putting the subject aside did Mr. Townley Gore succeed in getting a hearing for himself. But then, with one quiet look at him, and one transient contraction of her dark level eyebrows, his wife prepared to listen, and stood on her guard. Leaning back in her chair, and pulling a gorgeous rose to pieces, while she slightly nodded when he made a pause and seemed to await a remark, she did not utter a word; but the rose leaves were rent into very little shreds, and Mrs. Townley Gore's complexion required subduing by the powder puff when the story had come to an end.

"Well, Caroline," said Mr. Townley Gore, after the pause of a full minute, "and what do you say to it all? You see, as the arrangement you proposed was impossible, I have done the next best thing, and I can not help thinking you will admire and like the girl."

Without the slightest reference, either by word or look, to this remark, Mrs. Townley Gore put to her husband a point-blank question:

"How long do you intend Miss Rhodes to remain here?"

"How long? Well, I don't know. I didn't—In fact, I gave Miss Jerdane to understand that

the arrangement might be permanent. I thought, under the circumstances, you know; and she really is so very presentable, so handsome, so distinguished. But—here Mr. Townley Gore looked at his wife with discouragement in every line of his face, and made an admission of weakness which she rated at its full value—"of course, Caroline, the matter must depend on circumstances. When the girl is here, you will be able to decide on what is best to be done."

Mrs. Townley Gore was saved from having to reply by the announcement of the carriage.

"I don't think I blundered by telling her of the girl's beauty," so ran the thoughts of Mr. Townley Gore, as he indulged in some disconcerted musing before he applied himself to his own evening's amusements. "Her temper is not a sweet one, certainly, but she is not so little-minded as all that. However, it's no good bothering about it. I have done the best I could for the girl. She must only take her chance with Caroline."

And then Mr. Townley Gore made one more resolution in connection with the subject. That resolution was that he would keep strictly to himself, with the sole exception of its inevitable participation by the business bosoms of Messrs. Simpson & Rees, the fact of the absolute penitence of Herbert Rhodes's daughter. The solicitors had told him of the failure of the Infallible Insurance Office; but he had said nothing of it to his wife or to Miss Jerdane. Under any circumstances, Helen should have five hundred pounds. To that extent, at any rate, the old debt should be paid, and no one, except, perhaps, his silent creditor in the other world, be the wiser.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Case for Night-Clothes.—Outline Embroidery.

See illustration on page 317.

This case is made of cream-colored linen momie-cloth, and ornamented with outline embroidery in stem stitch with colored cotton. The piece required for the under side is nineteen inches wide and fifteen inches long, that for the upper side seventeen inches and a half wide and eleven inches long, and that for the flap six inches long and of the same width as the upper side. The designs given by Figs. 50 and 51, Supplement, are transferred to the upper side according to the illustration, and the work is executed in stem stitch. The flap is embroidered in the same manner. The material for the upper side is turned down half an inch all around, hemmed at the top, and then stitched down on the back on the remaining three sides. The flap is turned down half an inch at the top and the side edges, hemmed on the latter, and stitched down on the back along the top. The flap is ravelled at the lower edge, and the back on all sides, for fringe an inch deep.

Monograms, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 317.

These monograms are worked on linen with fine embroidery cotton, Fig. 1 in satin, overcast, and knot-stitch, and Fig. 2 in satin and in overcast stitch.

Round Hats, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 317.

This brown English straw hat, Fig. 1, has a broad straight crown, and a brim three inches and a half wide, which is wired and rolled back on the right side in the manner shown in the illustration. The brim is bound half an inch wide on the outside with a gathered strip of brown velvet three inches wide, which is turned on the inside, and joined to a brown satin facing. The trimming consists of five brown and three pale pink ostrich tips arranged in a wreath about the crown, and a bow in the middle of the back made of loops of brown satin and an end, which is carried to the inside of the brim.

The large round hat, Fig. 2, is of fine Tuscan straw. The brim is four inches and a half wide where it forms the revers on the left side, and three inches wide on the opposite side, and is faced with maize satin merveilleux. The satin is shirred three times in three rows, at intervals of a quarter of an inch, over wire, around the outer edge, and without at an inch and two inches from the edge, and is joined to the hat in such a manner as to form puffs between the shirring on the revers. A large bow of striped ribbon in maize, lilac, and maroon, interwoven with gold threads, and two tea-roses, trim the revers. The trimming for the outside of the hat consists of two long lilac ostrich feathers and a spray of tea-roses and buds.

THE CZARINA.

MARIA FEODOROVNA, Empress of Russia, is best known to us all by her original name of Dagmar. She is the second daughter of King Christian IX. of Denmark, and is the sister of King George of Greece, and of the Princess of Wales, the future Queen of England. She is one of the handsomest women of Europe. She has an oval face, regular in its outline, a brilliant complexion, glossy brown hair, and bright intelligent eyes. She is the happiest in her domestic relations of all the princesses who occupy a throne, and she fully deserves her happiness.

Sophia Frederica Dagmar Maria was born in the year 1847, and thus was in her fifth year before her father, the obscure Duke of Sonderburg-Glucksburg, had any prospect of ascending the throne of Denmark. The home in which her early years were passed was a humble one; the financial circumstances of the family were so limited that the daughters were compelled to dispense with all needless luxuries. Milliners' bills were unknown to the happy parents, for the young princesses made their own bonnets, and cheerfully turned their own dresses. They lived a simple country life, and were brought up by their mother, Queen Louise, to a love of the domestic virtues.

Dagmar's first public appearance was at the marriage of the Princess of Wales, and many who saw her at the entrance of Alexandra into London did not hesitate to assign the palm of beauty to the younger sister. It was her beauty, modesty, and talents which gained for her the love of the Czarowitz Nicholas. As the affianced bride of the heir to the throne, she was warmly welcomed by the imperial family, and the late Czar even then called her his "dear Dagmar." But her prospects of sitting on the most splendid throne of the world suddenly vanished. The imperial lover died in the twenty-second year of

his age. As he lay on his death-bed at Nice, all the members of the imperial family were with him, the Czar his father, the Czarina his mother, the Grand Dukes his brothers, and the high dignitaries of the empire which all men had hoped might one day have been his. One face, however, was wanting, and the young prince expressed an urgent request that his affianced bride should be summoned to bid him an eternal farewell. She hastened to his bedside. He told her that his only sorrow at dying thus early was the thought that she, who had been destined to share the greatest of earthly thrones, might by his decease be deprived of a station which she would have filled most nobly. His last entreaty to her was to bestow the hand that was to have been his on the beloved brother who would succeed him, and to give to Alexander the love which Nicholas could no longer claim. Amid the tears of the listeners, the young couple, deeply moved by the strange request, assented to the wish of the dying man, and Nicholas died with the consolation of knowing that he had done his best to promote the happiness of her he held so dear. Naturally there were, at first, some inward misgivings on both sides, but community of sorrow brought the two young hearts together. The wooing was, however, a sad one, in a bereaved household and amid a mourning nation.

The marriage took place on the 9th of November, 1866, with all the pomp and splendor which the court of Russia and the Greek Church know so well how to display. The ceremonies were manifold. The first step was the admission of the princess into the bosom of the Orthodox Church. The ceremony took place in the chapel of the Winter Palace. Into the crowd of brilliant courtiers and glittering ecclesiastics the Emperor entered, leading the Princess by the hand. Her dress was a simple white robe, trimmed with swan's-down; no veil concealed her head; not a single jewel glittered on her person; she looked the image of purity. The ritual of confirmation was gone through, and then, having received the name Maria Feodorovna, she was anointed with the holy chrism, and received the communion according to the Greek rite. On the following day the chapel was again crowded. The previous ceremony had been a family affair; this was a public one. The diplomatic corps was present to witness the betrothal of the Czarowitz Alexander Alexandrovitch and the Princess Maria Feodorovna. On the 9th of November, fourteen days after the betrothal, the marriage itself took place. The face of the bride was flushed with excitement and bright with hope. On her dark locks rested a crown of priceless diamonds, graceful and light as a chaplet of flowers. A mass of jewels covering the whole upper part of the bodice glittered on her breast. Her robe of white moiré antique was embroidered with diamonds, and a train of crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine, was carried by four chamberlains. The impressive and mystical ritual of the Church was duly performed, and the listeners were charmed by the purity of accent with which the bride made her responses. A pure Russian accent is by no means common in fashionable Russian circles.

The Annitchkov Palace was assigned to the young couple as their abode. It is a handsome building on the Great Prospect, originally built by the Empress Elizabeth for Count Razumoffsky. It has no particular historical interest, unless the fact that it was twice purchased by Catherine, and twice given by her to Potemkin. It used to be the favorite place for councils during the reign of Nicholas; it is now the model home of Russia. Here Maria Feodorovna displays the simple manners, the intellectual tastes, the noble purposes, the hatred of flattery, which distinguished her as Dagmar. Here to her husband she is still Dagmar. Always busy with her children, and anxious to make her household agreeable to her husband, she loves the domestic hearth more than the pleasures of society. She has made few friends, but not a single enemy. No envy or calumny has ever assailed her; she is universally revered and loved. The events of the last few years have perhaps rendered her anti-German in feeling, but she has too high a sense of duty to allow her personal prejudices to influence her public action. She abhors all cruelty, and the cries of the Siberian exiles have often touched her heart. Could she have said the last word, these victims of the Third Section would often have been restored to their wives and families. The day, however, on which the Nihilists attempt to touch the life of her husband, will see her pity transformed to hate.

She has been in the habit of annually paying a visit to her father at Copenhagen, and there meeting her sister, the Princess of Wales. In the company of her husband she has visited Rome and Paris, and it has been observed that she prefers picture-galleries and museums to theatres and ball-rooms. She was as devoted as a daughter to her late mother-in-law, and died with the Duchess of Edinburgh in her attentions during her last sickness. She never concealed her disapprobation of the late Czar's conduct toward his unfortunate Empress, yet she still retained his affection. "With a wife like Maria Feodorovna, I have no fear for the happiness of my son."

Queen Dagmar, after whom the Empress is called, was the wife of Waldemar the Victorious, and daughter of Ottocar, the great King of Bohemia. Her original name was Dragomir, which is said to mean "the dear peace-maker," but became in Danish mouths Dag-mar, or the "Dag-maid." Beloved in her father-land, the Queen Dagmar was idolized in her new home. She obtained from her husband the pardon of captives, the remission of taxes, and the cessation of civil strife. The Danes still call her "the Peerless," and Professor Thomson relates that he saw a young man fall down at Dagmar's tomb at Ringsted, and exclaim, "God bless you, good and noble Queen! your heart was as pure as it was brave."



Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—FRONT. [See Fig. 3.] For description see Suppl.



Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—BACK. [See Fig. 1.] For description see Suppl.



Fig. 4.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—FRONT. [See Fig. 2; and Fig. 7, Page 308.]—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3079; PRICE 20 CENTS.—[For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XII., Figs. 42-49.]

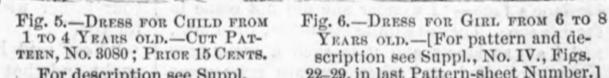


Fig. 5.—DRESS FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—FRONT. [See Fig. 6.]—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3080; PRICE 15 CENTS.—[For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Figs. 22-29, in last Pattern-sheet Number.]

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—BACK.—[See Fig. 4; and Fig. 7, Page 308.]—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3079; PRICE 20 CENTS.—[For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XII., Figs. 42-49.]

For description see Suppl.

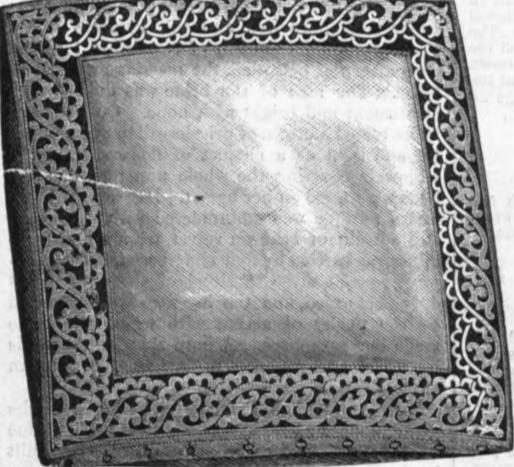


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED PILLOW-CASE. For design see Suppl., No. XIV., Fig. 52.

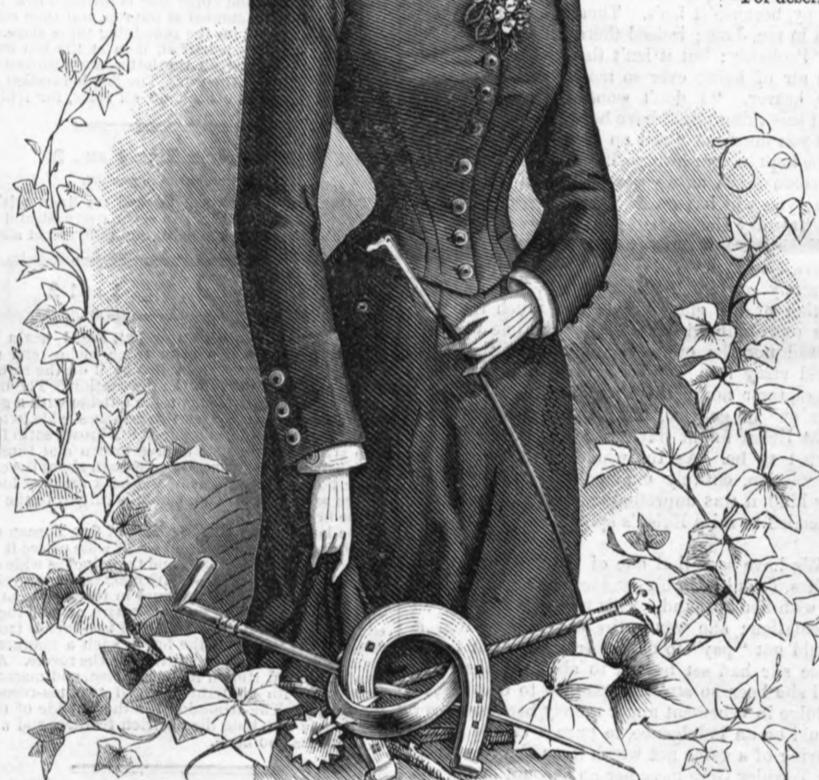


Fig. 2.—LINEN PILLOW-CASE.



LIMOUSINE BASQUE. For description see Suppl.

BASQUE FOR RIDING-HABIT.—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3081; PRICE 20 CENTS.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. III., Figs. 11-19.

Work-Basket with Bag.

THIS willow-ware basket is varnished light brown, and trimmed with two maroon velvet lambrequin points. The design given by Fig. 24, Suppl., is transferred to the points, and, following the outlines, old gold silk cord is sewn down with overcast stitches of silk in the same shade. The velvet is slashed at the lower edge, and turned to the wrong side along the serpentine line to

form points, which are trimmed as shown in the illustration with tassels of maroon wool and small balls of old gold silk. The upper edge is fastened on the inside of the basket, which is lined with maroon cashmere. The bag is made of old gold satin; the lower edge is joined to the top of the basket, and the top is turned down and stitched in two rows to form a shirr, through which maroon silk cords are drawn. The old gold satin is studded with maroon



WORK-BASKET WITH BAG.

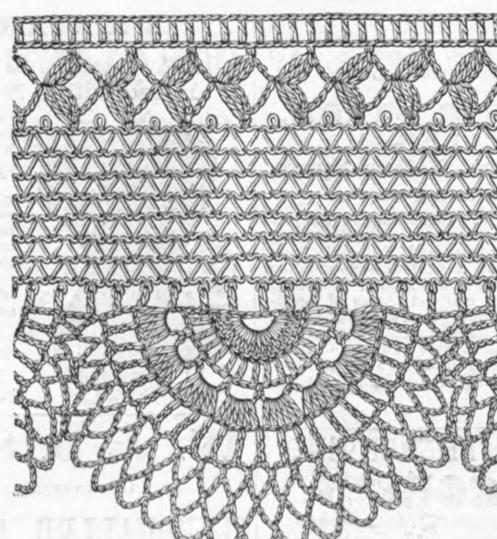
For design see Suppl., No. VI., Fig. 24.



DOUBLE-BREasted COAT WITH SHIRRED VEST.—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3082; PRICE 25 CENTS.—[For description see Suppl.]



Fig. 1.—ENGLISH STRAW HAT.



WOVEN BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR BED-LINEN.



Fig. 2.—TUSCAN STRAW HAT.

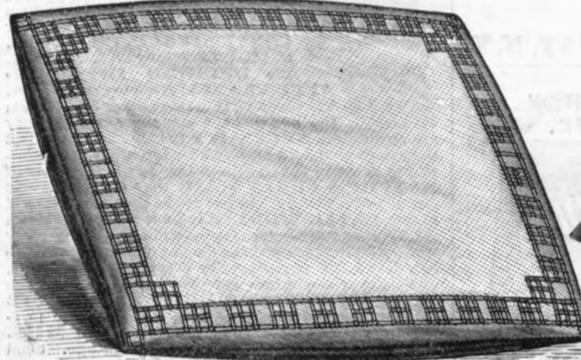


Fig. 1.—HEM-STITCHED PILLOW-CASE.—[See Fig. 2, Page 308.]

EMBROIDERED SACHET.
For design see Supplement, No. VIII, Fig. 27.CASE FOR NIGHT-CLOTHES.—OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.
For design see Supplement, No. XIII, Figs. 50 and 51.

Fig. 1.—MONOGRAM.

woollen balls. The handle is wound with silk cord, and ornamented with old gold silk and maroon woollen balls, singly and in pendent bunches.

Woven Braid and Crochet Edging for Bed-Linen.

THIS edging is worked with open-work braid an inch wide, such as that shown in the illustration, and medium fine cotton, as follows: 1st round.—* 7 dc. (double crochet) separated by 2 ch. (chain stitch) in the next 7 loops on one side of the braid, 5 ch., 1 dc. on the last dc. of the preceding 7, and 1 dc. in the next loop, working off the upper veins of both dc. together, 2 ch., 1 dc. in the following loop, turn the work, and crochet back over the preceding st. (stitch), 14 dc. around the 5 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the 6th of the 7 dc. separated by 2 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the 5th of the 7 dc., turn the work, 1 ch., 14 dc. separated by 1 ch. on the preceding 14 dc., 2 dc. separated by 2 ch. in the next 2 loops, turn the work, 7 times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. around the following 2d single ch., then 5 ch., 1 sc. on the 4th of the first 7 dc., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the 3d of the 7 dc., turn the work, 5 dc. around the next 5 ch., 7 times 6 dc. around the following 5 ch., then 2 dc. separated by 2 ch. in the next 2 loops, turn the work, 23 times alternately 2 ch. and 1 tc. (treble crochet) around the following 2d st., 1 sc. around the first 2 ch. in the round, turn the work, 23 times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. around the next 2 ch., 2 ch.; repeat from *, but at every repetition connect the middle st. of the first of the 23 ch. scallops to the corresponding st. of the last scallop in the preceding pattern figure. 2d round.—* 1 sc. around the 5 ch. of the 2d ch. scallop in the next pattern figure, 20 times alternately 6 ch. and 1 sc. around the next 5 ch.; repeat from *, but at every repetition connect the 2d and 4th of the 6 ch. in

Fig. 1.—CASHMERE MANTLE.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. I, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 2.—CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI, Figs. 34-41.]



Fig. 2.—MONOGRAM.

the first scallop to the corresponding st. in the last scallop in the preceding pattern figure. 3d round.—Work as in the preceding round, working only 17 ch. scallops instead of 20, and 7 ch. in each of them instead of 6 ch. 4th round.—Work on the other side of the braid * 1 sc. in the following 2d loop, 4 ch., 2 tc., the uppermost veins of which are worked off together in the same loop with the preceding sc., 4 ch.; repeat from *. 5th round.—Work in connection with the preceding round, going back over the st. in it, * 2 tc., the uppermost veins of which are worked off together on the next 2 tc. worked off together in the preceding round, 4 ch., connect to the next 2 tc., 4 ch.; repeat from *, working the first 2 tc. on the same st. to which the 4 ch. were connected. 6th round.—Alternately 1 sc. on the next 2 tc. worked off together in the preceding round, and 6 ch. 7th round.—Alternately 1 dc. on the following 2d st. in the preceding round, and 1 ch.

Embroidered Sachet.

For this sachet two pieces of pasteboard eight inches square are covered over thin wadding interlining with old gold satin, the one designed for the bottom on both sides, and that for the top on the under side only. The bottom is edged with old gold silk cord. The top is slightly wadded, and covered in part by an embroidered strip of maroon velvet three inches and a half wide, which is set on diagonally. The design given by Fig. 27, Supplement, is transferred to the velvet, and the work is executed in chain, herring-bone, satin, and button-hole stitch with bronze and old gold silks, using the dark shades for the middle figures and the light shades for the outer figures of the design. The top is covered on each side of the velvet strip with old gold satin, which is shirred diagonally in clusters of three rows at intervals

Fig. 3.—JERSEY WEBBING MANTLE.
For description see Supplement.

of an inch, and set on so as to form puffs between the clusters. It is edged with side-pleated old gold lace an inch and a half wide, set on under a ruching of old gold satin ribbon an inch wide. The ends of the ribbon are tied at the corners as shown in the illustration. The top and the bottom are held together with satin-covered buttons and cord loops.

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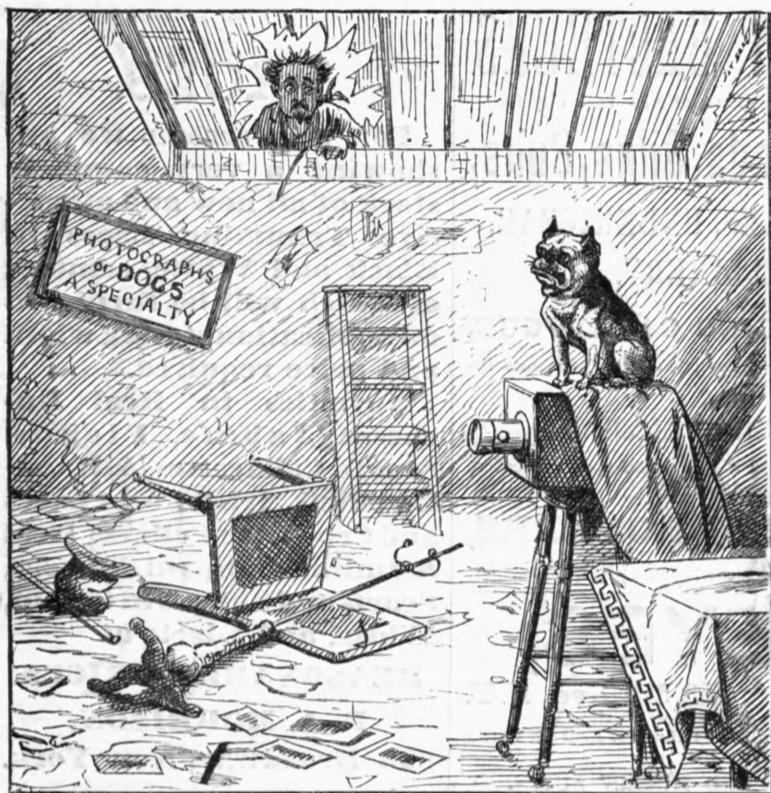
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1. PHOTOGRAPHING THE PRIZE BULL-DOG.

FACETIE.

MANY an amusing mistake has been made by people hard of hearing. We are told that a certain Dean of Ely was once at a dinner, when, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than seven eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was very deaf, rose just at the conclusion of these remarks,

and exclaimed: "For this and every other mercy, make us devoutly thankful."

On another occasion, at a military dinner in Ireland, the following was on the toast list: "May the man who has lost one eye in the glorious service of his beloved country, never see distress with the other." But the person whose duty it was to read the toast accidentally omitted the important word "distress," which completely changed the sentiment, and caused no end of merriment by the blunder.

Another instance may be quoted, if only to show how careful people should be in expressing themselves on public occasions. A church in South London had been erected, when a dinner was given, at the conclusion of which the health of the builder was proposed, when he rather enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

"What a blessing it is," said a hard-working Irishman, "that night never comes till late in the day, when a man is tired, and can't work any more at all!"

"Your name is Dickie, isn't it? It's a pretty name, and I've called my poodle after you." Dickie doesn't know whether to bow his thanks or go out and take a look at the hat rack.

She was talking on the cars, and she said: "The meanest people are those who peep out of windows to see what their neighbors are doing. Now this morning I was looking through the blinds of my window, and what do you suppose I saw that mean Mrs. Jones doing? Why, she was peeping through her blinds to see if I saw her—the mean woman!"

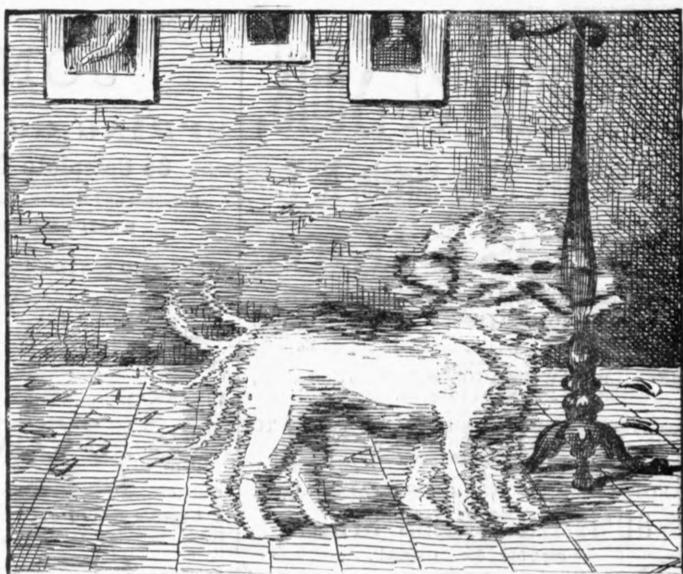
A lawyer says that a convenient way of testing the affections of your intended is to marry another woman. If she don't love you, you will find it out immediately.

As two young men were passing a farm-house, they saw the farmer trying to harness a mule, and thinking to quizz him, one of them gravely asked, "Will that creature draw?"

To which the farmer curtly responded: "Of course he will. He will draw the attention of every fool that passes along the road."

"I'm afraid that bed is not long enough for you," said a landlord to a seven-foot guest.

"Never mind," he replied; "I'll add two more feet to it when I get in."



2. HUMAN INTELLIGENCE FINALLY TRIUMPHS OVER BRUTE FORCE.

An architect who built a new town-hall made such a botch of it that he ran away, to stay, as he informed his friends, "till the thing had blown over." A few days afterward a high wind struck the town and prostrated the new hall, whereupon his friends telegraphed him: "Come back. The thing is blown over."

An elderly lady, remarkable for her bluntness and asperity, said to an eminent lawyer, renowned for his atrabilious sarcasm: "What do you think of my daughter to-night, Mr. Z.?"

"Don't you think she looks well?"

"Really, Mrs. X., I am not competent to pronounce an opinion. I do not profess to be a judge of painting; but I have no doubt she is angelic."

"Well, and pray, Mr. Z., did you ever see an angel that was not painted?"

SHAKSPEARIAN LINE FOR AN IMPECUNIOUS STUDENT—"He hath an uncle."

When the late Bishop Horne took possession of the episcopal palace at Norwich, he turned round upon the steps and exclaimed, "Bless us! bless us! what a multitude of people!"

"Oh, my lord," said a by-stander, "this is nothing to the crowd on Friday last, to see a man hanged."



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